

Lt. Sing. 1435 x

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WATER

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EXCURSIONS

FROM

BATH.

BY THE

Rev^d. Richard Warner.

PRICE 8s.

EXCURSIONS

EXCURSIONS

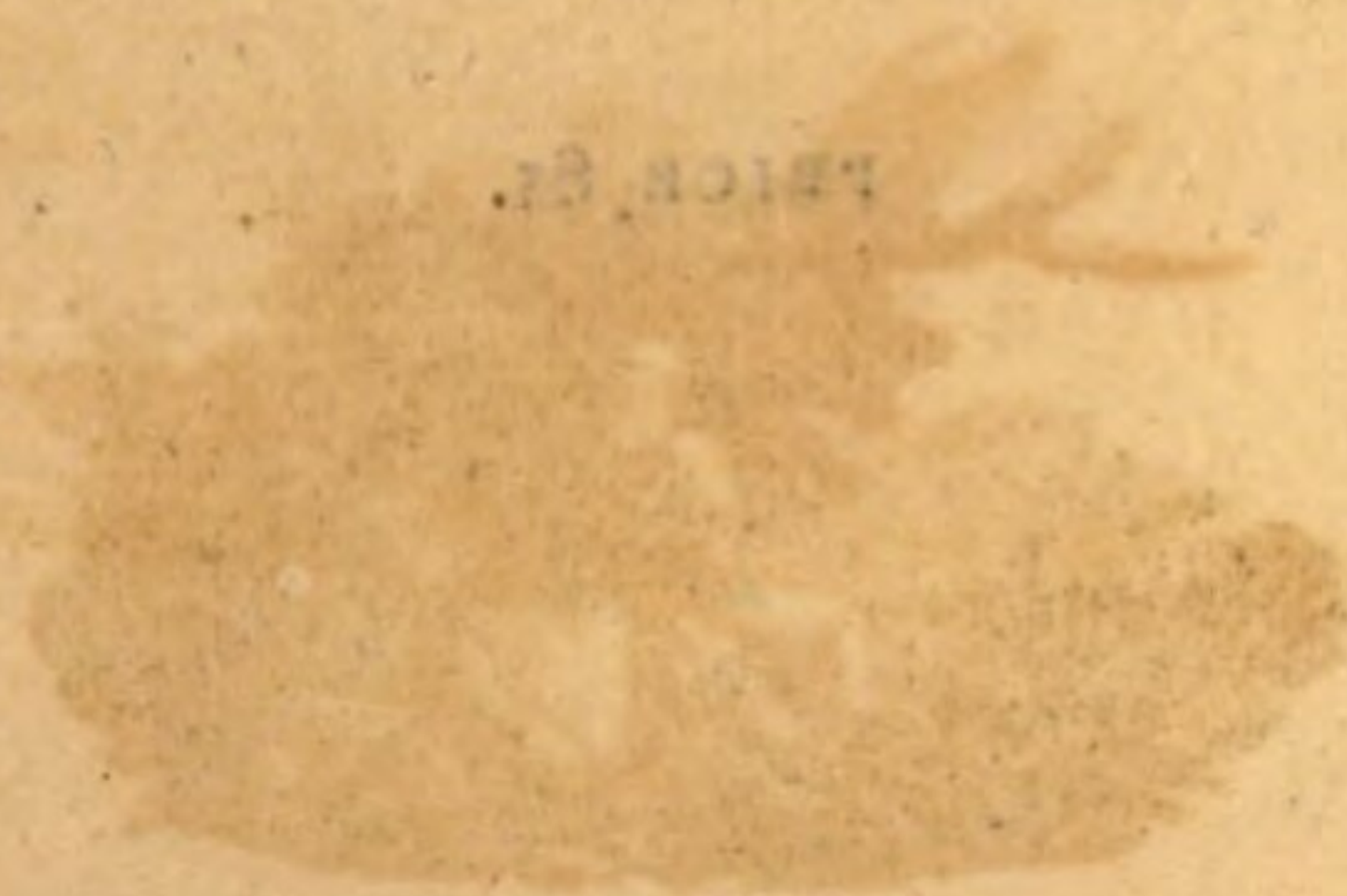
FROM

BATH

BY THE

NEW RICHMOND HOTEL

TRIP



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NEW RICHMOND HOTEL

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EXCURSIONS

H. sing. 1435 $\pm$
FROM

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BATH.

BY THE

Rev^d. Richard Warner.

"Ea sub oculis posita negligimus; proximorum incuriosi, longinqua
sectamur."

FLIN.

"Abroad, to see wonders, the traveller goes,
And neglects the fine things *that lie under his nose.*"

ANONYM.



BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;

AND SOLD BY

G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1801.

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Warner

Bath

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EXCURSIONS

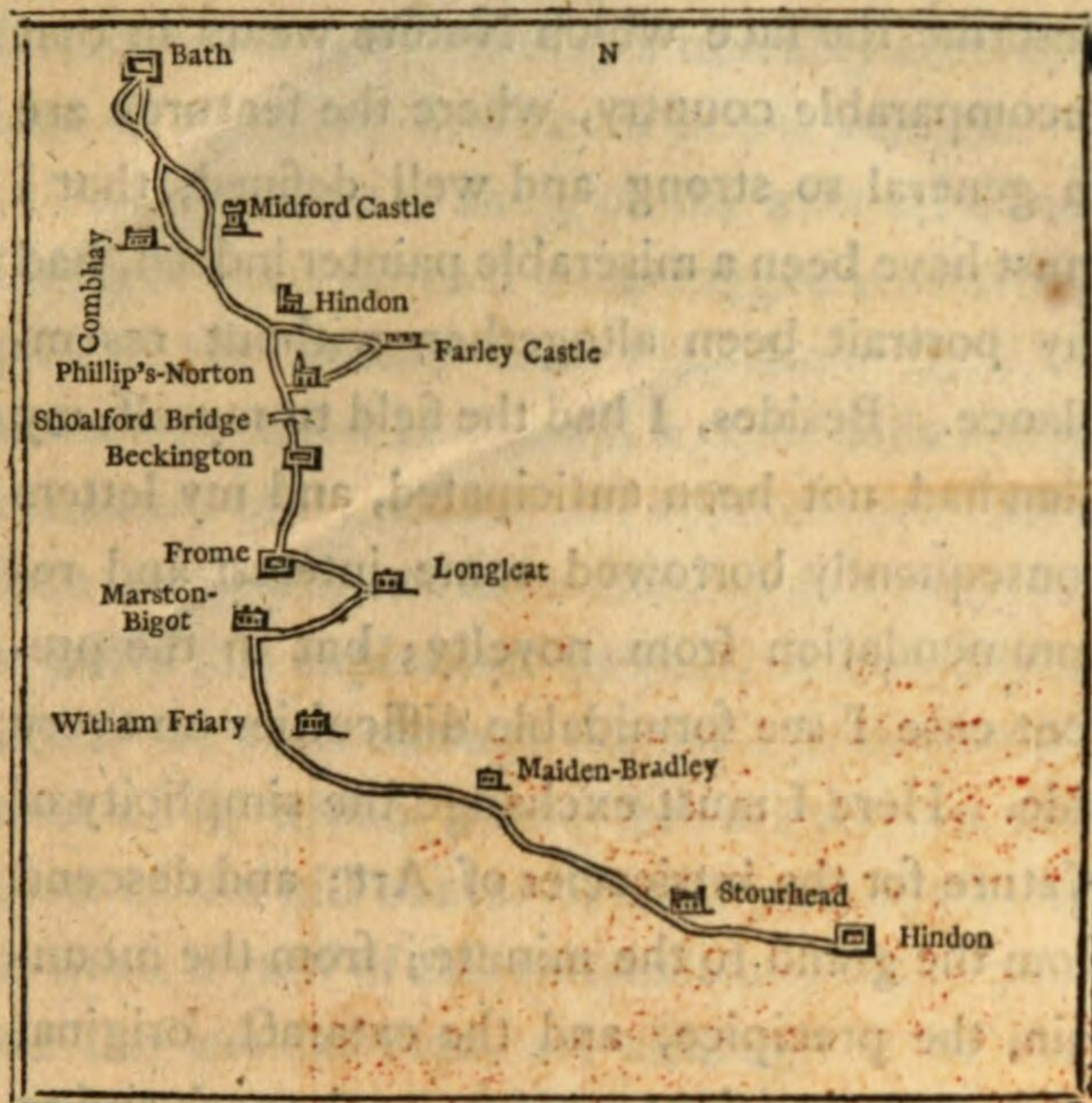


BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTT WELL

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G. O. AND J. HOBKINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1801.



EXCURSION I.

LETTER I.

To JAMES COMRIE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, Sept. 1st, 1800.

YOU have imposed upon me so arduous a task, that I feel an almost insuperable diffidence at attempting to perform it. When I led you through the wild scenery of Wales, I proceeded without fear or hesitation; my work was easy; I had little else to do than to

describe the face which Nature wears in that incomparable country, where the features are in general so strong and well defined, that I must have been a miserable painter indeed, had my portrait been altogether without resemblance. Besides, I had the field to myself, my plan had not been anticipated, and my letters consequently borrowed some interest and commendation from novelty; but in the present case I see formidable difficulties on every side. Here I must exchange the simplicity of Nature for the intricacies of Art; and descend from the grand to the minute; from the mountain, the precipice, and the cataract, original manners and ancient customs, to the park and to the picture gallery, to the refinements of luxury, and the elegancies of polished life. Innumerable examples of *virtü*, and exquisite specimens of the fine arts, present themselves for description; and what is still more deterring, a line is chalked out for me, a great part of which has already been trodden by taste and science, by a Gilpin and a Maton. Your requests, however, have with me always the force of commands; I hasten, therefore, to comply with them, and to lead you through a part of Wiltshire, in an *excursion* which must prove highly gratifying to you, if I am

fortunate enough to convey a tolerably accurate idea of the many beauties which it exhibits.

The approach to Bath, on the west side, had for ages been down a steep rugged concavity, part of the Roman fosse road from Bath to Ilchester, called Holloway, a name sufficiently indicative of its nature and appearance. Modern improvements have enabled the traveller to avoid this unpleasant descent, by carrying a circuitous road through the fields to the north-west of it, which meets the old way on the brow of the hill above. I mean not, however, to avail myself of this convenience, but to pursue the ancient road, as, although it be the residence of squalor and poverty, it will notwithstanding repay us for the labour of our ascent by some objects of curiosity.

To pass Holloway, indeed, without notice, would be in some degree an insult to Bath, since it is a legitimate child of that city, and connected with it by the ties of interest and gratitude, as well as of relationship. Upwards of four hundred years ago, the priory of Bath sent a small party of monks, and the city a little colony of citizens, to Holloway; and in modern times, she has continued, with maternal care, to lend her fostering support to her offspring

and its inhabitants. This *vill* reckons about seventy houses, which, for the most part, with the exception of some decent mansions, are small, mean, and wretched, consisting of petty chandlers' shops, dirty pot-houses, slop-sellers' residences, and that necessary adjunct to poverty, a pawn-broker's shop, which, by the bye, under the auspices of its *three balls*, the expressive emblem of the trade within, (*two to one* that the pledges will never be redeemed) wears a greater aspect of respectability than any of its neighbours. Contemptible, however, as these mansions may appear to be, they notwithstanding afford a temporary asylum to a very numerous tribe of travellers, who, with the regularity of true fashionable *felicity-hunters*, pay their constant visits to the city of Bath, during the gay and crowded seasons of winter and spring. These personages, though they exhibit in their figures every malady and defect to which the human frame is liable, do not appear to resort to the *city of healing waters* for the aid of its springs, or the benefits of its baths, but with a profane diffidence in the skill of our physicians, or a perverse contempt of the efficacy of our *Thermæ*, they boldly discard every physical system, and place their hopes of relief

in *exercise* alone. In pursuance of this plan, you see them pacing the streets of the city with patient perseverance from morning till night, and braving all the inclemencies of the weather, in spite of the diseases with which they are afflicted. Nay, they carry their imprudence even further, observing, for the most part, the utmost carelessness with regard to *cloathing*; and maugre the pelting shower or piercing wind, pursue their ambulations in a state as nearly approaching to nudity as the *evening undress* of a modern girl of fashion. Though from this singular conduct, which is so contrary to that of the generality of Bath visitors, and which (despising common opinions and modes of practice) argues a sort of independence both in thinking and acting, we might imagine the personages under consideration would not stoop to communicate with those who are still held by the trammels of prejudice, yet this is by no means the case; on the contrary, availing themselves of that facility of forming acquaintance which characterises this city, they kindly accost every body they meet in the street, offer up prayers for their welfare, entrust them with their *family secrets*, and, as the strongest proof of confidence and

friendship, conclude their harangues with a familiar request of trifling pecuniary boons.

By this time, I presume, you have detected my ænigma, and perceive that I allude to the respectable community of *Beggars*; a race of people not peculiar indeed to Bath, but found here in a much more numerous proportion than in any other place in the kingdom. As the season in which the city fills with visitors approaches, these gentry flock to Holloway, and safe from the fangs of the beadle and the constable, (for the Mayor's jurisdiction does not extend to this place) they glide from their aërial entrenchments into the different streets of Bath, and levy contributions upon the feelings of the charitable to a considerable amount.

As the trade of Bath depends in a great degree upon the visitors to its springs, so the commerce of Holloway is entirely kept alive by the demands of the beggars, who arrive here at stated times in the year; and I have been informed, by a respectable wholesale and retail dealer in the grocery line in Bath, that the orders of the chandlers' shops for goods in this receptacle of mendicants are constantly double just previous to the seasons, to what they are at any other periods. As exact a system, also, is preserved

with respect to the rates of lodging at Holloway, as in its splendid parent; if in the latter there be different prices for the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, the parlour and the kitchen; so in the former are there variations in the charges for more and less comfortable lodging, for better and worse accommodation. Thus, for instance, the poor beggar who has been unfortunate in his avocation, and cannot afford the luxury of a bed, pays *one penny* per night for the privilege of *sitting up* in a room, the common dormitory of this lowest order of mendicants; the sum of *two-pence* entitles the lodger to a pallet and a blanket; whilst the luxurious, jolly, and successful beggar reposes his *remaining* limbs in a pair of sheets, at the increased charge of *four-pence*.

Lightly, however, as I have treated this subject, I notwithstanding consider the inundation of mendicants, who spread themselves from this fertile hive through the streets of Bath, as the greatest of those very few evils which attach to the city, and as highly deserving the vigilance and attention of its magistracy to remedy or prevent. The exposition of maimed limbs and chronic sores in the streets is a tax upon the feelings of the public, which in a

country so amply providing for the poor and the distressed as that in which we live, should not be endured. Though sufficiently inclined to commiserate the situation of the lower orders of society, for whose hardships I feel, and whose privations I deplore, I am yet free to confess, that my compassion is not much excited by the itinerant beggar and clamorous mendicant, because I consider these rather as volunteers in the profession, than as compelled to it by necessity. In England, parochial provision is held out to all the wretched, with certain reasonable restrictions of liberty, or easy impositions of labour; and none are so destitute of an asylum, provided for them by law, as to be obliged to importune the public for a pittance to preserve them from starvation. Besides, I look upon the mendicant trade as an infringement upon the rights of a much more pitiable and deserving class of the community, the *labouring poor*. The hand of charity is tired, and its ability exhausted, by the repeated donations which the obstinate perseverance of the street-beggar extorts from the passenger; whilst the sentiment of compassion is at length blunted, by discovering (as is too frequently the case) that it has been excited by the im-

postor and the ingrate; and thus those bounties are withheld, and feelings checked, which would otherwise have been directed to the relief of industrious wretchedness or unfortunate desert.

But our quarrel with Holloway does not terminate here, it wounds our sensibility in another shape, and exhibits scenes of oppression which humanity can only vainly lament, as legal ordinances unfortunately are inadequate to the prevention of them. Together with shelter for the beggar, it affords a nocturnal retreat for a much more useful class of beings, the animals employed in the conveyance of coals from the pits to Bath. Wearied and panting with the labour of the day, here the wretched beasts are driven by crouds, as the evening closes, into yards hired for the purpose, not so much for the sake of rewarding their services with rest, as to prevent their escape from the toil of the morrow. As they pick a scanty pittance from the ditches and hedges during the day, the inhuman master thinks himself exempted from the necessity of giving them food at night; and what is still more barbarous, never removes from their backs the heavy and incumbering wooden saddle on which the coals are packed,

but suffers it to continue girded on for weeks together, inflaming and increasing those galls which its pressure originally occasioned. The meek and unresisting are the objects on which cruelty and cowardice most delight to exercise their tyranny, for reasons sufficiently obvious; and the unfortunate *ass* is chiefly employed in the business of transporting the coals from the pits to the city. Full oft has my heart bled for this little, wasted, panting wretch, staggering under its unconscionable burthen, and labouring up the steep streets of Bath; now dropping with fatigue, and again urged to exertion by reiterated blows. Inhumanity in every shape is odious to the feeling bosom, but it never assumes so much deformity as when exercised against the helpless and the patient; nor is honest indignation ever more praise-worthy, than when it is levelled at the tyrant in the little way. As the law, however, unhappily does not in this case come in aid to the natural emotion, (since it makes no provision for the punishment of those who force their beasts to disproportionate labour, or treat with severity the animals by which they get their bread) all that we can do is to endeavour to alleviate the lot of the sufferers, by persuading the proprie-

tors that their *interest* is connected with the better treatment of their beasts. Should this method fail, I know of no other chord to touch that will vibrate to our wishes; we must be content to console ourselves with the rational idea for which a benevolent character, not many years since, was anathematized, that brutes, also, have their disproportion of temporal misery to enjoyment, regulated and made up to them by a future state; or if we consider this as heterodox, we may learn at least a lesson of patient endurance under inevitable evil, of resignation under the incidental ills of mortality, from the more than philosophic ass, whose characteristic meekness Mr. Crowe has so beautifully and pathetically described:

“ Meek animal! whose simple mien
 “ Provokes th’ insulting eye of spleen
 “ To mock the melancholy trait
 “ Of patience on thy front display’d;
 “ By thy great Maker fitly so pourtray’d,
 “ To character the sorrows of thy fate!

“ Say, heir of misery, what to thee
 “ Is life?—A long, long, dreary round,
 “ Through the sad vale of labour and of pain;
 “ Nor pleasure hath thy youth, nor rest thine age,
 “ Nor in the vasty round of this terrene
 “ Hast thou a friend to set thee free,

"Till death perhaps too late,
 "In the dark evening of thy chearless day,
 "Shall take thee, fainting on thy way,
 "From the rude storm of unresisted hate!

"Yet dare the erroneous croud to mark
 "With *folly* thy despised race;
 "Th' ungovernable pack who bark
 "With impious howl in Heav'n's awful face;
 "If e'er on their impatient head
 "Affliction's bitter shower be shed.
 "But 'tis the *folly* of thy kind,
 "Meekly to bear th' inevitable sway;
 "The *wisdom* of the human mind
 "Is to *murmur* and obey."

The gloom of the picture which *Holloway* presents, is in some degree enlivened and relieved by a little edifice, founded in the spirit of christian charity, and bearing testimony to the benevolence of a prior of the monastery of Bath,* it is called Magdalen Chapel; and, together with an old dwelling near it, formerly constituted a foundation for the reception and support of lunatics. In after-times the institution was in some degree altered, and the house appropriated to pauper *ideots* only; to their use it would be at present applied, if any unfortunate beings of that description could be

* John Cantlow, who built it in 1332.

found; but strange to say, Bath exhibits no examples of ideotcy! Had the hospital indeed continued to fulfil its original intention, I dare aver you think, that we should have had no difficulty in stocking it with patients from a city which is universally allowed, by mamas and guardians, more calculated *to turn the brain* than any other place in Europe. The chapel, a neat little Gothic building and elegantly hooded with ivy, would form a very picturesque object, if it stood distinct from the habitations in its neighbourhood.

On our emersion from Holloway, the city of Bath presents itself to the eye, magnificent from the grandeur of its buildings and the disposition of its streets, and elegant from the materials made use of in their erection. These materials are exhibited to us on each side the road as we proceed, in the large and inexhaustible quarries which either have been worked or are now working, and which stretch in every direction round the city; the rich repositories of fossils and spars, of great variety and equal beauty. The circle of hills which rise round Bath consist of limestone, each varying from the other indeed, in some degree, with respect to the texture of its stone and the

disposition of its strata; but the whole exhibiting an *oolithe*, or granulated egg-like stone, soft and easily worked when cut from the bed, but gradually indurating, and admirably calculated for the purposes of architecture; an incalculable advantage to the inhabitants of Bath, who by these means are enabled to execute their building speculations with an article incomparably more beautiful and durable than brick, at less expence than the builders of other places must hazard in carrying on their works with that inferior material.

The glance which is caught of the romantic valley of Lyncombe, shortly after passing the one-mile stone, is as pleasing as unexpected. The country on the left suddenly sinks into a deep depression, which carries the eye through a winding bottom, shaded with wood, ornamented, but not loaded, with neat mansions, diversified with meadows, plats, and gardens, and terminated by the Gothic tower of Widcombe church, partially appearing through a mass of shade. Amongst the houses, that called the Spa may be distinguished, a name which it received from the discovery of a mineral spring on the spot in the year 1737. The victims of pain and sickness, who are naturally

active to try every remedy likely to relieve their sufferings, resorted to the place for some few years; and it was said, that the stone and gravel were mitigated by the use of these waters. But their reputation did not continue long enough to authorise us to infer, that it was built upon any fair claim to utility; they have been long disused, and the house is now a private residence. On the rapid western slope of this dale is also seen a mansion formerly called King James's Palace, dedicated, till within these few years, to the purposes of public entertainment. It received its name, if we may believe tradition, from having afforded a retreat for some months to James II. when his folly lost him the crown of Britain. Here, it is said, the monarch, in the silence of retirement, brooded over his ruined fortunes, and lamented the consequences of an improper attachment to high-flown notions of royal prerogative, to irrational bigotry, and inflexible severity; an awful lesson to kings of the danger of abusing the confidence of a generous people, and of the fatal extremities to which national indignation, if once excited, may be carried.

Quitting the Warminster road, we turn to the right about two miles from Bath, and drop

down a steep hill, on the southern declivity of which is situated the rural village of South-Stoke, commanding an extensive view of the adjoining county of Wilts. At a short distance from hence, in the bottom below, we meet with the *canal*, a recent undertaking, intended to convey the coals of the Timsbury, Paulton, Camerton, and Dunkerton pits to Bath. The course of this cut, which is not yet compleated, will embrace in its various windings, to its junction with the Radstock cut, a distance of ten miles, and pass through a country as highly picturesque as any in the kingdom. General as these means of communication between distant parts are now become throughout England, it has often struck me, that a great part of the natural beauties of our country might be seen to advantage by pursuing their banks; as the canals must necessarily follow the involutions of the vallies, the traveller would of course be led through all their romantic scenery, and be gratified with pictures, which a bird's-eye view from a hill must rob of half their effect, and which a turnpike-road will seldom afford him.

The deviation of a few hundred yards from the road to Combhay, leads us to the hydrostatical lock, called the *caisson*, the bason of

which now alone remains. This plan for conveying boats from a higher to a lower level (a fall of about sixty feet) was the invention of Mr. Weldon, late of Leicestershire, who seems to have been unfortunate in the experiment, only, in not having workmen sufficiently ingenious to carry his new and incomparable ideas into execution. On a canal where a scarcity of water prevailed, the caisson, as constructed by Mr. W. bade fair to be a most useful and important machine, and of course greatly excited and interested the public attention; its success being assured by the favourable opinion of scientific men from different parts of the kingdom. The mechanical power was so contrived, as to descend and re-ascend in the medium of water which the cistern contained, by means of valves, that occasionally added, or discharged, a sufficient quantity of its internal water; by which all friction, common to other machines, was avoided. A direct communication with the canal, both above and below, was made by means of two doors, one at either end, each adapted exactly to a corresponding one in the canal above, and in the tunnel beneath; by the former of which the loaded barge was easily admitted into the

machine, and by the latter as readily delivered. There was scarcely any one who saw the plan, but approved of and admired it, not only as a principle perfectly new in the present system of hydrostatics, but as promising the most compleat success. Unfortunately, however, for the inventor, the subscribers to the canal, and the public in general, the cistern in which this surprising body was to move, (a machine upwards of seventy feet in length, and eight in height) was not rendered sufficiently tight to hold the water necessary for its operations, the masons being either too ignorant or too remiss in their part of the work; a defect which was not discovered till the season of remedy was past. In this dilemma, the only resource was to rebuild the cistern entirely, to which the canal proprietors would not consent, on account of the enormous expence attending it; the machine, therefore, was consigned to destruction, but not to oblivion, since it will ever remain a memorable proof of the superior mechanical abilities of its very ingenious inventor.

Combhay exhibits a good specimen of the many small villages in the neighbourhood of Bath, which, without any abuse of a term much used, but seldom well applied, may be truly

termed *picturesque*. It hides itself in a deep woody dale, at the root of some bold hills, which kindly sink to form a spot for its retreat, and nearly encircle it; but in the part where the vale spreads into extent, a happy situation is chosen for the house of John Smith, esq. The architecture of this mansion, which is modern, and at once simple and elegant, ranks it with the best built houses in the neighbourhood of Bath. It is of free-stone, and presents three fronts, each of neat but different design; one faces the east, and looks down a sweeping slope towards a winding sheet of artificial water, beyond which rises a wooded ascent terminating the prospect. The southern front is opposed by the side of a nearer verdant hill, sprinkled with trees. A more circumscribed view of the park offers itself on the west. The parish church, a neat modern Gothic structure, with an ancient tower, approaches the mansion on the north, and forms a pleasing ornament to the inclosed grounds. Much judgment is displayed in the adaptation of the modern part of the house to that portion of the older building, which was allowed to remain when the father of the present possessor made his addi-

and comfort. This edifice, without back or

tions. A neat library, lined entirely with oak, is a remnant of the original mansion; but the entrance front, which includes the dining-room, hall, and drawing-rooms, exhibits a specimen of elegant and convenient modern architecture. The name of the mansion is derived from the circumstance of its situation, in a *combe* or *hollow*, and the family of its remote proprietors, the *De Hayes*, who were its lords in the twelfth century; from them it became a part of the widely-extended possessions of the De Esterlings, or Stradlings. Since that tenure it has experienced the usual mutations of property, and after belonging successively to the families of Dyve and Bennet, vested at length by marriage in Robert Smith, esq; the father of the present possessor.

The road to Midford, winding through a wooded bottom, affords occasional rural scenes of much beauty, till it opens into the great turnpike leading from Bath to Warminster. Here a very different mansion to that of Combhay discovers itself, a striking contrast to the example of chaste design we have been just admiring—*Midford Castle*, as it is called, an anomaly in building, equally at war with taste and comfort. This edifice, without back or

front, beginning or end, would form a triangle, were not the corners rounded off into towers, which, with its embattled top, Gothic windows, and bastion on the lower side, suggested, with sufficient impropriety, the proud name which it at present bears. Much money has doubtless been expended on its erection, and it would be difficult to find an instance where expence has been so injudiciously bestowed; since its plan at once excludes beauty and convenience. Every advantage of situation it may fairly boast; a broad extent of valley spreads itself to the right, bounded by distant hills; a river and a village lie immediately below it; and to the left the eye wanders with rapture through a deep winding dale, darkened with woods, and diversified with rock and precipice. How may we lament, that when *Art* attempted any thing in a scene for which *Nature* had done so much, she did not work with the tools of *Taste*!

The canal, cut along the side of the hill, runs nearly parallel with the river a considerable distance down the vale, and will soon afford a ride for some miles of exquisite beauty; amongst the little rural scenes and interesting objects it offers, is Tucker-mill, a cottage crouching under

the high bank that rises above it, and seen from the Midford road, the residence of Mr. Smith. Professing to point out every thing remarkable in our route, it would be unpardonable in me to pass by the mansion, though it be a lowly one, of a man, like *Ofellus, abnormis sapiens crassaque Minerva*, whose invincible industry and indefatigable perseverance, unaided by the advantages of fortune or situation, have furnished him with a degree of geological and mineralogical knowledge which few, if any, of his contemporaries possess. Patient observation and practical experience, blended with great natural sagacity, have enabled him to form a system of geology equally new and satisfactory, which, you will hear with pleasure, is intended for the world, when properly digested and arranged.

The tedious hill above Midford brings us at length to a level, a higher ground than we have trodden since we left Bath, and opens an extensive prospect to the right quite into the county of Wilts. Proceeding to the five-mile stone, we reach the village of Hinton, and turn to the left, in order to survey the ruins of its abbey, and the remains of Farley-Castle in its neighbourhood; a rich treat to

the antiquary, and not undeserving the attention of those who prefer the beauties of nature to the vestiges of former magnificence. Indeed, did the deviation afford us nothing but dilapidated cloisters and mouldering turrets, I should still think our trouble repaid; for lightly as the antiquarian taste is esteemed, and much as it is ridiculed, it notwithstanding opens no mean sources of gratification to the man who cultivates it rationally, and leads to consequences interesting to society, and beneficial to the individual. Did the enjoyment of the antiquary consist in the unmeaning contemplation of unintelligible fragments, and time-eaten stones, it would be fair to consider *him* as senseless as the objects to which he directs it; but when the remains of ancient days awaken curiosity, and excite research; when they induce inquiries into the manners and customs, opinions and practices, of former times; when they lead to a comparison between the state of the arts amongst our forefathers, and with us their descendants; when they are brought to the illustration of historical difficulties, or distant events; above all, when they entice the mind to sober reflection, and to a fair estimate of our present state, the evanes-

cence of all human labours, and the vanity of all human schemes, the pursuit then assumes a more dignified aspect; it asserts the praise of contributing not only to the entertainment, but to the information, of the community; it strengthens the religious principle, and makes the man better and wiser than he would be without it.

William Longope, the puissant Earl of Salisbury, who died in the reign of Henry III. directed by his will that a monastery of Carthusian monks should be founded on some part of his extensive possessions. The direction was carried into execution by his widow Ela, who erected the abbey at Hinton, stocked it with cowls, and placed it under the united protection of the Virgin Mary, All Saints, and Saint John the Baptist. But this powerful tutelage could not shield it from the violence of Henry VIII. who involved it in the general wreck of monasteries, in the 37th year of his reign; the destruction of the buildings, however, did not follow; for the chapel, anti-chapel, and other parts, still remain; and the present manor-house was entirely indebted for the materials with which it is erected, to the walls of the old abbey.

The ancient park of Farley, the noble demesne that surrounded the castle of the Hungerford family, stretched formerly to the Warminster turnpike, through whose desolated extent, wild but beautiful, runs the present road to the village and castle. The former creeps up the declivity of a hill, on the summit of which stands the church, looking over a country uncommonly romantic and diversified. This building is dedicated to Saint Leonard, whose portrait is well preserved in the painted glass of the north window in the chancel, with his name in legible characters beneath the figure; on either side the altar are pedestals for supporting candlesticks; and, as was usual in Romish churches, in a recess in the wall on the north side, a bason for the priests, administering at the altar, to wash in, before they communicated the consecrated elements. The church itself appears to be about two hundred years old; but over the porch of the south door is placed a large semi-circular stone of much higher antiquity, as far as may be inferred from the inscription on it, in letters having a considerable mixture of the Saxon alphabet, which continued to be used till the close of the fourteenth century; they are about two inches in

length. The stone must have occupied a place over the entrance of some prior church, probably on the same spot, which had the privilege of *sanctuary*, or of protecting the transgressor who fled to its consecrated walls. Over the inscription is engraven a very large conspicuous sign of the cross; and the letters having lately been restored and painted by the rector, it is legibly read as follows; but I candidly confess, my penetration is utterly insufficient to explain the meaning of it:

Muniat hoc templum cruce	— —	glorificans microcosmum
quæ genuit Christum		miseris pace fiat.

A situation near the bottom has been chosen for the castle, where a strong arched entrance, some fragments of thick walls, and two ivy-mantled towers, still remain, to indicate the insecurity of the social state in feudal times. The village of Farley lays claim to very remote antiquity. After having been possessed by Saxon Thanes for some years, it came in the eleventh century into the hands of a Norman lord; and formed a part of the splendid donation with which William the Conqueror rewarded the fidelity and services of Sir Roger de Curcelle, one of his adventurous followers. His death

occasioned its reversion to the crown; soon after which the profuse Rufus granted it to Hugh de Montfort, a Norman, from whose surname it received its present affix, Farley Montfort. Bartholomew Lord Bingham, renowned in Edward the Second's disgraceful wars with the Scots, became possessed of it in 1337; but his lion-hearted son, in consequence of that imprudence which is no uncommon attendant on the military character, found it convenient to dispose of his manor of Farley, together with other large estates, to Thomas Lord Hungerford, in the reign of Richard II. This nobleman, one of the most renowned barons of the time, fixed his chief residence at Farley, where he repaired the castle originally built by Curcelle, ornamented it with two gateways, and strengthened it by the addition of four substantial towers, the ruins of which are now to be seen. As these works were compleated without permission previously obtained under the king's hand, a formality necessary during the times of the feudal system, and naturally springing from the principles on which it was founded, they awakened the jealousy of Richard, and a writ of attachment was issued against Lord Hungerford. But as every mis-

demeanour could, in those days, be atoned for by a fine, a thousand marks were paid by the baron, which quickly appeased the anger, and quieted the suspicions, of Richard.

A series of heroes of the same noble family succeeded Lord Thomas in the possession of Farley-Castle. In the reigns of Henry IV. and V. Sir Walter was its owner, a knight of great martial atchievements; who exhibited an example of that romantic character so common in the age of chivalry, when, by a whimsical association, a passion for war was blended with the ardour of piety, and the love of God and of gallantry went hand in hand. Now fighting single-handled combats on the hostile fields of France, now exhibiting the gorgeous festival within the walls of his castle, and now founding chantries and chapels for ecclesiastics, Sir Walter was, by turn, the hero, the courtier, and the devotee. In consequence of a fierce encounter with a French knight at Calais, in which he was victorious, he gained a pension of one hundred marks per annum out of the revenues of the town of Marlborough. By his splendid entertainments at Farley, whose roof rang to the sounds of his minstrels, and whose lofty hall and magnificent state-apartments, the wonder

of the age, were decorated with honourable trophies from the fields of Cressy and Poitiers, Agincourt and Calais, he obtained the name of the finest gentleman of the day; and by his munificence to the monks, for several of whom he provided by institutions in the chapel of Farley and in the church of Olveston in Gloucestershire, he secured the character of piety and devotion. With the lineal descendants of this baron, Farley-Castle continued till the reign of Edward IV. when Sir Thomas Hungerford, afterwards Lord Hungerford, great grandson of Sir Walter, being too active in the contests between the two Roses, and unfortunately having chosen the losing side, he was tried, condemned, and executed for treason, and his large possessions confiscated to the crown. The reversing of the attainder on the family, in Henry VIIIth's reign, restored their patrimonial estates to the Hungerfords; and passing successively through Walter Lord Hungerford, Sir Edward and Sir Anthony Hungerford, they vested at length in Sir Edward Hungerford, towards the conclusion of the Protectorship. But, *heroum filii noxæ*: the knight, in the true spirit of those times when Charles II. set so baneful an example of dissipation to his sub-

jects, was profligate and wasteful; and after a few years of extravagance, found himself compelled to alienate the possessions of his ancestors. Farley-Castle was disposed of to the family of Bayntun, in 1686; soon after which, it came into the possession of that of Houlton, to whose descendant, Joseph Houlton, esq; it at present belongs. The estate consists of two manors, within a ring fence, and comprises a park, close to the old family seat, stocked with deer, well wooded, and agreeably varied with hill and bottom.

The chapel of the castle, which was dedicated to St. Leonard, is nearly perfect. The performance of divine service in it has been omitted for many years, but by the laudable attention of the present owner, the fabric is in good repair, and the curious monuments within it are in tolerable preservation. This building consists of a single nave fifty-six feet in length and twenty in breadth, and a chantry on the north side, twenty feet in length and fourteen in breadth, erected and endowed by Sir Walter Hungerford; in the former is an old wooden pulpit, an immense slab of rich granite which forms the altar, and some pieces of ancient armour—rude remains of the age of chivalry.

A flat grave stone also is seen on the floor, cut with the figure of a knight in armour, and an imperfect inscription running round its edges, commemorating Sir Giles Hungerford; and attached to the south wall is a table monument of free-stone, with this inscription:—

“ Tyme tryeth truth, quod (quoth) Walter Hungerford,
 “ knyght, who lyeth here, and Edward hys son, to God's
 “ mercy in whom he trusts for ever. An^o. Dⁱ. 1585, the
 “ vi of Desbr.”

But the chapel contains the rarest curiosities of this fabric. Under its arch stands an old table tomb, highly sculptured on the sides and ends, with coats of arms and human figures, the full-sized representations of a knight and his lady are recumbent upon the top, the former cased in armour, with a lion at his feet; the latter in the dress of the times, her head resting on two cushions, supported by angels, and two dogs at the other extremity—the effigies of Sir Thomas Hungerford, who died Dec. 3d, 1508, and Johanna his wife, who followed him in 1512. Connected with the north wall is another tomb of the same kind, built of free-stone, gorgeously painted and gilt. It bears this inscription—

“ Edward Hungerford, knight, sonne to Walter Lord
 “ Hungerford, and late heir to Sir Walter Hungerford,

“ deceased, the 5 daie of December, 1607, and lieth here
 “ with Dame Jane his wife, daughter to Sir Anthony
 “ Hungerford, of Downe-Amny.”

A third monument occurs on the west side of the chapel without any inscription, so that we cannot tell for whom it was erected. It should seem, however, to be the burial place of some pious and prolific dame, as there are the effigies of an old lady kneeling at a desk, accompanied by four sons and five daughters, all in the same devout posture.—Another small tomb is seen against the north wall, in which a brass plate contains the following lines:—

“ If birth or worth might ad to rareness life,
 “ Or teares in man revive a virtuous wife;
 “ Lock’t in this cabinet, bereav’d of breath,
 “ Here lies the pearle inclos’d—she which by death
 “ Sterne death subdu’d, slighting vain worldly vice,
 “ Achiving Heav’n with thoughts of Paradise.
 “ She was her sexes wonder, great in bloud,
 “ But what is far more rare, both great and good.
 “ She was with all celestial virtues stor’d,
 “ The life of Shaa, and soul of Hungerford.”

AN EPITAPH.

“ Written in memory of the late Right Noble and most
 “ truly virtuous Mrs. Mary Shaa, daughter to the Right
 “ Hon. Walter Lord Hungerford, sister and heyre generall
 “ to the Right Noble Sir Edward Hungerford, knight,
 “ deceased, and wife unto Thomas Shaa, esq; leaving be-

“ hind Robert Shaa, her only sonne. She departed this
 “ life, in the faith of Christ, the last day of September,
 “ An^o. Dni. 1613.”

But these costly specimens of ancient sepulchral masonry are entirely eclipsed by the magnificent monument which stands in the centre of the chapel, and is, perhaps, one of the finest *morsels* of the kind in England. It is composed entirely of white polished marble, placed on steps of black marble, and supporting the effigies of Sir Edward and Lady Margaret Hungerford; the one in compleat armour, his feet resting on a wheat-sheaf, (the family crest) the other in a loose dress, with a lion and anchor at her feet. The workmanship, as well as materials, are most choice; the name of the sculptor does not appear, but as it was constructed at a time when the nobility went to an immense expence in these last mementos of their grandeur, it was probably the work of the first artist of the day. A long Latin inscription is cut on the south side of the monument, which is otherwise enriched with a profusion of quarterings. The date is 1648. A painting of the Resurrection covers the ceiling, and beneath it appear the representations of the two Saints James, Saint

John, St. Philip, St. Matthew, St. Thomas, and St. Bartholomew. The crypt, or vault, under this chapel, exhibits a very extraordinary family party, the pickled remains of eight of the Hungerfords, ranged by the side of each other, cased in leaden coffins, and assuming the forms of Egyptian mummies, the faces prominent, the shoulders swelling out into their natural shape, and the body gradually tapering towards the feet. The first of these, on the right, contains the remains of Lord Hungerford; second, those of his wife; third, the first wife of Sir Edward Hungerford, jun.; fourth, Sir Edward Hungerford himself; fifth, the second wife of Sir Edward Hungerford; sixth, (in the left hand corner) Mary Hungerford, who married Thomas Shaa, esq; and whose monument is in the chapel above. The two children inclosed in lead, and lying on the breasts of the larger coffins, are the offspring of two of the wives of Sir Edward Hungerford, (for he had three in all) who both died in childhood. One of the full-sized leaden coffins has a perforation on the right shoulder, through which a stick may be introduced, and the embalming matter extracted; this appears to be a thick viscous liquid, of a brown colour, and

resinous smell and consistence; the flesh is decomposed by the admission of the air, but the bones still retain their soundness. A shield of copper, which lies in the vault, is inscribed with a notification of Sir Edward Hungerford's reposing in the vault:—

“ Hic intus recondit^r mortale totum insignis domini
 “ Edw. Hungerford, de Cossham in com. Wilts, ho^{billis}
 “ orb. bal. mil. fil. nat. max. domini Antho. Hungerford,
 “ de Blakbourton in com. Oxon. eq. aurat. et uxor. ejus
 “ dnæ Luciæ Hungerford, filiæ Gualt. Hungerford, de
 “ Farley Hungerford in agro Somerset. eq. avrati. cujus
 “ antiquiss. et clariss. prosapiæ de Farley Hungerford fuit
 “ terminus. Felici thalamo conjunct. dnæ Margaretæ
 “ filiæ et cohæred. Guil. Hallyday, civis et alderm. Lond.
 “ per annos xxvii. obiit x^o. kal. ix^{bris}. mdcxlviii. an^o.
 “ ætat. lii^o.”

Such, my dear sir, is Farley-Castle and its accompaniments; a place curious to the antiquary, pleasing to the painter, and which might be rendered of great utility to the public at large, since I know of no spot whither we could send, with so much advantage, those unfortunate patients who are under the influence of *family pride*, or of that inflation which worldly greatness is so apt to inspire.

Returning again to the Warminster road, we proceed to Norton-St.-Philip's, a town of little

note, but of great antiquity; though of late years it has assumed some consequence from its employment in the woollen manufactory. A large stone building in the street, formerly a grange, points out its ancient connection with Hinton-Abbey; and its church affords some remnants of former superstition. The most remarkable amongst these are, the representations of two female figures, cut in a stone which makes part of the floor of the nave; they are close to each other, and the reason given for this union, is a wonderful circumstance that brings to the recollection a story in *Martinus Scriblerus*. They are the effigies, it is said, of a *double female* born in a neighbouring village, which consisted of two complete bodies attached to each other at the side. Nature, tradition assures us, allowed this strange birth to arrive at maturity, when *one-half* sickened and died; to separate this from the surviving moiety was impossible, the remaining half, therefore, was under the necessity of enduring the intolerable load of her deceased companion, till the suffocating steams of putrefaction deprived her at length of life. It must be confessed, the legend wants those *minutiæ* of date and place with which artful story-tellers al-

ways corroborate their narrations; since the *Cicerone* observed, that the circumstance happened at a village which had been long since destroyed, and (still more indefinite with respect to *time*) that it occurred “years ago.”

The road affords but little variety or beauty, till we pass Beckington; a place that owes all its present importance to its connection with the neighbouring manufacturing town Frome, which employs many of its inhabitants in scribbling wool, weaving yarn, and shearing cloth. It formerly flourished under the protection of the powerful family of St. Maur, or Seymour, the ancient lords of the manor, by whose name the old manerial house is still called. The church exhibits some specimens of Anglo-Norman masonry, in the zig-zag mouldings of its windows; and two curious effigies of John St. Maur and Elizabeth his wife, above three hundred years old. A poet-laureat also sleeps within its consecrated walls, Samuel Daniel, who succeeded the celebrated Spenser in that office. For once in his life, James the First made a mistake in favour of taste, and patronized a man who was no less a favourite of the muses than of his royal protector. His works, if written in the present day, would, it is true,

place him but low on the roll of bards, but considered as the productions of an age when English versification had made but a small progress towards its present state of perfection, they lay claim to the praise of considerable expression and harmony; at all events, he must be allowed to have soared far above the royal pedant, his master, for he too attempted to write verses, and printed a small folio containing his dalliances with the Nine. It would be injustice to Daniel, indeed, to bring his effusions into a comparison with the *stuff* of James, which (notwithstanding his excuse for them in the preface, where he tells us, in barbarous language, they were written in youth, and that afterwards he had no time to correct their faults, so that “when his ingyne and age
 “could, his affaires and fashierie would not,
 “permit him to correct them, scarslie, but at
 “stolen moments, he having the leizure to
 “bleak upon any paper”) a school-boy of the seventeenth century deserved to be flogged for having produced.

The country now becomes more hilly than of late, and an undulating road leads the traveller to Frome, two miles distant from Beckington. Here an agreeable appearance of

bustle and business catches the eye, every thing indicates the presence of manufactories and trade; and the labouring men, women, and children, as deeply tinged as ancient Britons with a dark blue, discover the nature of the employment by which they get their bread—the dying and scribbling of the wool, and the weaving and shearing of the cloth of that colour. Frome has for many years been famous for working Spanish and English wool into broad-cloths and kerseymeres; in the year 1789, three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds weight of wool were wrought here into one hundred and sixty thousand yards of broad-cloth and kerseymere, of which quantity the former article composed about four-fifths; a business that employed two hundred and thirty-three scribblers, and two hundred and twenty-three shearmen. The quantity of wool manufactured here is since considerably increased, but the number of people employed is diminished, the introduction of machines having lessened, in a prodigious proportion, the call for manual labour. At present there are in the town of Frome twenty-seven manufacturers of cloth, who make, of broad, narrow, and kerseymere, about two hundred pieces

weekly, of twenty-eight yards each; or, calculating by a different measure, about one hundred and sixty miles of cloth, in length, every year.

The following slight sketch will shew you the process pursued in this branch of British manufactories, and, at the same time, give you an idea of the number of people, to whom we are obliged for every coat we wear:—The English fleece is sorted, according to its different qualities, by the woolstapler, and the Spanish has all its pitch-marks clipped off. It is then carried to the dye-house, and when cleansed from its impurities, (by scouring it in a furnace of hot water) dyed, and returned to the manufacturer; afterwards scribbled; carded, and spun into yarn by machinery; twisted; woven in the loom; burled, by nipping off its knots and burs; milled by the fuller; dubbed with cards of teazle; stretched on the tenter hooks; dressed; sheared; pressed between heated planks and press paper; and packed for the markets.

The town of Frome is situated on the descent and at the foot of a rapid hill, and though full of streets, they are all narrow, incommodious, and irregular. Its population, in the year 1798, was estimated at seven thousand seven hundred

and thirty-seven, who were between fifteen and sixty years of age. From the opulence which the woollen trade has thrown into the place, its inhabitants have been enabled to form several generous institutions for the succour of the helpless, and the comfort of the poor; and, perhaps, no place in England, of a similar size, affords so many instances of benevolence applied in this laudable manner. The church, also, (for I cannot allow you to quit the town without accompanying me to this highly decorated building) bears testimony to the munificence of the inhabitants of Frome; *without*, it is a plain substantial structure, not attracting the attention by any beauty or singularity; but *within*, its splendid ornaments evince, that churchwardens' accounts are not here confined to those parsimonious limits by which most other parishes circumscribe them. All is uniformity and elegance; and if we except the gingerbread ornaments of the seat appropriated for the churchwardens, with which a personage, who filled that situation a few years since, in the pride of office, bedizened it; the decorations are not out of character with the edifice. Indeed, I think it will be one of the handsomest parish churches in England, when

a large oval space over the altar is filled up by the transparency from the pencil of Mr. Bell, of Bath, which, it is said, he has engaged to contribute to the church.

On leaving Frome, we quit the turnpike at the distance of three miles, and turn into the noble park of Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, through which passes the road to Horningsham. This princely demesne embraces within the inclosure a circumference of twelve miles, and exhibits a beautiful variety of country; rich natural scenery heightened by the judicious exertions of art, in noble well-disposed plantations. All is on the great scale, and every thing around recalls the remembrance of ancient English magnificence. A level road of straight direction, and nearly half a mile in length, forms the grand approach; this vista is terminated by one of the finest family residences in Britain. We survey a mansion of stone, stretching to a breadth of two hundred and twenty feet in front and one hundred and eighty in depth, and rising to a proud proportionate height; not indeed of Gothic or classical architecture, but built in that imposing stile, which, though in consonant to the strict notions of taste, and *little*, per-

haps, when surveyed in its parts, forms such an august whole as at once fills the mind with the ideas of grandeur and magnificence. Vestiges of the declining Gothic (which began to disappear towards the conclusion of Henry VIIIth's reign) may be traced in the vast projecting windows, remains of the ancient *Oriel*, and the form of the stone casements; and attempts at the Grecian discover themselves in the pilasters, crowned with rich capitals that cover the faces of the building, and the statues which ornament the top. This singular mixture of styles characterizes the English buildings, from the age when Longleat-house was erected to the time of James I.; and was the effect of that struggle between the expiring Gothic, which our national architects endeavoured to keep alive, and the classical style imported from Italy by the foreign artists, who flocked hither in the sixteenth century. Full of those chaste architectural ideas, which the noble remains in their own country inspired, they would have "bid Britannia rival Greece" in her structures, had they been left to their own judgment; but, on their arrival in England, they found notions of beauty with regard to building diametrically opposite to their

own. It was their business, therefore, to be cautious in their proceedings; rather to conciliate than to oppose; to sap long-rooted prejudices by degrees, rather than attack them violently at once. Hence we find, in all the structures of the times we are speaking of, an admission of some of the features of the Gothic into the plan; producing that discordant combination of heterogeneous styles, which, for nearly a century, distinguishes the architecture of England from every other in the world.

When this singular taste was in its meridian in this country, Sir John Thynne erected the mansion of Longleat; and a noble specimen, we must confess, it affords. The knight had purchased the demesne of Longleat, the scite of its ancient priory, of Sir John Horsey, of Dorsetshire, in the thirty-fourth year of Henry VIII.; but occupied in public and martial affairs, he did not attend to his purchase for five and twenty years after it was made. Tired at length of the shouts of armies, and the intrigues of courts, he resolved to devote his latter years to rural quiet, and to build a capacious mansion on his property at Longleat, where he might enjoy *otium cum dignitate* for the remainder of his life. He accordingly, it is said,

designed the plan of the building himself, and laid the foundation of it in January 1567. Twelve years were consumed before it was completed, and the sum of 8016l. 13s. 8d. exclusive of carriage, stone, and timber, which were his own, expended by the knight in its execution. But, ah! how vain are human anticipations of future enjoyments! The splendid mansion had now received its noble owner, where, in the bosom of his large family, his eight sons and numerous daughters, he purposed to expend his income in that generous hospitality, which has attached to the English character the exclusive praise of good living; but fate decreed otherwise, and he fell a victim to a fever in the spring of the year 1580, immediately ensuing that in which he had completed the building. Longleat-house forms a parallelogram, in the centre of which is a quadrangle; the chapel occupies one side, and dwelling-apartments and offices compose the others; the enormous extent of the whole may be best imagined, by simply mentioning the number of rooms, which are said to amount to one hundred and seventy.

Our ancestors, for reasons, in point of taste, perhaps, as well as propriety, sufficiently judi-

cious, chose situations for their mansions very different from those which their descendants select. The flat and the bottom were preferred to the hill; their aim was quiet and seclusion; the stillness of retreat, where, equally secured from the storms of the Heavens, and the importunance of the world, they might enjoy undisturbed that "dear delight," which springs from the cultivation of the domestic affections and the enjoyment of family union. Influenced by this taste, Sir John Thynne, neglecting the many rising grounds and inviting hills within the park, placed his mansion in a flat, open only to the distant country on one side, but making a happy exchange for extensive prospects in quiet sylvan views within its own demesne. The *cellars* of this magnificent residence are in unison with that character of greatness which every other part displays; they form an immense range of catacombs, stretching the whole length of the front, and not disgracing the ancient hospitality of the seat, contain between five and six hundred hogsheads of different kinds of beer. But the richest treasure is above-ground, a vast collection of original portraits; exhibiting a tolerably complete series of the most illustrious characters of

the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. That we may pay due respect to these venerable personages, you must allow me to introduce you to them individually, in the different apartments which they have long occupied, mute and careless spectators of those political squabbles and conflicting interests wherein they were once so busily employed themselves, and by which the sons of ambition are at present almost universally engrossed.

The *hall* is the first apartment of the mansion, a grand room, with a gallery at one end, intended to accommodate the music, when the lord of old fed his tenantry, or entertained, on public days, his neighbours. It is appropriately ornamented with stags' horns and hunting-pieces, and realizes the description of Thomson's "ghostly hall of grey renown, with woodland honours graced." The paintings here are eight in number, representing some favourite horses of the former possessors of Longleat; and the portraits of the second Lord Weymouth, Lord Hyde, Rev. Mr. Villiers, and Doctor Jackson, equipped for the chace. It will be speaking sufficiently in their praise to say, that these pieces are the work of Wootton, who, about sixty years ago, obtained such celebrity

for his masterly productions in this line of painting. He has certainly lost none of it by his labours at Longleat; the same skill of pencil, and fire of expression, are discerned here, as in his most esteemed pieces; indeed, the horses and dogs are all but alive. The *dining-room* adjoins the hall; an apartment of very large dimensions, including one of the advanced bows or oriels, which I noticed before. Here several family portraits present themselves, as well as some original ones of characters celebrated or remarkable in former days; amongst the most curious are,

Sir John Thynne, the founder of Longleat, in the fifty-first year of his age, who was the *seneschallus hospitii*, or house-steward, to Protector Somerset. From this powerful patron he happily imbibed a warm zeal for the Reformation, which he had the courage to assert, even under the implacable bigot Queen Mary. The widely-extended grief which his death occasioned, bears the most honourable testimony to the amiableness of his character; and the tears of sixty-one servants, and sixty poor men, who accompanied their master and friend to the church of Deverell-Longbridge, threw more real splendour over the funeral procession, than

the numerous troop of heralds which attended, with all their frippery of pennons, plumes, and atchievements, could produce.

Sir John Thynne, eldest son and heir of the founder of Longleat, knighted by James I. at the charter-house, May 11th, 1603, four days after his Majesty's arrival in London; an honour which he survived only eighteen months.

Thomas Thynne, esq; the possessor of Longleat estate towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century, called *Tom of Ten Thousand*, from the generosity of his spirit, and the splendour of his mode of living. By his marriage with Elizabeth Countess of Ogle, the immensely rich heiress of the Earl of Northumberland, he unfortunately excited the jealous rage of Count Coningsmark, who had intended the lady for himself. Determining to sacrifice Thynne to his fury, the Count engaged assassins to shoot him in his carriage; which service they performed on the 12th February, 1682-3. Two of the villains were apprehended and hanged, and the Count himself brought to a trial, at which, however, he was acquitted, after a tedious deliberation of the jurors. But,

“ Raro antecedentem scelestum

“ Deseruit pede poena claudo;”

he afterwards met with the fate which his profligacy deserved; attempting to intrigue with a lady of high rank in Germany, he was laid wait for by the order of the enraged spouse, literally hewn in pieces, and his miserable remains buried in a house of office, which was immediately bricked up. The marble monument to the memory of Mr. Thynne is well known to the visitor of Westminster-Abbey; and, as every thing remarkable has some story attached to it, we may pardon tradition for tacking the following to this curious piece of sculpture:—

An old domestic happening to meet one day a crony of former times, who was hurrying forwards at a very quick pace, after shaking him by the hand, begged to know whither he was going in such violent haste. “Going,” said the other, “why to Westminster-Abbey, to look at the figure of *my father*, which is just put up there in white marble.” “Thy father’s figure,” returned the questioner; “what do’st mean, man?” “I mean,” replied he, “that they have been making a fine monument for Mr. Thynne, where they’ve carved the coach, the horses, and the *coachman*. Now my father was driving his coach at the time he was murdered, and I want to see whether

“ they’ve made a good likeness of him or not!” We find the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth in the number of Mr. Thynne’s particular friends; he frequently visited him at Longleat, and accepted from his hands a fine set of Oldenburgh coach-horses. Thynne delighted much in the sports of the field, and boasted a finer stud than any private gentleman in England possessed. By his untimely death Mirth lost an ardent devotee, and Benevolence a practical disciple.

Sir William Coventry, youngest son of the lord-keeper, and, like his father, a pattern of integrity and honesty; the best speaker, according to Bishop Burnet, in the House of Commons, and capable of bearing the chief ministry, as it was once thought he was very near it, and deserved it more than all the rest did. He received the honour of knighthood in 1657, and was made one of the commissioners of the treasury in 1667; but having too much honour to take a part in the wicked politics of the times, he resigned his situation, and retired into the country, to enjoy virtue and peace, where he died in 1686.

Henry Coventry, elder brother of Sir William Coventry, a strenuous loyalist during the Com-

monwealth, by which he suffered considerably in his property. He was one of the few who experienced gratitude from Charles II. for an attachment to his cause, being made first groom of the bedchamber, afterwards envoy extraordinary to Sweden, and at length one of the principal secretaries of state ; this office he resigned in 1679, and died in 1686.

Richard Earl of Holland, one of the first victims to the Commonwealth, after its settlement in 1649. He negotiated the marriage between Charles I. and Henrietta of France ; an adherent by turns to the king and the parliament, but at length, having attached himself to the royal arms, he was taken at St. Neot's by the republican forces, and two years afterwards tried, condemned, and executed.

John Lowther Viscount Lonsdale, the first peer of that line, and father of the last ; an active partizan in the Revolution, when the English people asserted and established those great political truths which now form the basis of their liberty ; that the power of the crown flows from no other fountain than an implied contract between it and the people ; and that allegiance and protection are reciprocal ties. His lordship was so highly regarded by William III.

that having been made lord privy seal, and being obliged by indisposition to retire into the country, he was ordered by the sovereign to carry the seal thither with him.

Edward Seymour Duke of Somerset, the protector. This is a curious portrait, either an original by Holbein, or a copy from an original by this artist, to whom the Duke had sat for his picture. It seems to be a rigid likeness, and enables us to form an interesting acquaintance with a man whose character was as motley as his fortunes. In early life, the turn of Seymour's mind appears to have been gentle and amiable; but ambitious prospects awakened, and elevation matured, passions, which he probably would not have been influenced by, had his success been less, and his situation other than it was. Where, however, shall we find the character that is not ruined or injured by the possession of power? In the overbearing conduct of the protector, his pride and peculation, his hatred of the Howards, his severity towards his brother, and his injustice to his first offspring, we only see the sad picture which human nature too frequently exhibits, when placed in similar dangerous circumstances with Somerset; we see the lust of domination

absorbing the whole soul, bearing down conscience, exterminating sensibility, and hesitating at no acts, however atrocious or dishonourable, which appear to be necessary to confirm its rule or extend its influence. But let us not dwell upon the dark side of his character only; virtues he possessed, and those of the brightest water. His exertions in favour of the Reformation were ardent, sincere, and unremitting; and his humanity at times shone forth with the most amiable splendour. Nothing, indeed, can place his claim to this praise in a more striking point of view than one of the charges adduced by his enemies to criminate him; it was his setting up a “*Court of Requests* in his “own house, to hear the petitions and suits of “*poor men*; and upon the compassion he took “of their oppressions, if he ended not their “business, he would send his letters to chancery in their favour.” Nothing but the distorted eye of malice could have discerned causes of accusation in a practice which rested upon the basis of humanity, which opposed itself to the cruelty of oppression, and endeavoured to counteract an evil of no less magnitude, “the law’s delay.” Somerset, after experiencing every revolution of a favourite’s life, fell a sa-

crifice to the ambition of another courtier, less amiable than himself, the Earl of Warwick, afterwards created Duke of Northumberland, and expiated all his public crimes upon the scaffold the 22d January, 1552.

Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudley, the admiral, brother of the protector; artist unknown. His powerful abilities, which raised him to the high office that he filled, his uncontrollable ambition, which induced him to sacrifice himself to the Queen Dowager, and to attempt the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, and his fierce pride, which drove him to conspiracy and rebellion, are well expressed in his penetrating eye and strongly-marked countenance. His enemies brought him to the block the 10th of March, 1549; though his trial was of that unfair and secret nature as led the nation in general to believe, that he had been gotten rid of, rather as a troublesome person to the existing government than as a dangerous one to the state.

Lord-Keeper Coventry, a most magnificent picture. He was charged with the seals by Charles I. November 1st, 1625, shortly after Charles's accession to the throne; and was dignified with the degree of baron, by the title

of Lord Coventry, of Aylesbury, in the county of Worcester, and died 14th January, 1639-40. That admirable painter of moral portraits, the Earl of Clarendon, has given us the following character of this upright man:—"He discharged
 " all the offices he went through with great abilities, and singular reputation of integrity; he
 " enjoyed his place of lord-keeper with an universal reputation (and sure justice was never
 " better administered) for the space of about
 " sixteen years, even to his death, some months
 " before he was sixty years of age. Which
 " was another important circumstance of his
 " felicity, that great office being so slippery,
 " that no man had died in it before for the space
 " of forty years; nor had his successors, for
 " some time after him, much better fortune.
 " He was a man of wonderful gravity and wisdom, and understood not only the whole
 " science and mystery of the law at least
 " equally with any man who had ever sat in
 " that place, but had a clear conception of the
 " whole policy of government both of church
 " and state. He had, in the plain way of speaking and delivery, without much ornament of
 " elocution, a strange power of making himself believed, (the only justifiable design of

“eloquence) so that he used very frankly to
 “deny, and would never suffer any man to de-
 “part from him with an opinion, that he was
 “inclined to gratify, when in truth he was not,
 “holding that dissimulation to be the worst of
 “lying; yet, the manner of it was so gentle
 “and obliging, and his condescension such, to
 “inform the persons whom he could not sa-
 “tisfy, that few departed from him with ill-will
 “and ill wishes. To conclude, his security
 “consisted very much in his having but little
 “credit with the king; and he died in a sea-
 “son the most opportune, in which a wise
 “man would have prayed to have finished his
 “course, and which, in truth, crowned his
 “other signal prosperity in the world.”

The *drawing-room* contains many good and curious portraits; amongst them are,

Lord-Keeper Williams Archbishop of York, a man of singular talent and erudition, and well skilled in managing the intricacies of public affairs; he had the seals in the reign of Charles the First, and was elevated to the metropolitan chair of York by that monarch; but when the disagreement between Charles and his Parliament burst into that flame of violence,

which was quenched only by the blood of the king, Williams attached himself to the Puritanical party, with whom he canted and fasted till his death in 1650.

The present *Marquis of Bath*, a good painting by Hoppner; and,

Lord Thurlow, the late chancellor; an incomparable portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. But how should the production be otherwise than incomparable, when the artist was so able, and the subject so good? Even an inferior pencil could not have missed the grandeur of Lord Thurlow's countenance.

Lord Chancellor Bacon, who owed his fame to his disgrace. Peculation and corruption are more the vices of situation than of the heart. Bacon was frail, and, like many other exalted personages, (not less venal, though more fortunate in escaping detection) being placed in a situation of temptation, fell, and bartered his integrity for gold. Shame, however, recalled virtue, and retirement confirmed her influence; the absence of wealth banished the desire of it; he relinquished the dreams of ambition, lost the thirst of riches, and turned his immense talents to much more noble objects, the pursuits of natural and moral philosophy; his

discoveries and improvements in which will be remembered and acknowledged, as long as they continue to exercise and gratify the human intellect.

Edward Villiers, first Earl of Jersey, with his wand, master of the horse to Queen Mary in February 1688-9; and created Viscount Villiers in the third year of William III.

Barbara Cheffinch, his lady, daughter of Wm. Cheffinch, esq; closet-keeper to King Charles II.

Thomas, second Lord Weymouth, grandson of the before-mentioned Barbara.

Grace Countess of Granville.

Sir James Thynne.

Lady Arabella Stewart, daughter of Charles Stewart Earl of Lennox, and younger brother to Lord Darnley, father to James I. From her relationship to royalty sprang all her misfortunes, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*; Elizabeth and James I. both regarded her with a jealous eye, and in the commencement of that monarch's reign, when Lord Cobham's conspiracy was detected, it being supposed that one object of it was to place the crown on the head of Arabella, she was confined to her house. Here she married privately Sir William Seymour, afterwards Duke of Somerset; but the stolen wedding

only loaded her with fresh misfortunes. On its being discovered, she was committed to close custody at the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and her husband sent to the Tower. From these respective places of confinement they contrived to escape the same day, June 3d, 1611; but with different success. Her ill stars continued to shed their malign influence on the unhappy Arabella. Following her husband, who had arrived at Dunkirk, she was seized in Calais road, and committed to the Tower, where insanity happily relieved her from the conviction and contemplation of her great misfortunes. She died in confinement Sept. 27th, 1615; and was buried near her unfortunate relative, Mary Queen of Scots, in Henry the Seventh's chapel.

Charles the First, when prince; remarkable from the circumstance of the countenance not exhibiting that gloom, which is observable in all the other portraits of this monarch. It was the cast of melancholy in Charles's face, which led Bernini the sculptor, (who was engaged to make a marble bust of the king, from a painting by Vandyke) to prognosticate that Charles was born to be unfortunate.

The *breakfast-room* is fitted up with a tasty airiness, for which we are not prepared by the heavy outside of the mansion; it contains the following portraits:—

George Granville Lord Lansdown, so created by Queen Anne, Dec. 31st, 1711; who married Lady Mary Thynne, daughter of Edward the first Earl of Jersey, the relict of Thomas Thynne, esq; of Old-Windsor, Berks, and mother of the second Lord Weymouth.

Charles the First, by Vandyke, with his usual truth of drapery and beauty of flesh.

Three of this prince's children, by the same masterly hand.

Queen Mary, the avaricious, the sanguinary, the revengeful, and the proud; as plain in person as deformed in mind. Who, had she not been influenced by bigotry, would probably have passed through life a mere contemptible character; the spirit of the Romish religion gave a new complexion to her mind, and made her a hateful one. It converted her peevishness into rage, and her coldness into cruelty.

Wentworth Earl of Strafford, the friend and favourite of Charles I.; and afterwards sacrificed by his patron to the senseless indignation of

the populace; a sacrifice which the king fondly hoped would have purchased reconciliation to his people. Never did the unfortunate monarch so desert himself as upon this occasion, never did he so much forfeit the praise that was fairly due to him for all the milder virtues of the mind, as when he passed the bill of attainder against Strafford; and never were the words of the Psalmist more strikingly applied, than by the Earl, when the fatal news was communicated to him, that his friend had given him up, "Put not your trust in princes, nor
" in any child of man, for in them there is no
" salvation."

Lord Torrington, father to the present Marchioness; an excellent modern production, from the pencil of Hoppner.

A massive oaken *stair-case*, the sides of which are hung with portraits, amongst which are, *Algernon Earl of Northumberland*, *Count Teckley*, and his wife, conducts us to the *alcove bed-chamber*, covered with old tapestry. In this room is a good head of

Bishop Kenn, the pious and the mild; a firm guardian of the reformed church, and one of the seven bishops who boldly dared the frowns

of James II. and the terrors of the tower, rather than assent to the declaration of indulgence. When William III. was raised to the throne by the will of the English people, a fair path to dignity and promotion opened itself to Kenn, could he have tampered with his conscience, and betrayed his faith; but rather than falsify the oath of allegiance he had sworn to James, he magnanimously relinquished his bishopric of Bath and Wells, and retired to Longleat, the seat of his friend the Marquis of Bath. Little effect, indeed, could worldly honours be supposed to have on the mind of one, who, like Bishop Kenn, always travelled with his shroud; an admonitory garment which he put on as soon as he arrived at Longleat, and wore ever after. He died at his noble friend's mansion A.D. 1711, and was buried at the eastern end of the church of Frome.

The Head of Tintoret, painted by himself. This artist, whose real name was Giacomo Robusto, and who is frequently called *the furious*, was the son of a dyer at Venice, and pupil of Titian; who, jealous of his genius, dismissed him from his family. Perhaps closer study of the works of his master would have made his own more perfect; at present, we generally find

his compositions and dresses improper, and his outline incorrect; but his colouring and its dependencies are admirable. Obiit 1594, Æt. 82.

Gerrard Earl of Macclesfield, one of the lords who accompanied the Prince of Orange to this country, when he was called to fill the throne by the will of the English people.

Lord Beauchamp.

Mary Queen of Scots.

John Fisher Bishop of Winchester, a martyr for the sake of conscience, though in a wrong cause. Refusing to take the oath of the king's supremacy, he was committed to the Tower, but he had the honour of having Sir Thomas More for his companion. Here the Pope conferred on him the dignity of cardinal, a title that hastened his end; Henry considering it as an insult upon himself, brought him to trial. The consequence was, as might be expected, immediate execution.

Jane Shore, shewn for an original, but probably a copy; the too tender beauty of the day, first the mistress of Edward IV. afterwards the wife of Lord Hastings, and at length the victim of the malignant Richard III. Delivered over by this hard-hearted tyrant to the discipline of the church, she expiated her frailties

in a white sheet, at St. Paul's cathedral. Here, it is supposed by most writers, that her amours terminated; but we are informed, by a letter from Richard III. to the Bishop of Lincoln, (in No. I. appendix to the first volume of Hardwicke's State Papers) that after her penance she had another admirer, one Mr. Thomas Lynom. His temporary protection, however, did not shield her from subsequent want; she lived many years in abject poverty, and died at length, if not, as the poet has described her, by being starved, at least in the extremity of penury and wretchedness.

The *western gallery* contains some of the finest originals in England; they are mostly whole lengths, and represent, amongst many others,

Sir Walter Covert, of Slangham, in the county of Sussex; of an ancient family there.

Jane Shirley, wife of Sir Walter Covert; and after his death, Lady Holles.

Henry the Fourth, of France.

James the Second, when Duke of York.

Catherine of Braganza, sister to Don Alphonso King of Portugal, and wife to Charles II. She was doomed to lament first the infidelity and indifference of her husband, and then to endure

the insolence of his strumpets. The dress, indeed, in which she gave the first meeting to that libertine prince, was not formed to captivate the head of a polished court, where beauty and elegance of attire were certainly not made secondary considerations; it is accurately preserved in a scarce print, by Faithorne, and represents her in a black gown, with slashed sleeves, point handkerchief and ruffles, large farthingale, and laced petticoat. The hair formally curled like an old-fashioned peruke.

Charles the Second.

Finch Earl of Nottingham, first attorney-general, and afterwards lord chancellor, in the time of Charles II. by whom he was highly esteemed. In the midst of a profligate court, and a corrupt age, he conducted himself with honour and integrity; and though a courtier, and in power, had few public acts with which to accuse his conscience, if we except his presiding (as lord high steward) in the court which condemned, contrary to evidence and equity, the unfortunate Lord Strafford, already oppressed with age and infirmities; the miserable victim of a detestable junto, and a deluded, or iniquitous court.

William Duke of Somerset, second son of Edward Lord Beauchamp, and husband of

Lady Arabella Stewart, mentioned before. He survived his unfortunate wife, lived to succeed to the title of Somerset, and became a firm friend and servant to Charles I.

Bishop Juxon, who administered consolation to the last moments of Charles I.

Bennet Earl of Arlington, made secretary of state 1663; one of the junto distinguished by the name of *the cabal*, in the reign of Charles II. which plunged the nation in an unjust and unnecessary war with the Dutch, wherein his Majesty got little else than hard blows and disgrace. Is this instance, my dear sir, without a parallel in the English annals?

The Earl of Essex, clad in white satin from head to foot, a most beautiful figure, though probably not an original. The elegant person and accomplishments of the favourite plead a powerful apology for the regard which Elizabeth bestowed upon him; her pride, indeed, got the better of it for one fatal moment, when she signed the warrant of his execution, and Essex fell a victim to a mingled emotion of jealousy and rage; but the triumph over affection was only obtained by a struggle, that cost the queen, first her peace, and afterwards her life. Essex was a writer as well as a gallant;

and Elizabeth found an additional inducement to love the hero, in his being adorned with the graces of a scholar, and the accomplishments of a gentleman. “ The elegant perspicuity, (observes Mr. Walpole) the conciseness, the quick strong reasonings, and the engaging good-breeding of his letters, carry great marks of genius. Yet his youth gave no promise of parts; his father died with a mean opinion of him. The malicious subtleties of an able court were an over-match for his impetuous spirit; yet he was far from wanting art; but was so confident of the queen’s partiality, that he did not bend to her as his enemies did, who had not the same hold on her tender passions. He trusted to being always able to master her by absenting himself; his enemies embraced those moments to ruin him. I am aware, that it is become a mode to treat the queen’s passion for him as a romance. Voltaire laughs at it, and observes, that when her struggle about him must have been the greatest, (the time of his death) she was sixty-eight—had *he* been sixty-eight, it is probable she would *not* have been in love with him. Whenever Essex acted a fit of sickness, not a day passed without the

“ queen’s sending often to see him, and once
 “ went so far as to sit long by him, *and order*
 “ *his broths and things.* It is recorded, by a dili-
 “ gent observer of that court, that in one of his
 “ sick moods he took the liberty of going up
 “ to the queen in his night-gown. In the height
 “ of these fretful fooleries, there was a mask at
 “ Blackfriars on the marriage of Lord Herbert
 “ and Mrs. Russell. Eight lady maskers chose
 “ eight more to dance the measures. Mrs.
 “ Fitton, who led them, went to the queen, and
 “ wooed her to dance. Her Majesty asked
 “ what she was? ‘ *Affection,*’ she said. “ *Affec-*
 “ *tion!*” said the queen; “ *Affection is false.*”
 “ Were not these the murmurs of a heart ill at
 “ ease? Yet her Majesty rose and *danced.* She
 “ was then sixty-eight. Sure it was as natural
 “ for her to be in love!”

Frances Duchess of Richmond, who first married
 Prannel, the son of a vintner; on his death she
 was courted by Sir George Rodney, whom she
 first encouraged, and then deserted, by marrying
 Edward Earl of Hertford; he wrote her a letter
 in his blood, and then ran himself through the
 body with his sword. She afterwards married
 Ludowich Duke of Richmond, to whom she
 is said to have administered *some powerful*

dose, as he was found dead in his bed. She is drawn in weeds, with the duke's picture pendant at her breast. This portrait is particularly mentioned in the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' the pleasing writer of which also specifies a duplicate in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Masters; it is since his death removed to North-Court, the seat of Richard Bull, esq; in the Isle of Wight, which may be truly pronounced a *magasin des arts*.

Sir Thomas Thynne, the grandson of the founder of Longleat, in pink stockings, and other singularities of the dress of the times, and his two wives; the first, Maria daughter of George Lord Audley; the second, Catherine, daughter of Charles, brother to the Viscount Bindon; a lady that fell a victim to the force of imagination. She is painted pregnant, as she died in childbed. Having dreamt that her lying-in would be fatal, the conceit made so deep an impression on her, that she actually realized it shortly after her delivery.

The *long gallery* is still more fruitful in portraits than any of the preceding rooms, and though some of them are evidently copies, yet

being ancient ones, the collection well deserves attention:

Edward Stafford Duke of Buckingham, one of the victims to the jealousy of Henry, that mixture abhorred of cruelty and lust. The weak vanity of Stafford cost him his life. A speech which he had made in private society, “ that
“ if Henry were to die without issue, he would
“ lay claim to the crown, as descendant of Anne
“ of Gloucester, grand-daughter of Edward III.
“ and would then punish the ambition of Wol-
“ sey,” was reported to the minister, and by him exaggerated to the king. This was sufficient to excite his fury, which, when once inflamed, could only be sated by blood. Stafford was tried for high treason, and condemned upon the evidence of a servant and a monk; his sentence raised the pity and indignation of the people, and Norfolk, the high-steward upon the occasion, could not refrain from tears when he delivered it. The trying situation called forth a spirit in Buckingham which the weakness and vanity of his former character did not promise; he heard the sentence with composure, and when it was concluded, replied, “ My
“ Lord of Norfolk, you speak to me as to a
“ traitor, but traitor was I never. My lord, I

“ malign you not for what you have done; but
 “ may the eternal God forgive you my death,
 “ as I do. I shall never sue to the king for life;
 “ however, he is a gracious prince, and more
 “ grace may come from him than I desire; and
 “ so I intreat you, my lords, and all my fellows,
 “ to pray for me.” Henry, in his mercy, (and
 it was as much as could be expected from the
 tyrant) changed the legal punishment into
 simple decapitation, and Buckingham was ac-
 cordingly beheaded in 1521.

Sir Thomas Overbury, an honest courtier; the
 monitor and friend, but afterwards the victim,
 of Carr Earl of Somerset, one of the transient
 favourites of the fickle James I. The tragical
 fate of Sir Thomas, which has been worked up
 into a drama, is well known; a sad story, in
 which that female demon, the Countess of
 Essex, makes so prominent a character. But
 retributive justice pursued her even on this side
 the grave; the very cause for which she had
 plunged herself into adultery and murder, be-
 came the object of her hatred; Somerset de-
 spised, and the world detested, her. Her days
 were miserable, and her death loathsome. Sir
 Thomas was poisoned in 1613.

Elizabeth Widville, queen of Edward IV. for whose beauty he was content to sacrifice his French alliance, and, what might have been of greater importance to him, the friendship of the faithful Earl of Warwick; who, at the time of his unadvised match with Elizabeth, was negotiating a marriage for him in France. The king-making Earl was not to be insulted with impunity, and plucked Edward from the throne, to which he had ascended by his assistance. But fickle fortune, deserting at length her favourite Warwick, smiled upon the arms of Edward, and the Earl was slain in opposing his sovereign at the battle of Barnet.

Sir John Coventry, grandson of Thomas first Earl of Coventry. In Parliament he was distinguished for wit; and being frequently in opposition to the measures of the court, he had nearly fallen a sacrifice to the revengeful spirit of his opponents; having indulged his fancy in the discussion of a question regarding the taxation of playhouses, it was considered a personal insult offered to the king, and four armed ruffians were hired to waylay and dispatch him; but he so gallantly defended himself that they only in part discharged their office, and cut his nose to the bone. This atro-

cious act was loudly resented by the House of Commons, who passed a bill of banishment against the perpetrators, with special clauses that it should not be in the king's power to pardon them; and that it should be death to maim any person. This act still exists, under the title of the "Coventry Act."

Francis the First, King of France, and his mistress. Francis excelled his great rival Charles V. in nobleness of mind and candour of spirit, as much as he surpassed his other powerful neighbour Henry VIII. in courtesy and generosity.

Thomas Cavendish, or Candyshe, of Suffolk; the famous navigator in that period of bold adventure and discovery, the reign of Elizabeth. On the 21st July, 1586, he sailed from Plymouth with two ships and a bark under his command, passed through the Straights of Magellan into the South Sea; and returning by the Cape of Good Hope made the circumnavigation of the world in two years and two months. The success of the first expedition animated him to attempt a second, which cost him his life; for being hindered by contrary winds from passing through the Straights, he was driven back to Brazil, where he fell a victim to the diseases of the climate.

Admiral Chastillon, a very fine head.

Anna Bulleyn, another example of Henry the Eighth's brutality. Her portrait does not impress one with an idea of exalted beauty—but the brawny monarch was not nice!

Sir Thomas Gresham, one of the ornaments of Elizabeth's reign; who built the Royal Exchange, and founded the college which now bears his name.

Esme Stuart Baron D'Aubigny, son of John Stuart, second brother to Matthew Earl of Lennox. Being dispatched into Scotland by the Duke of Guise, for the purpose of embroiling Queen Elizabeth with that country, he became a great favourite of James, who created him Duke of Lennox. Dazzled by the sunshine of royal regard, he quickly lost his discretion; abused his power, and incensed the nobility to such a degree, that they obliged him to fly to France in 1582; where he soon after died.

In the *western bed-chamber* we find the portraits of—

Henry Prince of Wales, the amiable son of an unworthy father, who has been suspected of administering to his death by poison, impelled

by spleen and jealousy. Be this as it may, James countenanced the rumour, and betrayed no symptoms of grief on the dissolution of his son; he would not suffer his courtiers to wear mourning, nor the preparations for his daughter's marriage to be suspended. What may we *not* suspect of so unfeeling a parent?

George Monk Duke of Albemarle. Brought up in the army, and attached to the royal cause, Monk continued an active soldier for Charles I. till the siege of Nantwich, when the cavaliers were beaten, and Colonel Monk taken. After a long imprisonment, Monk sacrificed his honour, faith, and allegiance, and sided with the parliamentarians; a crime which he afterwards expiated, by paving the restoration of Charles II. and assisting him to ascend the throne of his fathers. A dukedom was the reward of his services.

Elizabeth Cavendish, wife of Christopher Duke of Albemarle.

Sir Orlando Bridgeman, successor, in the office of lord-keeper, to Lord Clarendon; a nobleman of unblemished virtue and incorruptible integrity, who was deprived of his situation, and driven from the kingdom, but not dishonoured, by the ungrateful Charles II. Preferring his

conscience to his place, and refusing to affix the seal to the declaration for suspending the penal laws, he was removed from his office, and succeeded by the nobleman whose portrait occurs next.

Ashley Cooper Earl of Shaftesbury, the turbulent, the subtle, and inconsistent; who, as Lord Orford observes, “ had canted tyranny under
 “ Cromwell, practised it under Charles II. and
 “ who disgraced the cause of liberty, by being
 “ the busiest instrument for it, when every
 “ other party had rejected him. It was the
 “ weakest vanity in him to brag, that Crom-
 “ well would have made him king; the least
 “ he could hope for, was not to be believed; if
 “ true, it only proved that Cromwell took him
 “ for a fool. That he should have acted in the
 “ trials of the regicides was but agreeable to
 “ his character—or to his want of it.” In
 1672, he was made lord-keeper; in the follow-
 ing year he deserted the court party, and lost
 the seals; in 1677, was committed to the
 Tower; in 1679, again admitted to the coun-
 cil-board by his suspicious master, and expelled
 from it the same year; in 1683, he retired to
 Holland, and shortly afterwards died at Am-
 sterdam.

Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, the friend and favourite of Henry VIII. the joint adventurer in his amours and sports. Though he married Henry's sister, Mary, the relict of Lewis of France, without his privity or consent,* yet, the king could not long be indignant with the companion of his pleasures. He was forgiven, and, what is still more extraordinary, enjoyed the regards of the fickle monarch till his death.

But one of the most singular pictures in this noble repository, (which contains many more portraits than I have enumerated) is a work of Lucas de Heere, a Flemish painter, born in the year 1534, who, for a short time, worked in England. The subject is a whole family, probably that of Sir George Brooke Lord Cobham, who died in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, leaving eight sons and two daughters. The figures are ten, less than life, and half lengths. It represents an elderly man at table,

* Perhaps the monarch might have been flattered by the humility of Brandon's motto on his marriage, which contained more moral sentiment, simplicity, and good sense, than we should expect from the rough soldier of the sixteenth century:—

“ Cloth of gold, do not despise,
 “ Though thou be match'd with cloth of frieze;
 “ Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
 “ Though thou be match'd with cloth of gold.”

with two ladies, and seven children before them, three of which were twins, as appears by the notification of their ages over the heads of each. They are amusing themselves with fruit; near which are a parrot and a monkey. These are inferior to the human figures, the heads of which have great life and nature.

The *green dressing-room* is ornamented and dignified by a most noble whole length portrait of *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, the gallant and the learned; who, like Cervantes, during the solitude and disconsolation of imprisonment, produced a literary work, (the History of the World) a volume of equal spirit and research. He fell a martyr to the malice of his enemies, and the contemptible revenge of James, excited by the disappointment of his expectations of golden spoil from America. Seldom had Fortune more unworthily shot her bolts, than in that day when she aimed them against

“Thee, accomplish’d Raleigh!—

“When like a goodly hart thou wert beset

“With crafty blood-hounds lurching for thy life,

“While as they feigned to chace thee fairly down:

“And that foul Scot, the minion-kissing king,

“Pursu’d with havock in the tyrannous hunt.”

William Duke of Hamilton, liberal, upright, and undaunted; attached to the fortunes of Charles the Second, and strenuous in his endeavours to restore him to the crown of his fathers. The battle of Worcester, which dispersed the army of the king, proved fatal to the duke, for shortly after it he died of the wounds which he had there received.

Sir Philip Sydney, the celebrated author of *Arcadia*; the ornament of Elizabeth's court, where he shone the unrivalled model of gallantry and generosity, learning, and taste. He was mortally wounded at an unsuccessful attack upon Gravelines, and died in 1586.

Lucius Cary Lord Viscount Falkland, a celebrated portrait of one of the most accomplished characters in English history. Clarendon, his contemporary and friend, has drawn the picture of his mind and manners in a light, which, allowing every thing for the partiality of friendship, still evinces that the original must have been near perfection. A patriot upon principle, he had opposed the measures of the court as long as they appeared to him to be destructive of the liberties of the subject; but when he perceived the balance of the constitution was likely to be overturned by the pre-

ponderance of democratic principles, he deserted the popular party, and attached himself to the king's. He was killed fighting under the royal banners in the battle of Newbury 1643.

Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, vain and splendid, and therefore more agreeable to Elizabeth, whose favour he enjoyed for a considerable time. But the respect of the Queen did not extend to his memory, for on his death in 1508, she ordered his effects to be sold at public auction, to liquidate the debts due from him to the crown. This is a very curious picture, and contains the portrait of a page, apparently a *dwarf*, which was a very common appendage to greatness in the sixteenth century.

Graham Viscount Dundee, the strenuous adherent of James II. and opposer of William III. whose forces he defeated at the pass of Killycrankie, but perished in the battle.

Sir Henry Sydney, afterwards Lord Romney, brother to the heroic patriot Algernon; a partizan and favourite of William, and raised by him successively to the offices of one of the lords justices of Ireland, and lord lieutenant of the same country; where he disgraced his brother and his patron, in the oppression

of a kingdom, which has too often endured the squeezings of peculators without redress.

The *duke's room* contains a head of *Mary Queen of Scots*. If it be an original, it must have been taken after sorrow and confinement had driven the roses from her cheeks, and lengthened the muscles of her face.

Many portraits also decorate the *stone staircase*; amongst which is the stern countenance of the energetic *Luther*, and the head of *Villiers Duke of Buckingham*.

The *chapel bed-chamber* closes our entertainment, and presents a curious trio—a sensualist, a devotee, and a wit; original pictures of *Henry VIII.* in the fifty-fourth year of his age, *Maria Theresa*, and *Charles Sackville Earl of Dorset*.

Longleat formerly possessed the largest and best-stocked aviary in England, containing a variety of rare birds; but of late years it has been neglected, and exhibits at present nothing particularly curious, except a male and female kangaroo, brought from Botany-Bay, and presented by their Majesties to the Dowager Marchioness of Bath. They are the only animals of the kind in the kingdom.

Continuing our course through the extensive park of Longleat, in a different direction to that which had introduced us to the house, we soon get into the turnpike-road, and at the distance of four miles entered the demesne of Marston-Bigot, the seat of the Earl of Cork and Orrery. This mansion, which was built by the father of the present possessor, is seen from Longleat, and assumes in the perspective a magnificent appearance. The front, indeed, is extensive, and deceives with the semblance of majesty, but (the building being low in proportion to its length) like pleasures seen at a distance, it appears greater than it really is, and dwindles as we approach. It is, however, pleasantly situated on the south-east slope of a gently declining hill, and commands a variegated view, including a richly-cultivated flat immediately in front, bounded to the right by the high grounds of Stourton, and to the left by the wooded hills of Longleat park. The judicious alterations which are now executing by the present lord, will not only improve the mansion in appearance without, but render it much more comfortable within. By these, the whole range of rooms on every floor, instead of leading into each other, will be connected by well-

disposed passages; and the laundry, and numerous offices, be rendered distinct from the dwelling apartments. The drawing-room, which is now too small, will be enlarged by including another within it, the lowness of its ceiling being relieved by a well-contrived recess; and the house altogether be made more secluded, quiet, and retired, by turning the public road, which at present runs along the front. This manor, like most others in the kingdom, was the reward of a Norman chieftain, for assistance in the invasion of England; and William the Conqueror conferred it on Roger Arundel, as soon as he had torn the crown from Harold, by the battle of Hastings. It afterwards came into the family of De Wandestrie, and from them descended to the Bigots, or Bigods, hereditary earls-marshal of England, from whom it received its additional name. The Orchards of Wanstran possessed it in the reign of Henry V.; and the lords of Stourton in the succeeding century; from whom, through some intermediate holders, it came (in the beginning of the sixteenth century) into the noble family to which it at present belongs. The grounds are small, but well disposed, and assume a particular interest from

a neat little building which stands within them, consisting of one room, fitted up by the late earl in commemoration of the following circumstance:—When Charles I. was decapitated, Roger Earl of Orrery, disgusted with the severity of the Parliament, left his service in Ireland, and retired to this estate, resolved to sequester himself from the tumult and confusion of public affairs, and keep aloof from scenes which involved the partizans of either side in danger and anxiety. Adjoining to his mansion was the parish church, which his lordship regularly attended on the sabbath-day. One Sunday, on going thither, he was surprised to find that the licensed minister did not appear, and after waiting some time for his arrival in vain, he had left his pew, with an intention to return home, when one of his servants informed him, that a person in the church had signified his readiness to ascend the pulpit, provided it were agreeable to his lordship. The exemplary nobleman immediately granted his request, when a respectable looking man, in very plain attire, appeared in the rostrum, and delivered a discourse, at once sensible, learned, and pious. Equally surprised and delighted with the preacher, Lord Orrery

begged his company to dinner, and at table desired to be informed of his name and history; to which request, the unknown answered in the following manner:—"My lord, my name
 "is Asberry; I am a clergyman of the Church
 "of England, and a loyal subject to the king.
 "I have lived three years in a poor cottage,
 "under your garden wall, within a few paces
 "of your lordship's house. My son lives with
 "me, and we dig and read by turns. I have
 "a little money, and some few books, and I
 "submit cheerfully to the will of Providence."

The earl, struck with the practical philosophy and independent spirit of the old gentleman, immediately took him under his protection, procured him an allowance of thirty pounds per annum, without an obligation to take the covenant, and bestowed upon him the little cottage in question for his residence as long as he lived. Here he passed his days in quiet and content, and died possessed, not of overflowing coffers, but of a property which, you will agree with me, is likely in the end to turn to much better account—a conscience void of offence!

Marston-Bigot house contains some good pictures, which we must take in the different rooms as they occur.

The *dining-room*; an Ascension, by two scholars of Raphael, whose portraits are said to be introduced into the piece. A copy from the wonderful original.—The Death of Cleopatra, a fine picture by Alexander Veronese. The light and shade of this picture are incomparably contrasted.—Lot and his Daughters, less than life; Salvator Rosa.—Susannah and the Elders; Cavaliero Calibresi.

The *passage-room*; a portrait of Mr. Pope, painted in 1716.—Tom. Southern, the poet and play-writer, 1734.

The *billiard-room*; Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, and lord high admiral.—Charles Boyle, esq; of Orrery, 1707, the inventor of the orrery; a circumstance which suggested his title.

The *anti-room*; Hippomenes and Atalanta, by Poussin.—The Discovery of Achilles, by Vandyke.—The Finding of Moses, by Pölenberg.—Actæon and Diana, by Francesco Schola.—Two Landscapes, by Zuccharelli.—A curious Head, by Holbein.—Turk's ditto, by Vandyke.—Child brought to Christ, by Lanfranc. St. Mark x. 13.—The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Carlo Maratti.—Jacob and Rebecca, by Paul Veronese; and a Head, by Rembrandt.—A fine antique Mosaic, about thirty inches

high, exhibiting a female figure, hangs up in the passage.

The *library*, well stocked with valuable books, contains the portrait of the Honourable Robert Boyle, the philosopher; dear to the scientific world from his numerous discoveries and deep researches in natural philosophy, and equally dear to the Christian world, for his labours in behalf of true religion. In the same room is the second air-pump that was constructed, the invention of this great man. The first was presented by himself to the Royal Society; it works with one piston only, and was so compleat in its design and construction, that nearly a century has been able to add no other improvement to it than a second piston. The original orrery also is preserved, thirty inches in diameter; but sadly out of order.

The *breakfast-room* displays much taste in its decorations, together with two curious specimens of delicate wax-work—landscapes, and figures. All the apartments above are fitted up with a neatness that pleases more than splendour, since it conveys the ideas of comfort and utility, with which the glitter of gold, and the rustling of damask, are ever at variance.

A ride of four miles brings us to Maiden-Bradley, the seat of the Duke of Somerset, which came into the family toward the conclusion of the sixteenth century; a plain substantial stone mansion, with two large wings projecting at right angles from the body of the structure. A bare unadorned country spreads itself before the house, and nothing around it affords any traces of that magnificence for which the family was once so remarkable. The church, a lowly antique edifice, adjoins it on the left. I need not tell you, that I entered this pile with particular veneration, when you know that it holds the sacred dust of a patriot, to whose exertions my countrymen owe, in a great degree, that palladium of British freedom, the Habeas Corpus Act; which precludes the rigours of arbitrary imprisonment, by obliging the judge, under severe penalties, to grant a writ at the request of every prisoner, directing the jailor to produce him in court, and to certify the causes for which he was committed. This character was Sir Edward Seymour, a senator who made a conspicuous figure in the reigns of Charles II. William, and Anne. It is true, indeed, that in other respects he inclined to Toryism; but the rigid integrity of his poli-

tical conduct entitles him to our respect, though we cannot admire his creed; and he at least claims a merit that *every statesman* cannot boast, of having preserved an unvarying consistency during his whole career in those sentiments which he avowed on his entrance into public life, and of never having sacrificed his principles for the sake of retaining his place, or extending his influence. The monument of Sir Edward Seymour is of marble, and contains the figure of the senator in a reclining attitude, and resting upon his arm. Above him are two cupids, the one holding an inverted torch, as an emblem of extinguished life; the other, the figure of a serpent, as the emblem of immortality. A long inscription commemorates his virtues, and the obligations which he conferred on posterity. He was born in 1663, and died in 1707.

A little silk manufactory enlivens Maiden-Bradley, established by Mr. Ward, of Bruton, about nine miles from this village. Fifty-three children, great and small, are employed in spinning two of the fine filaments, as produced by the worm, together; this work is carried to Bruton, when, with the assistance of ingenious machinery, the silk thread for use

is made, by uniting the requisite number of the threads manufactured at Maiden-Bradley. The children employed (who begin working before they are six years of age) earn wages proportioned to their expedition and ability; the youngest make about three half-pence or two-pence per day, and the most experienced half-a-crown or three shillings per week; but for this they are expected to work from five o'clock in the morning till six at night!

The road from Maiden-Bradley to Stourton, for six or seven miles, is tame and unvaried; an uniformity, however, which is amply recompensed by the beauty and variety of Stourhead grounds, the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, bart. A situation the most judicious has been chosen for this mansion, commanding in front a view that sweeps over a large cultivated tract of subjacent country, terminated by the distant plains of Wiltshire; and behind, the more confined, but more delicious, scenery of his own park. The road to the house follows the gentle descent of a hill, and pursues its darkling course through high hedges, rendered still more umbrageous by lofty trees; amongst which, the wide-spreading beech and tapering fir make a

conspicuous figure, with their contrasted foliage. A most superb antique Gothic cross, rising out of a deep mass of shade, presents itself at the bottom of this hollow way; a little to the left the ancient tower of the village church is seen struggling through the trees; and on the steep declivity of a lofty hill above it, an elegant temple of the richest Grecian architecture, relieves the solemnity of the extensive wood that enriches and surmounts it. In this bottom is the little inn of the village of Stourton, which unites happily with the objects around, and appears to be more an ornament of the grounds than a place of public accommodation. A turretted gateway forms the entrance into the park, and a short winding road, that seems to be in a state of improvement, leads to the house. This mansion, which occupies the scite of the old residence of the lords of Stourton, is built of free-stone, and consists of a body and two wings; the former erected in the year 1720, by Henry Hoare, esq; (who purchased the estate in the beginning of the last century) from a design of Colin Campbell, and the latter by the present possessor, whose refined taste is exhibited in other additions and improvements. To do justice to the valuable specimens of art

within the house, it is necessary to conduct you regularly through its several apartments.

The *entrance hall* first claims our attention, a cube of 30 feet, furnished with a billiard-table, and ornamented with the following paintings:

The portrait of Henry Hoare, esq; on horse-back, second possessor of Stourhead, by E. Dahl and J. Wootton.—Ditto of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, bart. the present owner, and his son Henry Hoare, by S. Woodforde.

A fine allegorical picture by Carlo Maratti, representing the Marquis Pallavicini, introduced by a genius to the painter, who is sitting with a canvas prepared to paint his portrait. Above, an angel, with a crown of laurel over the head of the Marquis; three graces, one holding the painter's pallet, another pointing up to the temple of fame, situated on the summit of a lofty rock. In the back ground are two figures, one in armour, relating the heroic actions of the Marquis to another, who is recording them with his name on a shield, in letters of gold.

Augustus visiting Cleopatra, after the death of Mark Antony, by Raphael Mengs. The figure and countenance of the humbled queen are exquisitely graceful and tender. The bril-

liancy of her charms is faded; but she is trying the effect of more powerful agents with the conqueror, her tears.

Two Landscapes, copied from the originals, in the Pamphili palace at Rome, of Claude Lorrain, by Luccatelli.—Landscape of Rock and Water, by Rosa di Tivoli.—Landscape with a Hermit praying, by Francesco Mola.—Landscape, by Gasper Poussin.—Landscape, by Nicolo Poussin, in his first and dark manner when he studied at Rome.

The *drawing-room* is a splendid apartment, thirty feet by twenty, fitted up with damask and gilded furniture, but unfortunate in the distribution of the light, which is intercepted by the additional wing. It contains,

The Rape of the Sabines, one of the finest works of Nicholas Poussin, for which the sum of 2000 guineas has been offered. The most beautiful, interesting, and natural figures in this celebrated painting, are two children, both in tears, but from different causes, which are admirably discriminated and expressed by the magic pencil of this great master. One screams, because he has been thrown down in the confusion, and hurt; the other, because his mother is torn away from him.

The Prophet Elijah raising the dead Child to life, by Rembrandt. The awful character of the man of God is well preserved in his countenance, and a most natural representation of death in the figure and flesh of the child. The celebrated Bishop Atterbury is said to have presented this picture to the family.

An altar-piece, representing the Madona and Child, St. John the Baptist, and St. Ambrogio, by Andrea del Sarto.

The Daughter of Herodias, with St. John the Baptist's head in a charger; a copy from Carlo Dolce, a most interesting picture. The damsel is represented with auburn hair, dressed in blue sattin, and slashed sleeves, and decorated with emeralds and amethysts. Her countenance expresses a mixture of regret and pity at the cruel gift which her savage mother had obliged her to exact, as the reward of the fatal exertion of her art.

A Holy Family, by Frasc. Bartolomeo di St. Marco.—A Madona and Child, by Palma Vecchio.—The Judgment of Hercules, by N. Poussin, engraved by Strange.—A Madona and Child, by Carlo Cignani.—A Holy Family, old copy from an original of Raphael in the collection of the King of Naples, at Capo di Monte.

—Diana and her Nymphs, a very pleasing picture, by Zuccharelli, in a frame carved by that exquisite worker in wood, Gibbons.—St. John the Baptist and Lamb, by Schidoni.—A Madonna, by Carlo Dolce; with all his characteristic softness and superlatively fine finishing.—A Holy Family, by Schidoni.—The Genius of History, by Sebastian Conca.—Inside of St. Peter's church, Rome, by Paolo Panini.—Landscape, by Domenichino.—Sea View of Rocks, by Salvator Rosa; a most brilliant and beautiful picture.—Statue of Bacchus, by Rysbrack.

The *cabinet-room* takes its name from a most elaborate and expensive piece of workmanship; a cabinet consisting of several stories, constructed of ebony, agate, lapis lazuli, and ornamented with solid gold, and a profusion of every precious stone, except diamonds. It belonged to Pope Sixtus V. and contains in its front the portraits, in wax, of the Paretti family, of which the Pontiff bore the name. The head of Sixtus is in the centre. On it is a very scarce and curious gold medal, struck during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, upon the defeat of the Spanish armada; from which depends a beautiful George, richly enamelled.

In this room we also find,

A View of St. Mark's Place, and two smaller views of Venice, by Canaletti.—Landscape, with peasants going to market at break of day, by Gainsborough.—St. John preaching in the Wilderness, by Breughel.—The four Elements, by Breughel and Van Balen, beautiful.—Portrait of the Emperor Charles V. by Rubens, after Titian.—The Temptation of St. Anthony, by Teniers; a most curious and whimsical subject, full of monstrous and grotesque figures.—Portrait of Lady Hoare, widow of the late Sir Richard Hoare, bart. by Angelica Kauffman.—A Landscape, by Claude Lorraine, engraved by Vivares.—Portrait in the character of St. Agnes, by Titian.—A Holy Family, supposed to be painted by Annibal Caracci, or by Guido, in his dark manner.—St. Catharine, by Lovino, scholar of Leonardo da Vinci.—Flight into Egypt, by Carlo Maratti.—Tobit and the Angel, by Francisco Mola.—Penelope and Euriclea, by Angelica Kauffman.—Portrait of an Old Woman, by Murillo; a very fine head.—Marriage of S. Catharine, by Frederico Baroccio.—Portrait of Henry Hoare, son to Sir Richard Colte Hoare, bart. by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Democritus, the laughing philosopher,

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by Salvator Rosa.—A Holy Family, exquisitely copied from the original by Raphael, which was formerly in the collection of the King of France.

The *bed-chamber*, adjoining the cabinet room, contains,

Noah sacrificing, by Imperiali.—Its companion, by ditto.—Battle-Piece, by Borgognone.—Bacchanalian Scene, a copy from Titian.—A Peasant's Head, by Titian.—Moon Light, with gypsies sitting round a fire, by Rembrandt, engraved by Earlom; a very fine picture.—Cattle, &c. by Cuyp.—Four Family Portraits in crayons, by Hoare, of Bath.—Four Historical Subjects, by Lagrenè.—Study of two Boys, master uncertain.—A View of Florence, by Marlow.—Two small Landscapes, by Mompert.—Head of St. Francis, a sketch on paper, by Guido Reni.—Design for an altar-piece, a spirited sketch, by Espagnoletto.—The Prodigal Son, by Sebastian Ricci.

St. John in the Wilderness, a sketch on paper, by Titian; this appears to have been the first design for the picture he painted in the church of Sancta Maria Maggiore at Venice, where he has altered the figure of St. John, in

making it standing instead of sitting; the situation of the lamb is exactly the same.

The Pastor Bonus, a sketch on paper, by Guercino.—Hope, &c. by Carlo Maratti.—Mary Magdalen washing our Saviour's feet, a very fine sketch on paper, by Paolo Veronese; the original design for his celebrated picture in the Durazzo palace at Genoa.—A Holy Family, painted on vellum, by Leonardo da Vinci.—An old Man's Head, a sketch on paper, by Schidoni.—A Magdalen, after Guido.—Drawing of Abelard and Eloisa, from Angelica Kauffman.

The *dressing-room* contains, the Marriage in Canaan, copied from the original of Paolo Veronese, by Sebastian Ricci.—Our Saviour healing the Blind, by Sebastian Ricci.—Landscape and Figures, by Luccatelli.—Landscape with cattle.—The Creation, by Roland Savery.—Rocks and Water, by Philip Hackert.—Landscape, by D. Teniers.—View of the Amphitheatre at Rome, by Gaspero d'Occhiali.—Inside of a Church, by H. V. Stein; some other small landscapes and crayon pictures, by Hoare, of Bath.

The *outward hall* contains, a Holy Family, by Trevisani.—Ditto, after Andrea del Sarto.

—Inside View of the Pantheon in the gardens at Stourhead, by Samuel Woodforde.—Grecian Lady at Work, by Angelica Kauffman.—Two Historical Subjects, by Lagrenè.—Antique Statue of Jupiter; ditto of Juno.—Some Basso Relievos, by Rysbrack.

The *stair-case* contains, a Landscape, by Wootton.—View of the Lake of Albano, by Gregorio Fidanza.—View from Frascati, by ditto.—Landscape, with hunters chasing the porcupine; master unknown.—Sea View, its companion, with rocks and figures; master unknown.—Moon Light, by Vernet.—Sun Rise, by Vernet.—A Storm, with the story of Jonah, copied from the celebrated picture of Nicolo Poussin, in the collection of the King of France, by Taverner.—View of the Lake of Bracciano, near Rome, by Moore.—View in Flanders, with figures, by D. Teniers.—View at Tivoli, by Horizonte.—Landscape, by Mompert.—Landscape, by C. W. Bampfylde, esq.—View of the Convent of St. Cosimato, at Vicovaro, beyond Tivoli in Italy, with the remains of the Claudian Aqueduct, by Carlo Labruzzi.—View of the Bay and City of Naples, with a Regatta, by Petro Antoniani.—Architecture and Ruins; master unknown.—Two

Landscapes, by Wootton.—The Mole at Naples, with Mount Vesuvius, by Marlow.—A large Landscape, by C. W. Bampfylde, esq.—A Storm, by C. W. Bampfylde, esq.—The Lake of Nemi, by Wilson.—Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, by Salvator Rosa.—Two Landscapes, by Luccatelli.—Storm at Sea, by Vernet.—Three Landscapes, by Wootton.—Landscape, by C. W. Bampfylde, esq.

The *saloon*, or *dining-room*, a superb room, forty-five feet by thirty, contains,

Herodias's Daughter, with St. John the Baptist's head in a charger, after Guido Reni, by Pompeo Battoni, five whole lengths; but the countenance of the damsel has by no means so sweet or interesting an expression, as that of Carlo Dolce's, mentioned before.

The Death of Dido, after Guercino.—The Rape of Helen, after Guido.—The Family of King Charles I. after Vandyke.—Venus attired by the Graces, after Guido Reni; a most exquisite picture, in which the contrast between the flesh of Cupid and Venus is very natural and judicious.—The Judgment of Midas, by Sebastian Bourdon.—Perseus and Andromeda, after Guido; almost too delicious for any apartment, unless a *dining-room* may be thought to

offer some excuse for a little elegant sensuality.
—Wisdom, the companion of Hercules, after Paolo Veronese.

The Adoration of the Magi, by Ludovico Cardi, commonly called Cigoli. This picture was painted for the Albizzi family at Florence, and was placed in the chapel belonging to that family in the church of St. Pietro Maggiore, as an altar-piece. It bears the painter's name and date, and is esteemed one of his finest works.

The Meeting of Jacob and Esau, by Rosa di Tivoli.—The Triumph of Bacchus; the original of this subject was painted by Annibal Caracci, for a ceiling in the Farnese palace at Rome; this is supposed to be a copy from it, by Domenichino.—The Denial of St. Peter, by Michael Angelo de Caravaggio.—Gamesters, by ditto.—The Annunciation, by Francesco Albani.—Portrait of a Prelate, by Domenichino.—David and Goliath, by Francesco Mola.—Portrait of the Cenci, after Guido; one of the most exquisite little pieces in the whole collection.—St. Pietro Martyre, an old copy from Titian; one of the best works of this master.—Figures, Cattle, &c. by Leandro Bassano.—A Charity, by Schidoni. The original of this beautiful picture is in the collection of the King

of Naples, at Capo di Monte, near Naples; the head of the female figure is life itself.—Sketch of an Apollo, by Paolo Veronese.—Christ in the Garden, by Giamoco Bassano.—A piece of Gilt Plate, representing the history of Cyrus and Queen Tomyris; presented by the city of London to Mr. Hoare, the grandfather of the present baronet.

The *library* has a considerable collection of well-chosen books, and contains the following paintings:—

A Madona and Child, by Guerchino, in his finest manner; but decaying from the effect of varnish.—The Marriage of St. Catharine; an enlarged copy from a beautiful little picture of Correggio, in the palace of the King of Naples, at Capo di Monte, by Cavalucci.—A Charity, copy from Luca Cambiasi, in the Giustiniani palace at Rome, by Cavalucci.—Two Landscapes, companions, figures by Bout, landscape by Baudouin.—Four Boys with Fruit, &c. a copy in crayons, from a picture by Rubens, in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton-House, by Hoare, of Bath.—A Holy Family, a copy from the celebrated picture, by Raphael, called La Madona della Sedia, in the Pitti palace, at Florence, by Prince Hoare, esq.

A splendid *bed-chamber* adjoins this room, fitted up with painted taffeta furniture, and decorated with drawings from Rubens, by Hoare, of Bath, who, though no relation to the possessor of Stourhead, has been deservedly patronized by that family.

But the entertainment which the inside of the mansion at Stourhead affords, is surpassed by the gratification that arises from a view of its pleasure-grounds; which, to speak generally, I could say, exceed in tasty disposition and appropriate ornament, any I have ever had the opportunity of seeing. Nature, it must be confessed, had already formed a spot every way capable of being converted into a perfect elysium, by the most agreeable variety of hill and valley, terrace and dale, when Mr. Hoare took the canvas in hand, to add those masterly touches which give life, and spirit, and finish to the whole. He has, indeed, executed his work with judgment and taste, and produced a picture beautiful in its parts, and perfect in the *toutè ensemble*. Almost as soon as we quit the house, the path to the lake declines gently through a velvet lawn, sprinkled with firs and beech trees, and evergreens; the hill rising to the right and sinking to the left. These quickly

thicken, and form themselves into a wood, admitting only occasional glances at the beautiful objects, in the dale to the left, and on the lake below. The little church, with its open worked battlements, and the magnificent temple of Apollo swelling from the dark side of the hill above it, are caught through the first opening; these are succeeded by a view of the Pantheon, suddenly bursting upon the eye from the opposite side of the lake, which stretches at its feet in tranquil majesty, embosomed on all sides in wooded elevations, rising amphitheatrically around it. To the margin of this piece of water (which, though covering only twenty acres, is so judiciously lost in every part amongst the woods, as to allow the imagination to stretch it to any extent) we are at length conducted, where a neat ferry boat offers itself as the conveyance, to the opposite side of the lake. We now reach classic ground, and dropping all modern acquaintance, associate for a time, only with the gods and heroes of antiquity. Here we have the opportunity of surveying and admiring the first piece of water. This is supplied with copious never-failing springs, (amongst which, the chief one of the river Stour lends its powerful assistance) and

preserves uniformly the same height, the waste water being carried off by an artificial cascade, so judiciously disposed as to form, from another point, a most beautiful feature in the scenery. The picture from the place of landing, assumes a new face; but equally interesting and magnificent with those we have already noticed. Before us lies the lake, from whose verdant margin the wooded hills shoot up in all the majesty of shade; to the right appears the temple of Apollo, which, from the low point where we view it, appears to hold a loftier situation than before; and on the opposite side of the water, the old stone bridge, and the Doric temple of the goddess Flora, disclose themselves. We now proceed to the grotto, (invisible till it be reached) constructed in the side of a hill, and consisting of a passage, and the small apartment to which it leads. This is illuminated by a circular hole at top, which, overgrown with ivy and other creeping plants, admits a sort of gloomy indistinct light, well calculated to aid the other circumstances of the spot, in deeply impressing the imagination, and assisting the belief, that the figures which adorn the grotto are the living tutelary deities of the sacred waters within. On two sides of the

apartment are arches, one by which it is entered, and an opposite one by which it is quitted. To the right appears a deep recess, or cavern, within which is the figure of a sleeping nymph in white marble, reclining on a pedestal; and immediately under her a bath of crystalline water, supplied by a copious perennial spring issuing from the hill behind the statue. On a marble slab, which forms the first step of the bath, are the following lines by Mr. Pope, who frequently wooed the muses in the shades of Stourhead; they are the elegant translation of some Latin verses by Cardinal Bembo:—

“ Nymph of the Grot, these sacred springs I keep,
 “ And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
 “ Ah! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
 “ And drink in silence, or in silence lave.”
 “ Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
 “ Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ;
 “ Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
 “ Rumpere, sive bibas, sive lavere, tace.”

Opposite to the arch by which we depart from the grotto, is a smaller cavern, inhabited by an ancient river god, *Pater Stour*, I presume, sitting upon a large inclined urn, from the mouth of which pours a flood of water, said to be the chief spring of the river Stour; which, rising

here, takes a circuitous course through Dorsetshire, marries the Avon near Christ-Church in Hampshire, and loses itself and its companion in the ocean, about two miles below that town. Over the arch in front of this recess hangs a wooden tablet, with some lines allusive to this aquatic deity:—

“ Hæc domus, hæ sedes, hæc sunt penetralia magni

“ Amnis; in hoc resedens factis de cautibus antro

“ Undis jura dabat, Nymphisque colentibus undas.”

From this magic spot the path conducts us to a magnificent edifice, called *the Pantheon*, built after the model of that noble antique temple at Rome. Here, as in all the other tenements of Stourhead, magnificence has acted under the direction of perfect taste; and the large sum of twelve thousand pounds has been expended in a manner that at once interests the imagination, and pleases the judgment. This structure stands on that part of the bank where the lake spreads itself into its greatest breadth, and commands all the objects before enumerated, with the addition of the beautiful Gothic cross; a view, in my opinion, superior to that from the temple of Apollo, though not generally esteemed so; since the latter is a bird's-eye

one, and every thing is seen below it; whereas the Pantheon is more on a level with most of the objects which compose the picture, and has the advantage of *looking up* to the others. This building consists of a portico, or vestibulum, and an adytum; the first is formed by four elegant columns of the Corinthian order, the second contains two antique busts, that on the right Alexander, and that on the left Pompey. An iron gate separates this member of the structure from the adytum, which, seen through its gateways, exhibits a most impressive sight. A circular opening in the dome admits the light, which receives a rich golden tinge from some yellow glass introduced into the aperture. The walls are stained of a deep purple colour, finely contrasting and relieving the brilliant white marble statues ranged round the apartment, and standing on superb pedestals of different foreign marbles; the whole forming such an august exhibition, as subjects the understanding to the controul of fancy; and the mind, taken by surprise, assents for a moment to the belief of the truth of classical mythology. Whilst contemplating this scene, indeed, one cannot help reverting back to the ritual of the ancients; and allowing that their worship must

have been indescribably impressive. Surrounded by exquisite specimens of the arts, in their images and altars; accompanied by processions, splendid, pompous, and numerous; listening to the strains of music, and the more bewitching sounds of moral poetry; the heathen worshiper of old must have been wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm, of which we can scarcely form an idea at present. Hence arose that pertinacious attachment to Paganism, which resisted so long the progress of Christianity amongst the nations that had adopted the classical mythology. Accustomed to indulge their minds in the contemplation of statues and altars, splendid sacrifices, rich pontificals, and elegant choral dances, they revolted with indignation from a religion merely spiritual, which was addressed only to the heart and understanding; and professed neither to feed the fancy, nor administer to the passions. Truth at length prevailed, as it ever must; but so deeply rooted were the prejudices in favour of the heathen ritual, that its admirers could not refrain from grafting some of its splendours on the simple fabric of Christianity; evidences of which remain to this day in the worship of the Romish church.

A noble statue of Hercules, by Rysbrack, fronts the iron-gate; it is his *chef d'œuvre*, and for ease, majesty, and anatomical correctness, can hardly be surpassed; indeed he seems to have caught in this specimen of this art, the fine fancy and ideas of the ancient sculptors whom he studied. For the different members of this effort of sculpture, Rysbrack is said to have selected five athletic men from the school of Broughton, who furnished models for all the subordinate parts, but that the chest and shoulders were copied from the brawny frame of the hero himself.—The next statue on the right, is an antique Livia Augusta, purchased for two thousand guineas, of which the drapery is in the most exquisite style of sculpture; a modern artist has added the arms, and placed in one hand ears of wheat, and in the other a patera.—The neighbour of the God on the other side, is Flora, a modern figure, by Rysbrack, but extremely beautiful.

The path leaving the Pantheon enters a grotto, through which it passes and ascends the hill behind the temple, conducting us in its way over the turnpike-road, which is very artfully carried under it, but so obscured by wood as not to be visible. Another

variety now occurs, an Hermitage, or wood-house, formed of old pollard trees, through which we are led to an eminence, when the view becomes more extensive, and the immediate objects being lost, the valley opens to the right and left. Leaving this, a few paces more bring us to the Temple of Apollo, another admirable imitation of classical architecture; being a copy from the Temple of the Sun at Balbec. This is a circular building of the Corinthian order, surrounded by a peristyle, the entablature of which assumes a curious though elegant escallop or semi-circular form, supported by twelve pillars. As many niches adorn the face of the outside of the temple, each filled with its deity, cast in lead from antique models. A large cast statue of the Belvedere Apollo occupies the interior, which is lighted from above by a circular hole. The roof of the temple spreads into a dome, and has a double ceiling; in the lower is the aperture, and in the coving of the other, a splendid gilt representation of the Solar Rays, which, receiving the real light of this orb by an artful construction, throws into the temple below a most splendid reflection when the sun is in its strength. From the Temple of Apollo we fol-

low a descending path, which penetrates a subterraneous passage, where the public road again crosses the walk at right angles, without being discovered; the latter abasing itself in its turn, and taking a gloomy course under the turnpike-road. Emerging again into day, we are soon led to the temple of Flora, of the Doric order, simple and chaste, as its tutelary deity. From the portico we take in the wide-spread lake and all its adjuncts, seen here under new circumstances and different combinations; over the gate of the temple is this prohibition of entrance to the profane, *Procul O procul este profani*; and within it are, a vase of composition from an antique model, two classical altars, and as many *sellæ* and busts. The last object which claims our attention in the gardens is the Gothic cross before mentioned, a most sumptuous piece of architecture, purchased of the Corporation of Bristol by Mr. Henry Hoare, and transported by him to Stourhead. It consists of two ranges of arched niches, surmounted by figures of angels, with shields and pinnacles, and terminating in one above, more elegant than the others. Nothing can be richer in this style of architecture than the structure

before us, and originally, when it was without the middle supporting stone work, which it was found necessary to add to it, nothing could be more light and airy. History tells us, that this cross was first erected in the High-street of Bristol, near the Tolsey, in 1373, and adorned in succeeding times with the effigies of four kings, who had been benefactors to the city; John, Henry III. Edward III. and Edward IV. In the year 1633 it was taken down, enlarged, and raised higher, and four more statues added, the figures of other benefactors to Bristol; Henry VI. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I.; but the Corporation of Bristol, with the ingratitude of Charles in the ‘School for Scandal,’ “*knocked down*” this illustrious family of kings and queens, the patrons of their city, to Mr. Hoare, for an old song, who converted it into one of the splendid ornaments of Stourhead gardens. It appears to be about thirty-five feet in height. A little wicket opens from the grounds into the wooded lane before-mentioned, where the church and public-house stand, which being separated only by a low railing from the gardens, give an agreeable wildness to this enchanting spot, and banish, in a great degree, the appearance of art.

In the above description, long and tedious as it may be, I have confined myself to a very small part of the grounds of Stourhead; those in the immediate vicinity of the house. Their grandest feature is the natural terrace, which runs along the *dorsum* of a high hill for three or four miles, over a carpet of velvet turf, terminating abruptly, and ornamented at this point with a lofty three-faced structure, the angles rounded off, called Alfred's Tower. From this edifice, a view presents itself to the eye of such extent and variety, that imagination, much less description, can scarcely reach; the straining vision stretches over an expanse of ninety or a hundred miles in diameter, including every variety of scenery—hills and dales; rivers, villages, and towers; the rich flats of Somersetshire; the bare downs of Wiltshire; and the dark mountains of Wales. A tradition of this hill having been the situation of Alfred's camp, and the plain below the scene of his victory over the Danes, has given his august name to the tower.

The little church of Stourton, which is an uniform building, and a neat example of the Gothic of the fourteenth century, contains the monument of William the second Lord of

Stourton, (who died 1522) and Thomesine his wife; there is also some painted glass in the windows, said to be allusive to the history of a baron of that ancient family. In pacing the pavement of this little hallowed building, I could not but call to mind its late amiable rector, Dr. Warner, "respected and respectable," as he is deservedly called by the celebrated author of the *Επεα Πτεροεντα*. I found the parishioners still mindful of his impressive pulpit eloquence, his kindness of heart, and courtesy of manners. Some circumstances rather singular attended his death, which happened in consequence of a cold caught in performing his promise of marrying Mr. Benjamin Flower, the editor of the "Cambridge Intelligencer." The Doctor had been the original agitator of the question respecting the commencement of the new century, and the strenuous supporter of the opinion, that it began with the year 1800; for which his friends, who maintained the contrary sentiment, used jocularly to say, he ought to lay *perdu* for one year. They little imagined, that their raillery was to be converted into a fatal prediction; the new year arrived, and on the 22d of the first month of it, after a short illness, the Doctor expired, leaving behind him

a long list of lamenting friends; many who esteemed the extraordinary talents of his head, but more who loved the amiable disposition of his heart. He had been chaplain to the English ambassador in Paris, at the breaking out of the French Revolution, and remained in that kingdom after our minister's departure; where he imbibed an attachment to the cause of French liberty, arising from a recollection of the enormities of the old government, rather than an admiration of some of the measures which followed its downfall. He has placed his name high on the roll of English literati, by his translation of "Friar Gerund," and his "*Μετρου Αριστον*;" and manifested his regard for what is good and great in human character, by being the original proposer of a monument to the philanthropic Howard.

Your's, &c.

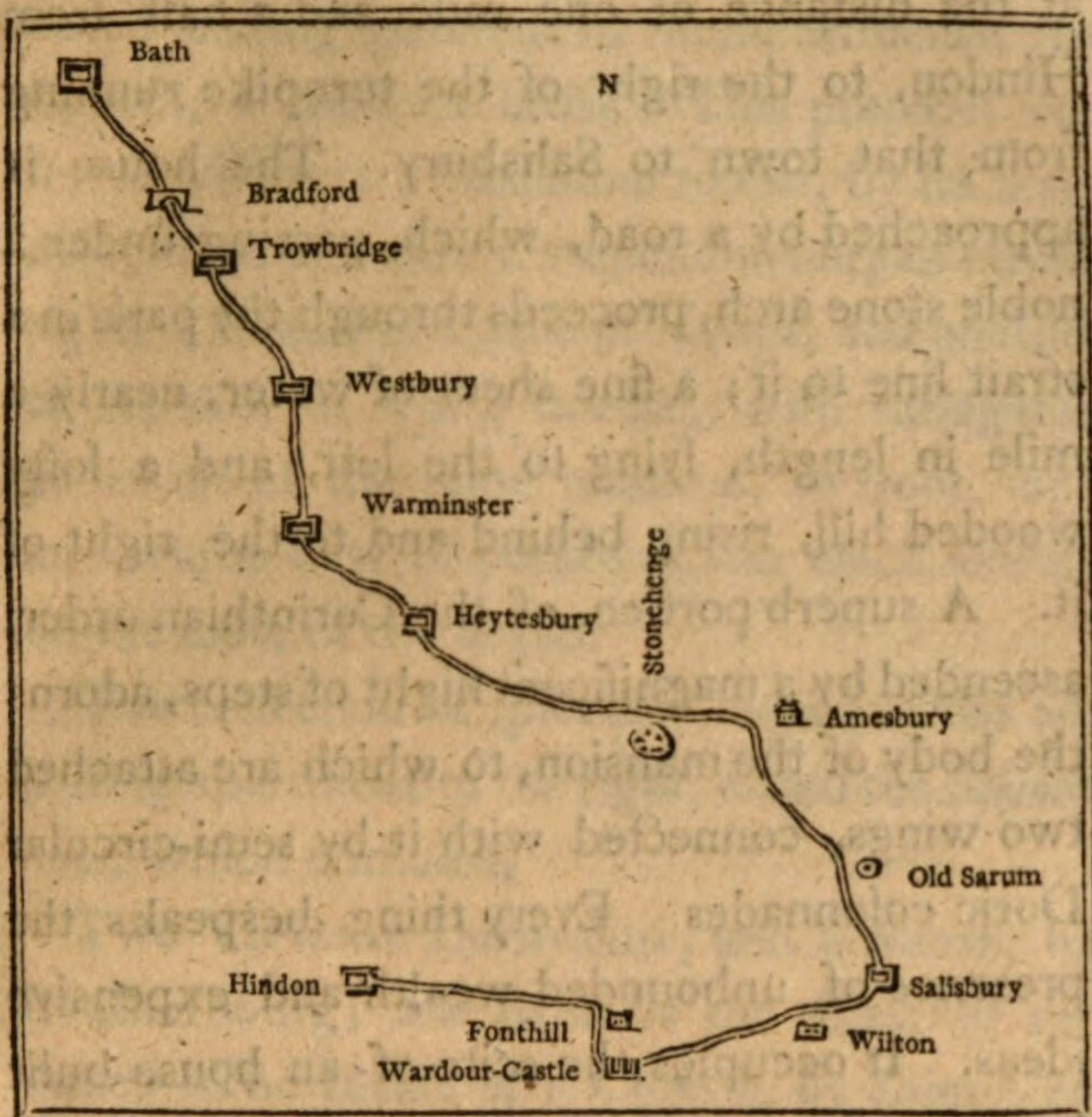
R. W.

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philanthropic Howard.

He was a man of a most amiable and
 generous disposition, and a most
 accomplished scholar.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
 J. R. W.



LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, Sept. 5th, 1800.

I Am now to introduce you to one of the most splendid mansions in the kingdom, Fonthill, the seat of Mr. Beckford; where expence has reached its utmost limits in furniture and ornaments; where every room is a gold mine, and every apartment a picture-gallery. It stands

at the distance of one mile and a half from Hindon, to the right of the turnpike running from that town to Salisbury. The house is approached by a road, which, passing under a noble stone arch, proceeds through the park in a strait line to it; a fine sheet of water, nearly a mile in length, lying to the left, and a lofty wooded hill, rising behind and to the right of it. A superb portico, of the Corinthian order, ascended by a magnificent flight of steps, adorns the body of the mansion, to which are attached two wings, connected with it by semi-circular Doric colonnades. Every thing bespeaks the presence of unbounded wealth and expensive ideas. It occupies the scite of an house built by Inigo Jones, which the late Mr. Beckford took down, in order to build a more modern one on the spot. Accident, however, reduced this to ashes, and he was obliged to go once more to work; but, like the Phœnix, Fonthill rose with tenfold splendour from its ruins, and, in order to prevent a similar casualty, the new edifice was constructed on a plan, which, separating the stories from each other by arches, secured it from future devastation by fire. The large folding doors open into the Egyptian hall, a square apartment of great height, with a

coved ceiling painted in compartments, by Cassali, a modern artist. This prepares one for the richness of the other rooms, by its magnificent ornaments; a stupendous organ on the right, a beautiful statue of Venus, and another of Apollo, in white marble, with variegated pedestals of the same material, in front, and an antique bust of porphyry and black marble on the side, of the organ.

The collection of pictures begins in the adjoining apartment to the right, called the *cabinet-room*, which contains,

Two Views in Derbyshire, and a Storm, by Louthembourg; the latter is the finest of the three.—The Inside of a Church, by John Van Nikkelen, painted in 1688.—Duke de Bourbon, by Vandyke.—Head of a Madona, by Guido.—Small Landscape, by Polenberg.—Landscape, by Berghem.—Washer-woman, by Teniers.—Holy Family, by Goltzius.—And several others of the Flemish school.

From hence we pass into the *ball-room*, which, like all the other apartments, is hung with rich crimson damask, and furnished with chairs and sofas, covered throughout with one sheet of burnished gold. The ceiling here, also, is painted by Cassali, with emblematical repre-

sentations of the arts and sciences; but unfortunately, the ribs or divisions of the compartments are so wide and heavy, that they subtract from the apparent height of the room, and give it the appearance of disproportion. It contains,

A Holy Family, by Titian; a fine example of that exquisite method of colouring for which this master was famous.—A finely-sculptured white marble statue of the patriot Beckford, inscribed “The Right Honourable William Beckford, lord-mayor of London 1763;” by J. F. Moore.—An admirable portrait of the painter John Bellini, by himself.

Two Boys kissing each other, by Leonardo da Vinci; the character of this artist was, that he expended a tedious time upon his works, but sent them from his hands exquisitely finished. The latter observation applies powerfully to the painting before us.

The Wise-Men’s Offering, a superb large picture, by Titian.—The Inside of a Church, by Peters; the figures by Teniers.—An Old Woman’s Head, by Dominichino; an artist remarkable for expressing in his faces the passions of the soul.—St. Jerome and Angel, by Guercino.—Charity and Pleasure, two small allegorical figures, by Raphael.—Landscape, by G. Poussin.

—Hugo Grotius, small head, by Cornelius Jansen.—The fall of Tivoli, and its companions, two fine landscapes, by G. Poussin.—Archimedes, with a compass in his right hand, probably when he was surprised at his studies, and destroyed by the Roman soldiers; a masterly painting, by Rembrandt.—The taking down of Christ from the Cross, by Titian.—Salutation of Mary and Elizabeth, by Frazier.—Law and Physic, two small figures, with professional emblems; incomparably finished, by Ostade.

A Nativity, small, but excellent, by Ludovico Carracci. The chief beauty of this picture is the management of the light, which emanates from the new-born infant, and illuminates the enraptured beholders in a manner surprisingly artful.

Socrates taking the poison, by Salvator Rosa; a *clair obscur*, esteemed one of the most valuable in the collection. There is a harshness, however, in it which, in my opinion, with deference be it spoken, renders it far from a pleasing picture.

The *anti-room* to the bed-chamber exhibits,

The Siege of Rhodes, by Wyke.—Conway Castle, by Louthembourg.—Welsh Landscape, by ditto.—View in Otaheite, a most picturesque scene, by Webber.

The *saloon* affords us the gems of the whole collection—the two famous Claudes, purchased by Mr. H. Tresham for Mr. Beckford, at the sum of seven thousand guineas; but their situation is so injudicious, and the light so improperly thrown upon them, that they are not seen to advantage from any point in which the observer can place himself. They came from the Altieri collection, and were offered by that prince to Charles Heathcote Tatham, esq; but the many obstacles to their being conveyed from Rome, during the convulsions of the Papal territory, induced him to decline the purchase. Mr. Tresham accepted the second offer, and after many adventures, difficulties, dangers, and hair-breadth escapes, they were at length smuggled to Naples, and from thence safely conveyed to England. They are unquestionably exquisite, and display, to a striking degree, that delicacy of colouring, variety, and sweetness of tints, warmth of sky, and appropriate illumination, which have placed this young *pastry-cook* (for to that trade he was originally apprenticed) far beyond every other painter in the line of landscape; but are still considered by the *cognoscenti* as inferior to that other pair of landscapes, by the same artist, which are

contained in the collection of Lord Radnor, at Longford-Castle.

The picture on the left represents the landing of Æneas in Italy; the gallies and river in front, on one side mountains, on the other buildings and trees. The picture on the right displays a broad valley, with a river, bridge, distant mountains, and sea in front; the right screen is formed by trees, and the left by a palace and ruined temple; of these the latter is unquestionably the finer. The other paintings in the apartment are some family portraits, especially a full length of Alderman Beckford, by Romney.

The *music-room* is not yet finished, but the same splendour of decoration is intended to be bestowed on it as the other apartments have had. It is coved, and contains, the Fifth Plague of Egypt, by Turner; the subject, spirit, and execution of which gained this young and promising artist so much credit in the Exhibition of 1800.

Over the chimney in the *morning drawing-room*, is a pleasing picture by Romney, from a scene in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The most prominent figure is Lady Hamilton, in the character of Queen Mab, with a happy expression of archness in her countenance. It

contains, also, Mary washing the feet of Christ, by N. Poussin.—The Woman taken in Adultery, by ditto.—The Virgin, Child, and Angels, a finely-finished painting; the joint effort of Van Balen and Rodenaamer; the landscape by the former, and figures by the latter.—Landscape, by C. Lorraine.—Two small Landscapes, with ruins and figures, by Polenberg.—Small painting, rocks and trees, by S. Rosa.—John preaching in the Wilderness, its companion, by ditto.

The only ornament of the *dining-room*, except its painted ceiling, is a noble antique statue of Bacchus, the arms and left foot modern. The *nebris*, or leopard's skin, is flung across his shoulder, a panther stands at his side, and he supports himself on the trunk of a vine with grapes, &c. and leaves at his root.

The *library* is a large room, filled with choice and expensive books; and decorated with appropriate paintings on the ceiling.

Two superb pieces of Gobelin tapestry cover as many sides of the *small drawing-room*, the work of Neilson; one representing Esther dressing for her interview with Ahasuerus; the other her acceptance by him as his queen.

The *Turkish tent* concludes the splendid suite of apartments shewn to strangers; a room fitted

up with much fanciful magnificence, hung with yellow satin, &c. richly decorated with a profusion of gilding.

It may be proper to inform you that this dazzling scene cannot be viewed before the hours of twelve at noon, nor after four.

We wished much to have been admitted to the stupendous building which Mr. Beckford is erecting upon a high hill, at the distance of a mile and a half from his house, but this is, properly enough, prohibited from being surveyed till it be compleated. The only information we could obtain respecting it was general; that it would be extensive and magnificent. As Mr. Wyatt is the architect, we may venture of ourselves to add, that it will also be elegant and chaste.

Four miles from Fonthill we reach the parish and hamlet of Tisbury, wherein stands War-dour-Castle, the seat of the Earl of Arundel. A neat little inn offers comfort and civility to the traveller near the gate of the mansion, which may be viewed every day after twelve o'clock. The present Lord Arundel, about thirty years ago, removed the family seat from its old scite under the walls of the castle to a

spot about a mile from it, on higher ground indeed, but not of so favourable or beautiful a situation; it is built of free-stone, the wings projecting in a curved line from the body, and making with it one heavy whole. An addition to the right wing, of the chapel, since the first design, interrupts the uniformity of the building; and a belt of trees, sweeping round a little lawn, precludes all prospect in front. To the south a wider range is given to the eye, which takes in the plains and fields of Wiltshire, and rests upon the distant hills of Dorset. This also is the handsomer front of the two, being ornamented with pilasters and half pillars of the Corinthian order. From the simplicity and plainness of the entrance-hall, we do not expect the splendid piece of architecture to which we are immediately afterwards introduced, the rotunda stair-case; the most elegant structure of the kind in England, and worthy of the magnificent apartments to which it leads. This is circular, and lighted from the dome that forms its summit; two flights of stairs take a semi-circular sweep to the right and left, and conduct to a gallery, or corridors, of which eight Corinthian pillars support the top, and where six uniform recesses

contain within them the doors opening to the different bed-chambers ; a grand organ occupies one segment of the circular gallery, and a figured iron railing, with gilded ornaments, surrounds the whole. The first apartment to which this gallery carries us is the *saloon*, not remarkable for magnificence of furniture, but containing within it a rich mine of paintings. They are as follows:—

Head of St. Francis, by Dominichino.—Head of a Madona, by Carlo Dolce ; finished with that incomparable sweetness which obtained to this artist the last addition to his name.—Landscape, Morning, by De Bruzzi.—Evening, its companion.—Head of a Hermit, by Salvator Rosa.—Portrait of one of the Cliffords, of Chudleigh, Devonshire, by Vandyke.

Jacob's Departure from Canaan for Egypt, by N. Poussin. The characteristics of this artist were judgment and force of expression ; both of which are sufficiently visible in the picture before us. The figure of the horse is incomparably fine and natural ; its head and forehead appear to be starting from the canvass.

Jacob's Meeting with Joseph, N. Poussin.—Joseph in Prison, interpreting the dreams of the

butler and chief baker, by Murillo.—A Holy Family, uncertain whether an original by Raphael, or a copy from him; but the *doubt* itself proclaims that excellence which it displays.—An Infant Jesus and St. John, by Titian.—Boy playing on Bagpipes, Ass and Dog, by Michael Angelo da Carravagio; a very fine picture, in which the fore-shortening of the ass is wonderful.—Two small Landscapes, by Salvator Rosa.—A Holy Family, by L. Giordano.—Two Architectural Paintings, by Babiani, both fine; that on the right hand remarkable for the artful introduction and scientific management of subordinate and different lights.

Hagar in the Wilderness, Ishmael asleep, Angels comforting the mother, and pointing to a fountain of water to allay the thirst of herself and offspring; an interesting production by Pompeo Battoni, a modern artist. The expression of unutterable anguish in the countenance of the disconsolate mother is very natural, and the turn of the arm, foot, and hand, is equally striking.

Ruins at Rome, marked Heighenburgh, 1693.—Church at ditto, marked ditto.—Two Landscapes, by Le Croix.—Two Landscapes, by Rosa di Tivoli.

Henrietta Maria, by Vandyke; the beautiful and amiable, but injudicious and bigotted, queen of Charles I.; and hence, one great co-operating cause of her husband's misfortunes. Her detestation of *heretic ceremonies* was such, that when the king her husband was crowned, she would not assist at the profane rites; but only attended as a private spectator.

Two small Landscapes, by Wouverman.—An Old Woman paring apples, by Teniers; with his usual coarse accompaniments, a hog, &c.

The *drawing-room* contains, Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Arundel, by Sir G. Kneller.—A Picture in black, miscalled the accomplished hero, Lord Viscount Falkland. It is at least unlike the undisputed portraits at Devonshire-House, Longleat, and the Duke of Queensberry's; which last was from the Clarendon collection.—John Arundel, of the Lanherne family, translated from the see of Litchfield and Coventry to that of Exeter in 1501; he died March 15th, 1503.—Lady Bedingfield.—The two Daughters of Savage Earl of Rivers, by Vandyke.—Mr. and Mrs. Arundel, two portraits by Sir Peter Lely.

Villiers Duke of Buckingham. “The right high
“and right mighty prince George Villiers,

“ Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Buckingham;
 “ Earl of Coventry, Viscount Villiers, Baron of
 “ Waddon; lord high-admiral of England, Ire-
 “ land, and the principality of Wales; governor
 “ of all the castles and sea-forts and of the
 “ royal-navy; master of the horse to his Ma-
 “ jesty; lord-warden, chancellor, and admiral
 “ of the Cinque-ports and the members thereof;
 “ constable of the castle of Dover; justice in
 “ Eyre of all his Majesty’s forests, parks, and
 “ chaces, on this side of the river Trent; con-
 “ stable of the royal castle of Windsor; gentle-
 “ man of the King’s bed-chamber; counsellor
 “ of estate of the kingdoms of England, Scot-
 “ land, and Ireland; knight of the most noble
 “ Order of the Garter; lord president of the
 “ council of war; chancellor of the university
 “ of Cambridge; and lord-general of his Ma-
 “ jesty’s forces in the isle of Rhee.” A list of
 titles so long, and of places so numerous, was
 sufficient to excite jealousy and dissatisfaction,
 independently of personal demerits in him who
 bore them. The nation was disgusted with
 Buckingham’s overbearing conduct; and an
 instrument for the expression of popular indig-
 nation appeared at length in Fellon, who mur-
 dered the Duke at Portsmouth, Aug. 23, 1628.

Three Children of Charles I. whole length, by Vandyke.—Head of a Woman, by Rubens.

Sir Thomas More, by Hans Holbein; an admirable picture, in which the features of one of the greatest men that ever lived are faithfully preserved by the rigid pencil of this accurate artist. The production before us appears to be equally entitled to the high encomium which Lord Orford has bestowed upon its companion at Kensington:—"Employed by
 " More, (says this writer of taste and spirit)
 " Holbein was employed as he ought to be.
 " This was the happy moment of his pencil;
 " from painting the author (Erasmus) he rose to
 " the philosopher (More), and then sank to work
 " for the king (Henry VIII.) I do not know a
 " single countenance into which any master has
 " poured greater energy of expression than in
 " the drawing of Sir Thos. More at Kensington;
 " it has a freedom, a boldness of thought, and
 " an acuteness of penetration, that attest the
 " sincerity of the resemblance. It is Sir Thos.
 " More in the reign of his sense, not in the
 " sweetness of his pleasantry. Here he is the
 " unblemished magistrate; not that amiable
 " philosopher, whose humility neither power
 " nor bigotry could elate, and whose mirth even

“ martyrdom could not spoil. Here he is rather
 “ that single cruel judge whom one knows not
 “ how to hate, and who, in the vigor of abilities,
 “ of knowledge, and good humour, persecuted
 “ others in defence of superstitions which he
 “ himself had exposed; and who, capable of dis-
 “ daining life at the price of his sincerity, yet
 “ thought that God was to be served by promo-
 “ ting an imposture. Who triumphed over
 “ Henry and death, and sank to be an accom-
 “ plice, at least the dupe, of the holy Maid of
 “ Kent!” The execution of this accomplished
 statesman is one of the many instances of bru-
 tish cruelty which condemn the name of Henry
 VIII. to everlasting infamy.

Miss Panton, by Sir Peter Lely.—*Bishop St. Paul de Léon*, a good picture, by Danloo.

Hugo Grotius, half-length, by Rubens; a large person, and rosy butcher-like face. This great man is well known to the learned world as a civilian, a poet, a critic, and a divine. In his last capacity he has laid an eternal obligation on society by his incomparable work, “*de Veritate Christianæ Religionis*,” a work, from the perusal of which, no attentive, impartial, and unprejudiced reader can rise without conviction. What adds to the wonder of this com-

position is, the circumstance of its having been written under the miseries of imprisonment. He was a native of Delft in Holland, and there called Huig de Grot, where his lineal descendant lived (in Rotterdam) till within these two years, but exhibited a striking proof of the truth of the adage, *heroum filii noxæ*, being as deficient in intellect as he was void of principle. In the picture before us, the figure of a large trunk is represented, allusive to his escape from the Castle of Lowestein, where he had been confined on account of his connection with the illustrious and unfortunate Barneveldt. The wife, anxious to liberate her husband, petitioned the magistracy that she might send him some books to amuse him during confinement; which being permitted, she packed them in a box sufficiently large to contain the prisoner, who, squeezing himself within it, was carried from the fortress during the time of her visiting him. All suspicion was of course precluded by the faithful partner of his heart remaining in the prison till he had escaped beyond the reach of his pursuers. He died August 8, 1645.

The Inside of a Church, with rites celebrating in it, by De Neuf. The perspective of this picture is so fine, and the relief so great, that a

connoisseur who had, some months since, been contemplating it for a long time with great attention, at length moved a little to the right, in order *to look round* one of the pillars which appear in the front of the picture.

Cardinal Reginald Pole, a very fine head, by Hans Holbein. This learned, modest, and courteous prelate, was a younger son of Sir Richard Pole, by Margaret Countess of Salisbury, daughter of George Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. In Italy he numbered Sandolet and Bembo amongst his intimate friends; and upon the death of Paul III. was elected Pope; but the election taking place at midnight, he refused to attend the conclave till the morning, observing, that his exaltation to the pontifical chair should not be a work of darkness. The Cardinals, disgusted at the message, immediately proceeded to another election, and chose the prelate De Monte. They made but a bad exchange, however, for their former choice; for the new Pope, before he left the conclave, bestowed *a Cardinal's hat on his monkey*. Pole arrived as legate in England in 1553, and shortly after obtained the see of Canterbury; in the possession of which he died November 17, 1558.

Thomas Arundel, killed at the battle of the Boyne, fighting for King James I.

In a small room adjoining, not generally shewn, we find,

A large Landscape, Evening, Nymphs dancing; an exquisite picture, by De Bruzzi.—The Virgin Mary fainting after the Crucifixion of Christ, by Dominichino: a striking groupe, awful and affecting.

The *blue bed-chamber* next occurs, and presents us with the Portrait of a Nun, of the Arundel family, with this inscription from the Psalms, *Quid mihi est in cælo, et a te quid volui super terram.*—A Dead Christ, by Hannibal Carracci; a picture of admirable execution, in which the foreshortening of Christ's body is the perfection of art.—A Crucifixion, by Rubens; sublime.

The *library* has, two fine Views of the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—Albert Duke of Saxony.—Mr. John Arundel, by Vandyke.

From this apartment we are carried into the western gallery of the *chapel*; a structure that displays superlative taste and magnificence. Crimson turniture, and gilded ornaments, produce an immediate striking *coup d'œil*; but when the decorations are examined individually, the splendour and expence become more percep-

tible. Three immense pictures, by Rubens, cover the southern wall of the chapel; and one by this artist, and another by Guido, of the same majestic size, are their opposite companions. The altar-piece is a Dead Christ, by Cades. A large gallery is constructed at the western end, superbly fitted up for Lord Arundel and his party; a second, at the east end of the south side, for the choir; and a third, at the east end of the north side, for the accommodation of visitors. Benches occupy the middle of the chapel, for the reception of the domestics, and such of the villagers as profess the Romish faith; for there is a Catholic seminary here, the pupils of which punctually attend at morning and evening prayers. The eastern end of the chapel recedes into a semi-circular form, through the windows of which light is admitted; but as these are placed high, and consist of coloured glass, the effect is extremely striking and solemn. The central window exhibits Angels, and the awful Tetragrammaton, from which is an emanation of glory. Brought forward from the eastern end, sufficiently to allow the processions around it, stands the Altar, a most costly piece of workmanship, fixed on a splendid sarcophagus of

ebony; and constructed of porphyry, agate, and amber. A magnificent crucifix of silver surmounts the altar; and two censers of solid gold, embossed with silver, suspended over it, pour through the chapel odiferous clouds of ever-burning frankincense. Every thing, around, indeed, evinces, that the Romish ritual is observed here with the utmost rigour and magnificence; and, doubtless, the celebration of its higher offices, amid such seducing objects, must act with infinite force upon the imagination. The effect produced by the *externals* of worship every man experiences who attends our Cathedral service, which has not been stripped of so much of its *lace* as the common parochial ritual; how much, then, must this be increased, when aided by exquisite examples of sculpture and painting; amid the strains of angelical music, the glare of unnumbered lights, and the Hallelujahs of numerous multitudes! The tamest fancy must be roused by such a scene, and the coldest heart warmed into transport. It was on an occasion like this, you may recollect, when Lord Bolingbroke was attending high mass at Versailles, that, on seeing the Archbishop of Paris elevate the Host, and hearing the sudden crash of in-

struments which accompanied the solemnity, impressed with the awfulness of the prelate's figure whilst engaged in the act, he instantly exclaimed to his companion, Bishop Atterbury, "By heaven, my Lord, if I were the King of France, I would perform that ceremony myself." An author, whose knowledge of human nature was profound, saw the powerful effects which decorated ritual would naturally produce on the general mind, and has thrown some little blame on the early reformers for despising the aid which it affords to the effusions of piety, and the exercise of devotion. "Even the English Church," says he, "though it had retained a share of Popish ceremonies, may justly be thought too naked and unadorned, and still to approach too near the abstract and spiritual religion of the Puritans. Laud, and his associates, by reviving a few primitive institutions of this nature, corrected the error of the first reformers, and presented to the affrighted and astonished mind some sensible exterior observances, which might occupy it during its religious exercises, and abate the violence of its disappointed efforts. The thought no longer bent on that divine and mysterious essence, so superior to the narrow capacities of mankind,

“ was able, by means of Laud’s new mode of
 “ devotion, to relax itself in the contemplation
 “ of pictures, postures, vestments, and buildings;
 “ and all the fine arts which minister to religion,
 “ thereby received additional encouragement.”

It is but proper to add, that the attendance of strangers at the service in Wardour chapel is considered as a compliment, and every convenience provided for their accommodation.

From the chapel we are introduced to the *state bed-chamber*, so called from an elegant bed, fitted up for Charles I. in his halcyon days, when he paid a visit to Lord Arundel at the castle; the furniture remaining quite unimpaired by time. It contains,

A Virgin and Child, by Antonius de Selarius. Landscape, by Claude Loraine.—Landscape, by Berghem.—Portrait of Cardinal Pole.—St. Peter in Prison.—Christ crucified between the two malefactors; three exquisite figures wrought in silver.

The *cabinet* of Lady Arundel next occurs, so filled with minute curiosities, as entirely to preclude regular enumeration; all the ornaments are of the most rich and rare nature, particularly a chimney-piece, composed of *lapis lazuli*, and other costly marbles. Amongst the pic-

tures are a beautiful Holy Family, by Correggio; and a Virgin and Child, small and precious, by Guido.—Miniature of Mr. Markham, (ancestor of Lady Arundel) killed at Gainsborough during the civil wars.

Two Heads, by that ingenious artist Hussey; one of himself, the other of *William Gillingham*, of Tisbury, who was brought to visit at the castle from the place of his residence when upwards of one hundred years old. Hussey drew his portrait, and Lord Arundel generously rewarded the old man's trouble by an annuity which he enjoyed nearly three years. Hussey was not only remarkable for the exquisite skill of his pencil, but for the singular principles on which he practised his art. Mr. Maton, elegant and correct, has given us the following account of these anomalous professional opinions:

“ The notions entertained by this very ingenious artist, and the principles which he practised in the exercise of his profession, were very peculiar. He contended, that the principles of harmony obtained generally, throughout nature, and even in the proportions of the human form, these proportions being as delightful to the eye, in works of art, as they are, in sounds, to the ear; and that the for-

“mer sense was as capable of judging of these
 “harmonious proportions as the latter. Ideas
 “similar to these, indeed, were entertained by
 “many of the early philosophers, particularly
 “by Pythagoras; but it does not appear that
 “they were ever applied, or extended, in so
 “extraordinary a manner as by our artist. He
 “always drew the human head by the musical
 “scale, alleging, that every human face was
 “in harmony with itself; that however accu-
 “rate the delineation of it from nature might
 “be, in consequence of an artist having a very
 “nice eye and hand, yet some little touches,
 “necessary to complete the likeness, would
 “be wanting, after all possible care; and that
 “the only true criterion by which it could be
 “known that any two things in drawing were
 “exactly alike, was to procure a third, as a
 “kind of mean proportional, by a comparison
 “with which the exact similarity of the other
 “two might be proved. Accordingly, after
 “he had sketched a drawing of a face from
 “nature, he applied thereto his musical scale,
 “and observed in what correspondent points
 “(taking the whole face, or profile, for the
 “*octave*, or fundamental) the great lines of the
 “features fell. Adhering to his principle, that

“ every face was in harmony with itself, (though
 “ sometimes it might be a *concordia discors*) after
 “ the *key note* was found, he of course disco-
 “ vered the correspondent ratios, or propor-
 “ tions; so that, if on applying the scale thus
 “ rectified, as it were, to the drawing, he found
 “ any of the features or principal points of the
 “ face out of their proper places, by making
 “ them correspond to the scale, he always per-
 “ ceived that such corrections produced a bet-
 “ ter and more characteristic likeness.

“ A friend having once remarked to Mr. H.
 “ that though this principle might hold true
 “ respecting the whole of the human frame,
 “ when drawn quite formal and upright, and
 “ to the human face, (especially in profile) yet
 “ he doubted, whether it would apply in all the
 “ various attitudes into which the human body
 “ might be thrown;—he replied, you will find
 “ that my principles hold good universally, if
 “ you consider these different attitudes as dif-
 “ ferent *bars* in music. Having produced a
 “ Madona and Child of Carracci, he exempli-
 “ fied his meaning. The child was standing on
 “ one leg, the other bent, and leaning on the
 “ Madona’s breast. ‘ This,’ says he, ‘ is a
 ‘ beautiful boy, and elegantly drawn, but now

‘ I will trace him exactly, apply the scale, and
 ‘ correct every part thereby, and then we shall
 ‘ see if he come not out more beautiful still,
 ‘ and more elegant ’ He did so, and the in-
 “ tended effect followed. Thus much must
 “ certainly be allowed by all who have seen
 “ Mr. Hussey’s pencil drawings from life, that
 “ he has preserved the best characteristic like-
 “ nesses of any artist whatever; and, with re-
 “ spect to those of mere fancy, no man ever
 “ exceeded him in accuracy and elegance,
 “ simplicity and beauty.”

An incomparable piece of workmanship in ivory, by Michael Angelo, the figure of Christ on the Cross, “ which Jews might kiss, and in-
 “ fidels adore,” impresses the mind with wonder at the versatility of talent displayed by this great, though early, artist; who was at once a statuary, a sculptor, a poet, and a painter; and excellent in all.

The adjoining *bed-chamber* claims attention from a portrait by Vandyke, of *Thomas first Lord Arundel*, called the valiant; who blended every amiable quality of private life with all the accomplishments of the hero. When a young man, he entered into the Imperial service as a volunteer, and joined the army in

Hungary ; where in a desperate battle with the Turks at Gran, he took the Mahomedan standard with his own hands. For this gallant achievement Rodolphus II. Emperor of Germany, created him Count of the sacred Roman empire, by patent dated Dec. 14, 1595. This document states, that the honour was conferred upon him because “ he had behaved himself
 “ manfully in the field, as also, in assaulting
 “ divers cities and castles, shewed great proofs
 “ of his valour; and that, in forcing the water
 “ tower at Gran in Hungary, he took from the
 “ Turks, with his own hands, their banners;
 “ so that every of his children, and their de-
 “ scendants for ever of both sexes, should en-
 “ joy that title, have place and vote in all
 “ Imperial Diets, purchase lands in the domi-
 “ nions of the empire, list any voluntary soldiers,
 “ and not to be put to any trial but in the Im-
 “ perial Chamber.” On his return home the next year, the proud peers of Elizabeth’s time refused to allow that precedence which his new dignity gave him, alleging, that the honours conferred by a foreign potentate ought to have no effect without the limits of their own dominions. The point in question was referred to Queen Elizabeth, who gave it

as her opinion, “ that there was a close tie of
 “ affection between the prince and subject;
 “ and that as chaste wives should have no
 “ glances but for their own spouses, so should
 “ faithful subjects keep their eyes at home, and
 “ not gaze upon foreign crowns; that she, for
 “ her part, did not care that her sheep should
 “ wear a stranger’s mark, nor dance after the
 “ whistle of every foreigner;” and immediately
 wrote to the Emperor, acquainting him, that
 she forbade her subjects giving the count place
 and precedence in England. James I. in the
 third year of his reign, created Thomas a baron
 of the realm of England, by the title of Baron
 Arundel, of Wardour; which his descendants
 now enjoy. He died at Wardour-Castle the
 7th of November, 1639.

Portrait of *Mengs*, by himself.—Landscape,
 by Salvator Rosa.—Portrait of *Sir Thomas*
More, by Holbein.

Lord Arundel’s room contains,
 A large picture, by Raphael, from the story of
 Tobit. The painter has chosen the interesting
 circumstance of Tobias’s return home with the
 remedy for his father’s blindness, chap. xi. 10.
 “ Tobit also went forth toward the door, and
 “ stumbled, but his son ran unto him;” and in-

roduced into the father's countenance the feelings of an affectionate parent, on a child's return from a perilous and tedious absence; as well as marked his haste, trepidation, and want of vision, by making him throw down several articles of furniture in his hurry to embrace his son.

Landscape, by G. Poussin.—Three Landscapes, by Salvator Rosa.—St. Francis, by Albani.—A Madona's Head, by Carlo Dolce.—Fall of Tivoli, by Vernet.

In the *music-room* is, perhaps, the most striking picture in the whole collection—a Dead Christ, and other figures, by Joseph Ribera, commonly called Espagnioletto. This piece may be said to be horribly fine, approaching too nearly to nature to be pleasing; a strong contrast of light and shade produces the effects of real life in the accompanying figures; and it is impossible to contemplate it attentively without feeling a degree of that profound sorrow which seems to penetrate the attendants, and of that fixed despair which the Virgin's countenance displays. The painting consists of five whole figures, nearly as large as life, the head of a sixth, and two angels above. One supports the head of Christ, another presses his

feet, St. Peter looks on in silent sorrow, and the Virgin lifts up her streaming eyes to Heaven, in language inexpressible. A fine engraving of this was made by Cunego, which is subscribed—*Ipse autem vulneratus est propter iniquitates nostras.*

A whole length of *Blanche Lady Arundel*, copied from the decayed original, by Angelica Kauffman. This heroine was the daughter of Edward Somerset Earl of Worcester, a descendant of the redoubtable John of Gaunt; and Blanche proved herself worthy of her mighty ancestors. She married Thomas second Baron of Wardour, and during the civil wars in the seventeenth century, defended the castle, in the absence of her husband, for nine days, with only twenty-five men against a party of one thousand three hundred Parliamentarian forces, headed by Sir Edward Hungerford and Edmund Ludlow. At length, having expended her ammunition and provisions, she surrendered the castle on honourable terms; which, however, were not observed by the captors, who wreaked their vengeance on the buildings and plantations. Shortly after the transaction, Lord Arundel returned, and took signal vengeance for this breach of faith; he sprang a mine under

the castle, and blew the greatest part of the traitors into the air. The fortress of course became his own again, but in so shattered and dismantled a state, that it never afterwards was defensible. Blanche died Oct. 28, 1649, aged 66.

The *drawing-room* contains two exquisite pieces, by Vernet; a Storm, and a Calm and Moonlight; the last would have been a better picture had the painter not introduced the luminary.—Two Portraits, by Rembrandt.—A very fine Head of a Saint, by Titian.—Saint Jerome, by Rubens.—Small Head, by Raphael.

The ruin of the old castle is situated about a mile to the east of the house, toward the foot of a grand amphitheatrical hill, which lifts its finely wooded sides to a great height behind it. Between this edifice and the house, the ground is broken by plantations, suggested by Mr. Wood, of Essex, the judiciousness of which Brown himself had the taste to admire, and fortitude to applaud, evincing his sincerity by frequent visits to the spot.

The path to the castle takes a serpentine direction up the ascent to the *terrace*, a walk carried along the side of the sweeping hill just mentioned, and shaded by the noble hanging woods which adorn its sides. Here

many happy openings let in occasionally the distant country—the Somersetshire and Wiltshire hills, Glastonbury Tor, Stourhead, &c. and the magnificent objects in its more immediate neighbourhood, the new stupendous *non-descript* structure of Mr. Beckford, and the modern mansion of Wardour. But a nearer object presently engages the attention, the nodding ruin of the castle; its hoary walls strikingly contrasted by the gloomy mantle of ivy that envelopes their summits. A path, through some neat parterres, ornamented with artificial rock work, consisting of enormous blocks of honey-combed stone, conducts to the grand entrance; over which appear the following lines, surmounted by an ancient head in a niche, and the arms of the family:—

“ Gentis Arundeliæ Thomas Lanhernia proles

“ Junior, hoc meruit, primo sedere loco.

“ Ut sedit cecidit, sine crimine plectitur ille

“ Insons, insontem, fata sequuta probant,

“ Nam quæ patris erunt Mattheus filius emit,

“ Empta auxit: Studio Principis aucta manent.

“ Comprecor aucta diu maneant augenda per ævum,

“ Hæc dedit, eripuit, restituitque Deus.

“ 1578.”

Alluding to the fatal exit of Sir Thomas Arundel, who was implicated with Edward

Duke of Somerset in a charge of conspiring to murder John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, and executed Feb. 26, 1552. His estates, however, did not escheat; and his son Matthew (knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1574) mentioned in the above lines, succeeded to the honour and demesne of Wardour. Little remains of the castle but an octagonal court, in which is a well profoundly deep; the other members of the building having been partly battered down by the Parliamentary forces from the opposite hill, in the memorable siege when it was defended by the heroine Blanche, and partly destroyed on the return of her husband. A little below the castle, a banquetting-room offers an agreeable asylum in the summer-time; adapted to the scorching heat of the dog-days by windows of painted glass, and other circumstances that render it gloomy, cool, and sequestered.

The noble owner of Wardour permits carriages to pass to the turnpike by a road that runs through the park to the north of the house, and climbs up a gentle hill for a mile, affording a beautiful view of the subjacent and distant country. It then loses itself in a wood, and shortly after opens again into the public

carriage-way leading from Hindon to Salisbury. Emerging from this bed of shade, we find ourselves in a different country to what we have hitherto travelled; the beautiful down, with its velvet carpet, now swells on each side of us, and little white breaches in it evince, that we are entered upon the huge belt of chalk which crosses the kingdom from Sussex to Dorsetshire. The scenery, indeed, that it affords is not picturesque, but still may be called pleasing. The eye reposes with delight on the smoothness of its vivid verdure, and the graceful varieties of its undulating outline prevent the languor we should quickly feel, were our vision thrown over an extensive *flat* surface, as bare of ornament, and destitute of objects, as the Wiltshire downs are. This style of country continues for some miles, until the rich pleasure-grounds of Wilton appear, spreading themselves over the acclivity of a hill that commands the open country by which they are surrounded. A richly-ornamented gate, or porter's lodge, admits the traveller to this noble mansion, the invaluable repository of many exquisite examples of ancient art. These, indeed, are so numerous, as entirely to prevent me from noticing them individually; I must, therefore, make my obser-

vations slight as well as general, and refer you for more particular information to a copious and comprehensive catalogue of the “Curiosities of Wilton-House,” drawn up by Thomas Earl of Pembroke, assisted by Nicholas Haym, Sir Andrew Fountayne, Martin Folkes, and Doctor Pococke. The performance, as one might expect from the constellation of antiquaries engaged it, evinces much reading, and an intimate acquaintance with classical lore, and extending itself to one hundred and fifty octavo pages; but much of the interest and entertainment it might otherwise have possessed, is wanting, in consequence of the compilers confining themselves to dry mythological and historical details in their account of the statues and busts, without entering into a description of the peculiar beauties, costume, and attributes of each; the places where they were found, from whom purchased, &c. The *entrance-porch* exhibits the only piece of architecture now remaining, executed by Hans Holbein, who was as famous in this branch of the arts as he was in portrait painting. The whole palace, indeed, had been designed by Holbein for the first Earl of Pembroke, and afterwards erected on the scite of Wilton Abbey, granted to that nobleman by

Henry VIII. But this was consumed by fire, and the porch just mentioned the only member that escaped the flames. The injury which the mansion had sustained by conflagration, was repaired by Inigo Jones, and may be admired for the elegant and just proportions of its apartments, though not for the *meubles* with which they are furnished. One of the best specimens of Inigo's art is, perhaps, the garden-front of this mansion, extending one hundred and ninety-four feet in length; which is so exquisite, as to plead an excuse for the vanity of the architect, who, returning from his travels in Italy, and aware of that absurd prejudice of the English, which always preferred foreign to native artists, changed his own Welsh christian name Ynyr, into the more captivating and melodious one of Inigo. When I tell you that the antiquities in this collection comprise the *whole* of those possessed by the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarine, together with a considerable part of such as were gathered with so much industry, taste, and expence by Lord Arundel, you will not wonder at my shrinking from the task of describing them; master-pieces of ancient sculpture occur, indeed, in such profusion on every side, that the mind is over-

whelmed with the variety of entertainment offered to it. But it is some consolation to an Englishman, whilst contemplating such august productions, to observe, that the skill of his own countrymen has followed with faithful imitation, and almost *passibus æquis*, some of the noblest of these efforts of the chissel; for though the *Venus de Medici* of Wilton be doubtless inferior to the matchless excellence of the Florentine original, yet it is certainly equal to many a choice antique morsel in this capital collection. Amongst a multitude of other invaluable specimens of sculpture the following may be considered, perhaps, as best deserving attention.

In the *Palladian lodge*, amid a groupe of busts, is the statue of *Apollo*, with a fragment of the lyre in his hand. Of this work the hair, the right shoulder, the side, and the back, are extremely grand.

In the centre of the *vestibule* a colossal statue of the same god, with modern legs and feet, and, perhaps, the right arm, from the elbow part downwards. The fleshy contours of the sides and breast attract particular notice, as well as the inimitable anatomy of the back.

The *great hall* exhibits a singular and incongruous mixture of precious antiquities, pieces

of armour, the spoils of battle won by William Earl of Pembroke, at the battle of St. Quintin; and the huge antlers of elk deer. In this apartment we should attend particularly to

A *Panthea*, of which the right arm is wanting; the left leg and thigh are so round, easy, and fine, that we cannot but wonder the rest of the figure should be executed in a style approaching to stiffness.

A very fine statue of *Didia Clara*, daughter of the Emperor Didius Julianus, wrapped in a robe. She is represented sitting, and holds in her right hand a senatorial roll, as an emblem of dignity, she having been honoured by the senate with the title of *Augusta*; her left hand is lifted up: we observe, however, the decline of the arts in the hardness of the hand and the stiffness of the hair.

A statue of *Antinoüs*, the freedman and favourite of Hadrian. The head is highly finished, particularly the chin; and the expression of the face exquisitely soft. A modern fashion has rendered the *curled* head of the statue sufficiently notorious. The left hand holds a roll; the right is fixed on the hip, with the elbow out.

A statue of Esculapius, of the latter age, but extremely well executed as to the breast,

right arm, and shoulder, which are naked and beautifully soft.

Upon a sarcophagus, the figure of an *Amazon*, (marked by the circumstance of the right breast being wanting) kneeling and covering herself with her shield. The knees and body below the breast are of the finest execution.

A very remarkable statue of *Bacchus*, carrying *Silenus* on his shoulders; he has grapes in his right hand, and on his head. The part wherethe figures of the two personages unite, may be considered as the best executed of the whole; though the *contour* of the young god is very masterly. I cannot think the head of *Bacchus* at all equal to the other parts.

At the *bottom* of the *stair-case* is

A colossal statue of *Hercules*, seven feet ten inches high, one of the finest pieces in the collection; and in a good state of preservation. The artist has discovered much judgment in the choice of his attitude; and much skill in the admirable expression of strength which he has thrown into every limb.

A colossal bust of *Alexander the Great*.

In the second window, a statue of *Bacchus*; a youth, slender, graceful, and animated.

In the *hunting-room* is another fine statue of the same god, of which the right leg is modern; the arms and face are soft, round, and fleshy. Grace and elegance characterise this statue.

A statue of the *Ephesian Diana*, in the Egyptian style; her face, hands, and feet, the only parts which appear, are of black marble; the rest of the figure is wrapped up and decorated in the grotesque Egyptian manner; on her head she wears a turreted crown.

A magnificent groupe of modern workmanship, representing the Rape of the Sabines, from the antique original.

A noble statue of *Shakespeare*, by Schenmaaker; with the following lines on the scroll:

“ Life’s but a walking shadow,

“ A poor player

“ That struts and frets his hour

“ Upon the stage,

“ And then is heard no more.”

An exquisite copy of the *dying Gladiator*, standing till lately in the *library*, (which, by the bye, is now nearly empty, the antiques having been removed from thence.)

Hercules and *Philoctetes*, a grand piece of sculpture, standing upon a sarcophagus. The hero, fainting and exhausted, (his club dropping

to the ground) is falling backwards, and, with much difficulty, supported by his friend; a smaller figure, who seems to be sinking under the weight of his gigantic form.

Another groupe equally striking; Hercules engaging the river Achelous, represented under a form, the upper part of which is human, and the lower snakes. Hercules throws his arm round the neck of his antagonist, and is apparently strangling him; whilst the latter entwines his serpents round the hero's thighs and the unguarded parts of his body. There is indescribable strength and spirit in this sculpture.

The statue of Isis, of the ponderous Theban iron-stone. She is represented kneeling down, and sitting upon her heels, holding before her a small figure of Osiris, whom she is said to have found floating in a *cista*, or coffin, on the shores of Phœnicia, and rescued from his perilous situation. The face of Isis, and the figure of Osiris, are black, the costume of the statue is of white marble. The former is crowned with the *sacred flower*; her hair divides into two parts, which flow over each shoulder. Upon the whole, this piece of sculpture has less stiffness than the Egyptian statuary generally exhibits.

A fine figure of *Livia*, third wife of Augustus.

Another equally good, of *Faustina*, wife of Antoninus Pius.

The taste of the late lord for horsemanship, which he carried so far as to write a treatise on the subject, is manifested in the ornaments and decorations of many parts of the house, but more especially in the apartment called the *manège*, or *hunting-room*, which is wholly fitted up with paintings of horses in every attitude.

But the boast of Wilton-House, in the line of original paintings, is the noble collection that it exhibits of the works of Vandyke. The *family piece*, consisting of *Philip Earl of Pembroke*, *his Countess*, and eight more whole lengths, has ever been allowed to be a perfect school of that great master; and though damaged by the criminal curiosity of the fellow, to whom it was entrusted to be cleaned, (who, anxious to discover the first colouring, scratched off the superficial tints with his knife) it still impresses the mind with admiration of the talents of Vandyke; talents which have been by no means done justice to, in Baron's engraving of this famous picture. Were you to see the original, you would not only allow, I think, the justice of this remark, but at once give up the positive

opinion you have formed in favour of the portraits of Lord Strafford and his secretary, at Wentworth-House; or, at least, you would be obliged to pronounce, with the Irishman, that they *were both* the *chef d'œuvres* of Vandyke.

There are, also, a very fine laughing *Democritus*.—An Old Man selling sugar-plumbs to children, all the figures laughing, by Frank Hals.—Single Head, illuminated by a candle placed before the face, by Van Schalken.

The grounds have much of their beauty from nature, and borrow some from art; distant objects being introduced, and managed with considerable judgment and taste.

The Palladian bridge, also, is shewn as a beautiful specimen of architecture, as well as a judicious ornament. The former claim to praise we may allow it, but must altogether deny the latter, since the incongruity of sticking a temple upon a *bridge*, over which a wise man would pass as quickly as possible without stopping to make vows or pour out petitions, however sanctioned by the authority of *practice*, is too obvious to be reconciled to nature, truth, or taste.

Wilton is a borough town, returning two members to Parliament; but neither in size nor appearance retaining that grandeur which

was formerly sufficient for it to impose a name upon the county, and to reckon within itself twelve churches, only one of which at present remains. The beauty and superiority of the Wilton Carpeting are generally known and acknowledged. About one hundred looms are employed in making this article, and five hundred for the manufacture of Linseys; one of the latter machines may be seen in the house of every poor inhabitant, by which a woman and boy are enabled, in three weeks, to earn the miserable pittance of ten shillings.

With still less attention than I have paid to Wilton, shall I pass through Salisbury, with its noble cathedral, (rendered the most finished piece of Gothic architecture by the liberality of Barrington the present Bishop of Durham, and the exquisite taste of Mr. Wyatt) since ample descriptions of it are in the hands of every one. You must, therefore, be content to refer to the numerous *Guides* with which the industry of others have furnished the public, and accompany my route to Old Sarum, two miles from the city, of which it is the parent.

The labours of our ancestors, the ancient Britons, assume in no part of England a more

majestic appearance than in two instances in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, Old Sarum and Stonehenge, a city and a temple. The former is seen for miles round, lifting its proud head to an enormous height, and, after the tempests of Heaven have beaten upon it for more than two thousand years, still claiming admiration from its elevation, hugeness, and extent. It is a circular work of most regular plan, consisting of the following members—a vast vallum, with a ditch within it; a flat space, bounded by a second still larger vallum about ninety feet in its oblique ascent; this falls into another more extensive flat space, measuring in breadth one hundred and forty-five paces, terminated by an immense ditch, and a third mighty vallum, rising obliquely, in an angle of fifty degrees or more with the plane of the horizon, to the height of one hundred and fifty feet; within this is the interior circular area, of eighty-five paces in diameter. Of the three parts into which the work is thus divided, the first, or outward one, seems to have been occupied by the suburbs; the second, by the city; and the third, by the castle. The entrance into the outward area was to the eastward, by two narrow passes on each side of a curious horse-shoe mount, ditched and

banked, forming a rude but strong sort of horn-work. Opposite to this, at the western point, was another gateway of smaller dimensions, and somewhat different form. The interior vallum seems to have been walled entirely round, and part of a gateway to the west, where was the only entrance, is remaining to this day, consisting of an unintelligible congestion of flint stones and blocks of grit, cemented by a very strong mortar. Two *dorsa*, or banks, of great height and dimensions, run exactly north and south from the interior of the second vallum to the edge of the last ditch, terminating in a pathway that takes an oblique and gentle descent into the hollow, for the accommodation of the garrison that inhabited the castle.

In the north-east corner of the first area, a singular discovery was made at the breaking up of the frost in 1795, which may still be seen, though not in the perfection wherein it appeared on its being found, as the farmer who rents the land partly destroyed it, to prevent the curious from treading down his corn in their visits to it. It is a subterraneous passage, cut out of the solid chalk rock, and *dipping* for the first twenty feet in a direction nearly perpendicular. At the entrance it may be about six

feet high and five feet wide, but gradually assumes wider and higher dimensions, as well as a less abrupt descent, as it continues its course. We penetrated about forty yards under the earth by means of this excavation, and were then stopped by a quantity of rubbish, which had been cast into it by the parsimonious farmer. Its opening had been secured by oaken planks placed over it, and a strong door fixed on coarse stone-work just within it; the descent had been facilitated by steps cut in the chalk rock, which appeared on the first discovery to have been little worn, and evinced that the passage was a very secret one; probably designed either for a sallee port, a deposit for treasure, or a magazine for the materials of war. Due north of this hole, and in a situation exactly corresponding with it, in relation to the entrance, is another hollow or sinking of the ground, so perfectly similar to the appearance of the ground in the neighbourhood of the one just described, previously to its discovery, that I cannot doubt a like subterraneous passage would be found there, if proper investigation were made for the purpose of detecting it.

All our antiquaries, you know, my dear sir, agree in giving Old Sarum a British original,

though the name by which it was known for ages be of Roman fabrication. The fact is, this latter people very wisely availed themselves of all the advantages that presented themselves on their arrival here; and whenever they found a British camp or fortress, which, from eligible circumstances of situation, might be converted to their purposes, they immediately made use of it, Romanized its name, and turned it into a station. Such was their proceeding in the instance before us. The wide extent of view which Old Sarum commanded on every side, made it an admirable quarter for the Roman military, who from its proud summit might at once survey and awe the distant country, and communicate with the other stations spread over the extensive flats of Salisbury plain. They, therefore, reared the eagle on the strong hold of the ancient Britons; and by softening and amplifying the old expressive Celtic name *Sorfidun*, or *Dry-Hill*, into *Sorbiodunum*, attempted to deceive posterity with the opinion, that the enormous work had owed its origin to Roman labour. Delighted with this open and commanding elevation, the Emperor Severus is said to have occasionally resided at *Sorbiodunum*; and after it had yielded to the Saxon

arms under Kenric in 553, it became the frequent residence of the monarchs of that line.

In 1003, it experienced all the waste of fire, and all the horrors of the sword from Canute the Dane, who captured it; but before the conclusion of the same century, the protection and liberality of William the Conqueror raised it once more into consideration, by authorizing Herman Bishop of Sherborne to transfer within its ramparts the episcopal see of that diocese. Osmond, the successor of that prelate, adorned it with a cathedral, and nearly at the same time all the estates and orders of the kingdom were summoned to its walls, to take the oath of allegiance imposed upon all his subjects immediately after the memorable compilation of the Domesday book. Increasing population, scarcity of water, and above all the insolence of the royal garrison which filled the castle, and exercised at will upon the inhabitants below injury or impertinence, induced them in the reign of Richard I. to abandon Old Sarum, and fix their residences in the valley to the south of it, the scite of the present Salisbury. From this period the ancient city declined, and before the end of the fifteenth century was entirely deserted. Nothing now remains of its

pristine magnificence; not even a house to tell the traveller that here once was a city; all is solitude and silence, and the only vestige of its former bustle and business is a *little manufactory* of M—— of P——; a process carried on every seven years, under an old tree in the neighbourhood of the ramparts, by a *select company of two gentlemen*, (possessing between them thirteen votes) who have the exclusive privilege of preparing this article for the borough of Old Sarum.

We are now fairly upon Salisbury plain; a boundless extent of downs, tenanted only by the listless shepherd, his faithful dog, and their fleecy care. In vain the eye looks round for some object to relieve the uniformity of the scene; all is flat, bare, and desolate, nothing interposing between it and the distant horizon. In the midst of this solitude, the little valley in which Amesbury is situated at length appears, pleasingly contrasting the wide expanse of sterility through which we have been wandering, by the beautiful wooded hill sloping up from the mansion of the Duke of Queensberry; and crowned on its summit by a huge remain of Roman castrametation, a camp of Vespasian. His Grace's house, the only ornament of a village that gave birth to the amiable Addison, was from

the design of Inigo Jones, and, like most of the other buildings of this architect, is simple and classical. Agreeably to the taste of the last age, it stands in a flat, through which the Avon winds its eccentric course; although the hill at its back offered a more commanding, and perhaps a more wholesome, situation. This, however, was reserved for the *gardener* to display his skill upon; who has performed his work by forming its face into a zig-zag ascending path, and cutting the woods on its head into rectilinear walks. On the scite of this mansion a nunnery formerly stood, (founded by Elfrida) whose inmates had imbibed so much of the spirit of their patroness, that they were expelled by Henry II. for their ill lives. But the prince quickly transplanted to the spot from Normandy another bevy of the same useless beings, who continued here till Henry VIII. involved both nuns and monks in one general destruction. The scite of the monastery was then granted to Edward Earl of Hertford, from whose family it passed into that of the nobleman who at present possesses it. A new scene now exhibited itself at Amesbury, and in lieu of the senseless superstitions of monastic life, this seat, under the auspices of the Queens-

bery family, became the theatre of wit and elegant literature; the spot where Pope occasionally indulged his satyrical muse; the gentle Gay pursued his moral song; and Addison unbent his cultivated mind. At present such are the singular revolutions to which all human things are subject, it serves again the unholy purpose of marring the bountiful designs of Providence, and destroying the uses of youth and beauty, by affording a prison for thirty-three nuns, all of English families, and formerly settled in Lorraine in France. We went to visit the sisterhood, but it was a melancholy scene; the languor and sadness of every countenance too clearly marked that depressed state of mind, which is, of course, induced by the attempt to extinguish the feelings of nature; and to triumph over passions that, under proper regulation, are so necessary to the state and circumstances of human beings; nor could we quit so many female charms in hopeless thralldom, without dropping an execration against that

“ Sad Institution; which austerely draws

“ The female heart from nature’s genial laws;

“ Strangles Heav’n’s bounty, and converts to woe

“ The plenteous source whence joy and life should flow.”

Our visit to another monument of superstition, in the neighbourhood of Amesbury, was attended with very different emotions; this is *Stonehenge*, constructed between two diverging roads, one running to Warminster, the other to Deptford Inn, at a short distance from this point of division. The distant effect of this stupendous fabric is not so striking as the description of its magnitude might lead us to imagine, since, being an isolated object, situated in the heart of the plain, without any thing around it for a standard of comparison, every impression of its greatness is swallowed up and overwhelmed in that idea of immensity which the prospect on every side presents to the mind. This very circumstance of *unaccompanied* locality, however, heightens, perhaps, the effect of the fabric when we approach it; for the mind, not being interrupted or distracted by neighbouring objects, bends its undivided attention to the solitary wonder before it. The monument consists of four concentric arrangements of stones, the two outward circular, the two inner elliptical; the whole surrounded by a ditch, at the distance of one hundred and five feet from the external circle of stones. Of the outermost circle the general dimensions are,

height, about fourteen feet; thickness, between three and four; breadth, between six and seven; they consisted of thirty rude upright pillars, standing between three and four feet apart from each other, crowned or connected together at the top by as many imposts or transverse stones, each about ten feet in length, and three feet in thickness; the whole forming a large circular inclosure, ninety-seven in diameter. The interval or space between the two stones, which point exactly north-east, is greater than between the other columniations, and seems to have been purposely widened in order to afford an entrance into the interior of the structure. Only seventeen of these upright stones, and six of the connecting ones, are now in their original situation. The second circular arrangement occurs at nine feet distance from the inner side of the one I have just described, consisting of smaller upright stones, none of them connected together at the top by imposts, except that which fronted the entrance, and which was evidently intended for a second gateway or portal to the more sacred parts of the edifice. This circumstance, though never noticed before, is sufficiently demonstrable from the impost, furnished with mortices to re-

ceive the tenons of the uprights, which lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the latter. The number of the smaller uprights seem to have been twenty-nine; of these nine only retain their original position. Thirteen feet within this second circle is the third arrangement of stones, which assume an oval shape, about sixty feet in its longer diameter, and fifty-two in its shorter; and was anciently formed by seven huge Trilithons, or combinations of stones, each consisting of two uprights, and an incumbent impost, separate and distinct from each other. The height of the largest pair of uprights is twenty-eight feet, the breadth of each seven feet, and the thickness three feet, gradually tapering from the basis to the summit. The imposts, one with the other, measure about sixteen feet in length, four feet six inches in breadth, and two feet six inches in thickness; each Trilithon is supposed to weigh about seventy tons. Two only of these compages are now standing; one having given way and fallen after the thaw in January 1797. The southwestern Trilithon, and indeed all the stones towards that point, are higher than the others, and seem to have risen, by a gradual elevation,

to a more majestic size, in proportion as they receded from the entrance into the pile.

Within these enormous compages of stones another elliptical range of uprights occurs, smaller than those before mentioned, but gradually increasing in height and magnitude towards the back of the temple, and tapering from the basis upwards. They were nineteen in number; two feet and a half broad; one and a half thick; and eight feet high. Towards the upper end of the last arrangement in the adytum stands the altar, or hearth-stone, originally one vast stone, four feet broad and sixteen feet long, broken at present into three fragments, all imbedded deeply in the earth. On this, the carcasses of the victims, or at least such parts of them as the priests devoted to the gods, were consumed by fire.

Every member of this vast fabric displays the marks of labour, and the contrivances of ingenuity. Traces of the chissel, handled with skill, are every where visible in the elegant forms into which the vast Trilithons, and lesser upright pillars, have been wrought, and in the mortices which accommodated the transverse stones to the tenons of their supporters. The admeasurements also are exact, and seem to

have been uniformly taken from the ancient Egyptian cubit, of twenty inches and four-fifths, English, to each.

One hundred feet from the outward arrangements of stone is, as I have before observed, a circular ditch, about thirty feet in breadth, formed by two parallel banks, entirely encircling the whole, except on the north-east point, where a gap occurs, affording entrance originally into the pile. Close to this gap is a huge solitary stone, lying on the ground, twenty feet in length, and six feet seven inches in breadth, which seems to have been intended for the first process in the bloody rites of Druidism—the immolation of human and other victims offered to their sanguinary gods.

One hundred feet further to the north-east, and immediately opposite to the entrance just mentioned, another vast stone occurs, upwards of seventeen feet high, but standing a little out of the perpendicular, and bending towards the temple. This may be considered as the *pillar of memorial*, a customary appendage to the Gentile places of worship in the early ages, which the Jews, when about to take possession of the land of Canaan, were strictly enjoined to overturn and destroy. “Ye shall utterly destroy

“ all the places wherein the nations that ye shall
 “ possess, served their gods, upon the high
 “ mountains, and upon the hills, and upon every
 “ green tree; and you shall overthrow their
 “ *altars* and break their *pillars*, and burn their
 “ groves with fire; and you shall hew down
 “ the graven images of their gods, and destroy
 “ the names of them out of that place.” Two

other smaller stones are found on the inner bank of the surrounding ditch, exactly opposite to each other, in a direction east and west; as well as two circular depressions, about sixteen feet diameter, in the same bank, the one lying S. S. E. and the other W. N. W. probably designed for the reception of the blood of the victims which were slain; according to the description of a similar excavation mentioned by Homer, when Ulysses says,

“ I from the scabbard drew the shining sword,
 “ And turning the black earth on every side,
 “ A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
 “ — Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
 “ And all the cavern smoak'd with steaming blood.”

Half a mile directly north of Stonehenge, but evidently connected with it, is a magnificent *cursus*, or Hippodrome, where the assembled multitudes, on high and festal days, cele-

brated those various exercises, sports, and races, which, you well know, attended all the public and solemn religious meetings of the ancients. This runs in a direction east and west, to the extent of six thousand Phœnician cubits, or ten thousand English feet; commencing on the declivity of a gentle hill, passing through the valley, and climbing the gradual ascent of another elevation. It is included within two parallel ditches and banks, three hundred and fifty feet distant from each other; a vast oblong barrow terminates it at the eastern end, on which, probably, the judges were stationed to determine the prizes; whilst the other extremity is bent into a curve, like the ancient *stadia*, in conformity to whose sweep the chariots and racers took their course, in order to return to the goal from whence they had sat out. The avenue from the temple directs itself towards the eastern end of this *cursus*, making an angle of forty-five with the meridional line; and, approaching it within one thousand cubits, suddenly divides itself into two ramifications; that on the left joining the *cursus* in a north-western direction, that on the right pursuing its way, in the same proportion of divergence, up a hill, and terminating

amid two groupes of barrows, each consisting of seven. Two gaps in the banks, immediately opposite to the strait avenue that conducts to the temple, seem to evince, that this also was originally continued on, till it reached the *cursus*.

In estimating the labour and toil bestowed upon Stonehenge, it is necessary for us to take into consideration the materials with which it is constructed, and the places from whence such materials were brought; as these particulars may serve to prove the immense exertions to which men can be stimulated, when under the united influence of superstition and vanity. These materials consist of three sorts of stones, *sarson*, or *silicious grit*, *green granite*, and *micacious grit*. The first used for the outer compages, or circle, and the Trilithons; the second in the small uprights; the third for the altar, or hearthstone. The *grey wethers*, as they are called, which cover Wroughton, Lockeredge, Clatford, and Kennet bottoms, in the neighbourhood of Marlborough, fruitful only in enormous stones, furnished the *sarson*, or *silicious grit*; the *granite* must have been brought from Dartmoor in Devonshire, as there is none met with to the eastward of that place; the spot

from whence the *micacious grit* was brought is uncertain.

Curiosity has in all ages been naturally excited as to the designation of this structure, the purpose for which such vast trouble and pains were exerted; and giants and conjurors, Britons, Saxons, and Danes, have, in turn, been complimented with the arduous task.

“Thou noblest monument of Albion’s Isle!

“Whether by Merlin’s aid from Scythia’s shore

“To Amber’s fatal plain Pendragon bore,

“Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,

“T’entomb his Britons slain by Hengist’s guile;

“Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,

“Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:

“Or Danish chiefs, enrich’d with savage spoil,

“To Victory’s idol vast, an unhewn shrine,

“Rear’d the rude heap; or, in thy hallow’d round,

“Repose the kings of Brutus’ genuine line;

“Or here those kings in solemn state were crown’d:

“Studious to trace thy wond’rous origin,

“We muse on many an ancient tale renown’d.”

Without troubling you, however, with a repetition of what you know already; or if not, with what is not worth your knowing, I will just observe, that it seems now to be generally understood and allowed, that Stonehenge is a monument of Druidical superstition. Mr. King, indeed, with much learning and ingenu-

ity, in the first part of his noble work *Munimenta Antiqua*, has established this beyond controversy; and at the same time endeavoured to prove, that the rites observed in it were precisely similar to the superstitious practices of the ancient Moabites; that Stonehenge was the *great high place* of British Paganism; that the outer stone was the *pillar of memorial*; the mass at the entrance of the ditch, the *slaughtering-stone* for killing the victims; the excavations in the banks, pits for receiving the blood; the Trilithons, *high altars of oblation* for placing the sacrifices upon before they were consumed; and the *great stone* within the whole, the spot on which the last rite was performed, that of consuming the victims by fire. On considering most accurately the whole of this magnificent remain of antiquity, and reading with equal attention the observations of Mr. King upon it, I cannot but profess myself to be completely convinced by his arguments of the truth of what he wishes to establish; but, in addition to his conclusion, I would further assert, that although Stonehenge be a Druidical monument, it still is of considerably later date than many other remains of a similar nature in the kingdom. Indeed I do not believe it to have been the work of the *ori-*

ginal inhabitants of Britain. Compared with that vast structure at Abury, about eighteen miles from Stonehenge, it assumes a degree of elegance, that at once proves the arts must have made a considerable progress, between the construction of the former and the latter. The one is more vast and majestic, but at the same time more rude and inartificial; the other, on a less stupendous scale, but more correct and elaborate. How is this to be accounted for? I conceive in the following manner: that Stonehenge was built by the *second* large body of Belgic Gauls, (who passed over into this country about five hundred years after the aboriginal migrators had found their way here) and that Abury was constructed by the *first* party. Severe and manifold, doubtless, were the conflicts between these new invaders and the old possessors of Britain, and long was the struggle, (as the numerous celtic earth-works in the West of England evince) before the new comers obtained a permanent footing in Britain. But wearied at length with mutual slaughter, the opposing tribes were brought to compromise; by which all Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Hampshire, and a great part of Wiltshire, were ceded to the invaders;

and the other parts of the kingdom adjudged to the earlier inhabitants. To ascertain the boundaries, and prevent further disputes, a line of demarcation was necessary, and that vast vallum was cast up, called *Wandsdyke*, (literally the ditch of division, from the British *Gwahan*, to divide) commencing at Posset-point, near Bristol, passing by Great-Bedwin in Wiltshire, and meeting the sea on the southern coast of the kingdom; a boundary which still left their great national temple, Abury, in the possession of the aborigines. Deeply immersed in Druidical superstition, but at the same time possessing some knowledge of classical rites from the Greeks, who had been long settled on the southern shores of Gaul, the new migrators brought with them into Britain a motley kind of worship, and a warm spirit of religion. Arrived at the eastern boundaries of their possessions, they beheld with astonishment the enormous pile which rose but a few miles on the other side of it, the great national theatre of the worship of their neighbours; and were immediately seized with an emulation to excel, or at least to equal, this proud monument of architecture. To surpass in *magnitude* the temple of Abury was beyond their hopes;

it could only be rivalled by *elegance*, which their better acquaintance with the arts enabled them to excel in. To the mighty labour, therefore, the whole tribe went immediately, and produced Stonehenge, a work that at once blended majesty and beauty; and, at least, carried off the palm of architectural splendour from the neighbouring structure, if it could not surpass it in vastness. Thus these two prodigious piles became rival temples, like those of Jerusalem and Mount Gerizim; and doubtless excited as much animosity in the breasts of their different worshippers as subsisted between the Jews and Samaritans of old.

The little villages which imbed themselves in the hollows of Salisbury plain, and meet the traveller between Stonehenge and Heytesbury, would be infinitely beautiful, if their picturesque effect were not greatly lessened by the barbarous practice of depriving the trees of all their lateral branches, and converting them into hop-poles, with a tuft of verdure on their tops. It is much to be lamented, when a dearth of fuel in a country induces its inhabitants to adopt an œconomy so totally at war with taste and natural beauty. Between two and three

hundred people find support in the manufactories of Heytesbury, which exhibit every branch of the wool trade, from cleansing the article to packing the cloth for sale; but, perhaps, its neighbourhood is still more interesting, from the variety of earth-works and military remains, Roman, Saxon, and Danish, which occur with endless repetition.

The road from Heytesbury to Westbury is particularly fruitful in these vestiges of ancient warfare; since almost every proud height which swells out of the down to the eastward of it is crowned by vallations. The most conspicuous of these works are Knook-Castle, Scratchbury, Battlebury, and Old-Camps. The first lies between two and three miles to the east of Heytesbury, in form a parallelogram, containing within its mounds an area of two acres. Scratchbury lying three miles directly west of Knook, is upon a much larger scale, containing within a single vallum, but of vast size, forty-one acres and a half. Battlebury lies a mile north-west of the last-mentioned camp, and is strengthened by a triple vallation. Old or Oldbury camp, as it is called, lies four miles east of Heytesbury, and near East-Codford, of

a circular form, and two hundred and sixteen yards in diameter, commanding from its flat summit a grand and extensive view. But notices of the Romans in this country are not confined to the monuments of their warlike operations alone, since numerous traces of Roman *civil life* occur also in the same neighbourhood. Porticoes and tessellated pavements have been discovered in a spot, called Pitmead, a little to the west of the Warminster road to Sarum, between the villages of Norton and Bishopstrow, which evince, that the elegances and comforts of polished society were practised here in the vale below, under the protection of the military camps in the heights above.

In the latter end of the year 1786, part of a Roman pavement was accidentally discovered, of which a Mrs. Down, who then resided at Warminster, being apprised, she visited the spot, examined it carefully, made further successful researches, took drawings of the remains, and transmitted them to the late Daines Barrington, who communicating the same to the Antiquarian Society, they were published in the *Archæologia* of 1787. The additional discoveries of Mrs. Down consisted of a Mosaic pavement; part of a portico, fifty-six feet long

by ten feet wide; the flooring of a beautiful apartment, formed of tesserae, on which lay a mutilated statue of Diana, as it was supposed, with a hare at her feet. Of this pavement the greater part was preserved, taken up, and conveyed to Longleat, by order of the late Marquis of Bath, where it now is.

After the curiosity of the public had been gratified, the discoveries were neglected and forgotten, and no person had spirit enough to pursue any researches in Pitmead, from the year 1787 to the present summer, when Mr. Cunnington, of Heytesbury, (a very respectable dealer in the woollen line, who has long pursued, with considerable success, antiquarian investigations) discovered another pavement, composed of tesserae, nineteen feet three inches square. Being much mutilated, great part of its original beauty was lost, but sufficient remained to prove that its design had been beautiful, and its execution good. It consisted of a circular area, inclosed within a square frame, edged on the inside with a neat border, and another on the outside with a labyrinth fret; a bird and flowers seemed to have formed the ornaments of the area. A grand portico was found also at the same time, sixty feet in length and ten

in breadth; and many circumstances occurred to render it probable, that it had stretched originally to the length of one hundred and forty feet. Remains of a sudatory, and a hypocaust, tubellated bricks for heating the same, tiles, tesserae, &c. in vast profusion, and another unintelligible foundation, were laid open; which seemed to evince, that the villa to which they belonged was not inferior in size or accommodations to either of those of which Pliny the younger has left us such minute accounts.

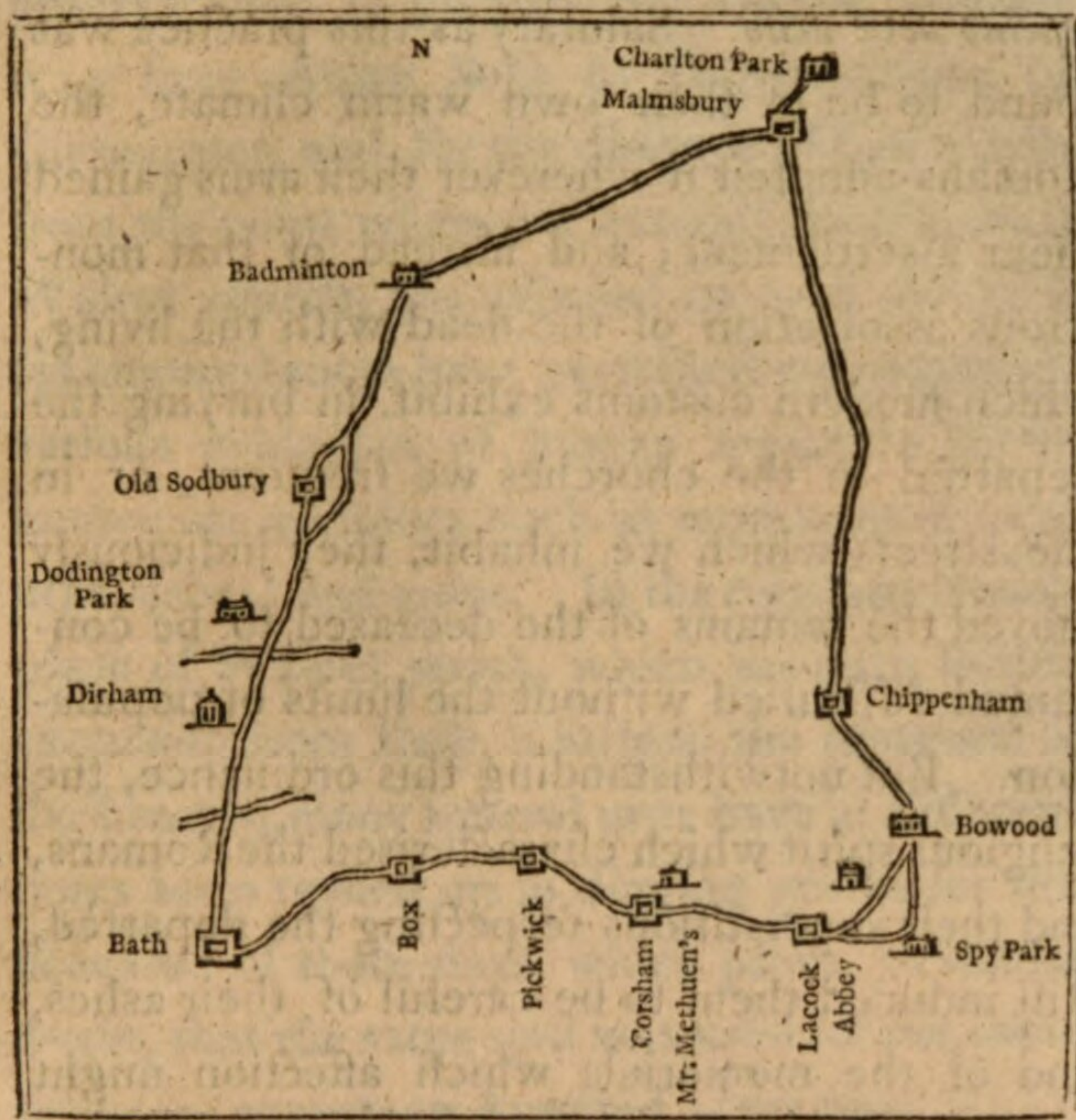
The woollen manufactories of Trowbridge, famous for its cloth trade, and those of its rival Bradford, are worthy inspection; and in the church of the latter town, is a most beautiful window of painted glass, representing, in the perfection of the art, various portions of scripture history, brought from abroad at considerable expence by a Mr. Ferret, and presented to the parish. The liberal donor is commemorated by a monument, placed beneath the window.

The frequent recurrence of hill and dale notify our approach to the romantic country about Bath; and the road passing through the singu-

lar villages of Freshford and Stoke, offers innumerable beauties to the traveller. The meandering Avon catches his eye occasionally, as well as the Canal, which, like a new friend, adheres most lovingly to its side, presenting its different aqueducts to our notice; particularly that which is called the Dundas aqueduct, a magnificent piece of architecture, with a large central semi-circular arch, and two lateral elliptical ones. Winding up the hill, the road then ascends to the Brass-Knocker, a neat public-house; and after indulging the admirer of nature with one of the most varied landscapes in this part of Britain, drops gently down a long hill to Widcombe, and concludes the *excursion*, by conducting the traveller again into Bath, over the Old Bridge.

Your's, &c.

R. W.



EXCURSION II.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, Sept. 14th, 1800.

AMONGST the laws of the twelve Tables, most of which are founded in the soundest sense, and bear the marks of the greatest political wisdom, we meet with one prohibiting the burying or burning of the dead within the walls of the city; *Hominem mortuum in urbe ne*

sepelito neve urito. Salutory as this practice was found to be in their own warm climate, the Romans adopted it wherever their arms gained them a settlement; and instead of that monstrous association of the dead with the living, which modern customs exhibit, in burying the departed in the churches we frequent, or in the streets which we inhabit, they judiciously moved the remains of the deceased to be consumed or buried without the limits of population. But notwithstanding this ordinance, the religious spirit which characterised the Romans, and their superstitions respecting the departed, still induced them to be careful of their ashes, and of the memorials which affection might erect in remembrance of them. They, therefore, established their burial-places in the immediate neighbourhood of their cities; and in order to strengthen the moral sentiment, and give corroboration to piety, they celebrated the obsequies, and erected the monuments of the dead, on the *side of the public roads*, that the traveller might be brought to the contemplation of his own mortality, and led to reflect, that his life, like his journey, must quickly come to an end.

The road by which we leave Bath in the present *excursion* affords an illustration of these

observations; it pursues the ancient military way from Aquæ Solis to Durocovinium, or Cirencester, and, for the distance of half a mile from the point whence it extends itself beyond Walcot church, has afforded on each side of it (as circumstances have permitted investigation) various evidences of human sepulture in its immediate vicinity; such as monumental *cippi*, urns, ashes, and coins. In the common burial-place of Walcot parish, which we pass, in this excursion from Bath, a little to the eastward of the church, many funeral urns have at different times been turned up in digging graves for the deceased of these days, which prove, beyond a doubt, that the same spot was used for the same purposes seventeen hundred years ago.

The noble line of edifices, called Grosvenor-buildings, ranging themselves to the right of the road, and forming the north-eastern extremity to the elegant city of Bath, afford a striking warning to those who have the *mania* of building upon them, to resist so destructive a propensity; and not to extend their speculations beyond the population of the place where they commence them. To build houses and lay out streets may be easily and speedily done, but to find inhabitants to fill them afterwards,

is a process of more trouble and time. A city or town has seldom such a superfluity of people, as to be able to spare tenants for any considerable addition of houses, and as to *new settlers*, they come individually and accidentally, and consequently cannot be looked up to by the builder as a sufficient dependence for the return of that money which he has expended on his speculation.

Our road passes through the villages of Bath-easton and Bathford, ancient dependencies on the monastery of the neighbouring city, having to the right the river Avon flowing through rich meadows, and bounded by that belt of hills which defend the happy vale of Bath from the storms of the south and east. But as we proceed and climb the lofty hill of Haselbury, on the further side of Box, the view becomes more wide and diversified. Bath is now removed into the distance, and appears at the termination of the winding valley, “uncertain if beheld;” an indistinctness that cloaths it with great majesty, as its crescents and higher streets blend into only one building, and give the idea of a solitary castellated edifice, of unlimited dimensions. On entering Pickwick, we turn

to the right, and at the distance of a mile enter Corsham, a village which in former times was made part of the dower of the queens of England, at the time when it was customary to settle on the royal consort part of the demesnes of the crown, for providing her with various articles of her attire, and other necessaries for her person and situation. To the faithful companion of Edward I. Corsham, together with Bath, were given in dower; and though the latter was shortly afterwards resumed, and bestowed upon Robert Burnell Bishop of Bath and Wells, yet the former seems to have continued its services to this amiable princess as long as she lived. The Earls of Cornwall, in subsequent times, claimed it as a part of their extensive fiefs. Afterwards, the heroes of the Hungerford family became possessed of the village and manor, and made Corsham one of their residences. The latter at length vested in the Methuens, and is at present possessed by their lineal descendant Paul Methuen, esq. The mansion of this gentleman, containing one of the richest collections of pictures in the kingdom, is situated towards the eastern extremity of the park, which, though neither grand nor extensive, consisting entirely of level ground, af-

fords some fine views, and a frequent recurrence of the pleasing scenery, which brings to mind the landscape of Poussin. The house, till within these three or four years, presented three fronts—the northern, the eastern, and the southern; which, though built at different periods, had, all of them, some general resemblance of the Gothic character, which its respective architects had preserved in their additions and alterations. At present the old northern front is no more, and upon its ruins have arisen one of the proudest and best-built specimens of modern Gothic that the kingdom can produce, the design and execution of Mr. Nash, architect. It consists of three rooms, a dining-room to the west, a music-room at the opposite extremity, and in the centre a lofty octagon apartment, rising above its lateral companions. This is supported without by flying buttresses, which give a surprising richness and grandeur to the plan. All these apartments are intended to be finished and fitted up in the highest style of modern taste; the music-room will exhibit a particularly beautiful specimen of grand design, being coved, and lighted by oval windows disposed in the coving, and glazed with coloured glass. At present the chief en-

trance is on the south, by an approach through an avenue as wide as the front, formed by two lofty clipped hedges, imbedded in which are bad vases and tasteless statues, extremely incongruous to the Gothic edifice, that terminates the avenue. If we might venture to suggest any alterations in this part, they would be, to rout out these bad imitations of classical sculpture from their leafy retreats, and to pull down the stables and offices which intrude themselves upon the eye, immediately in front of the house, without the gate of the avenue.

The apartment now constructing for the reception of the pictures is a room new in design and grand in its effect. It measures one hundred and six feet in length, to which the proportions of its height and breadth are happily adjusted. A light gallery, supported by slender clustered shafts, with plain bases and capitals, runs round the sides of the room, and is ascended at each end by a double flight of steps—one sweeping to the right, the other to the left, and both uniting at the top. Rich Gothic ornaments decorate its groined roof, and with an unusual association, unite great majesty with airy elegance. Destined to receive Mr. Methuen's valuable paintings, this

sumptuous apartment is preparing with all expedition for that purpose. As its intended furniture is at present lying in disorder and irregularity, scattered through the different rooms of the lower part of the house, they cannot, of course, be seen to advantage; a slight mention, therefore, of the most capital pieces, as they occur in their present situation, must content you.

We begin with the *octagon-room*, in which are the following choice works,

Head of Christ, by L. Carracci.—The Corinthian making his will, by N. Poussin.—A Boy blowing bubbles; very fine, by Hannibal Carracci.—Angel and Child, by Carlo Dolce.—Dead Christ, by Teniers, copied from Bourdon.

In the adjoining *bed-room*, amongst many others, is a large and most capital picture of Hounds and Foxes, by Sneyders.

In the *drawing-room* are,

A Head, by Corregio.—Virgin and Child, by Murillo.—St. Augustine's Extacy, *clair obscur*, by Vandyke.—Lot and his Daughters, by Lolli.—Landscape, by Claude Lorraine.—Christ blessing Bread, by Carlo Dolce.—Head of Christ, by Perdonene.—Crucifixion, by Tintoret.—Landscape, by G. Poussin.

Christ and Woman of Samaria, by Guercino. The head of Christ is touched in a most masterly manner; and that of the woman exhibits an expression of sweetness and placidity peculiarly interesting. It is generally supposed to be a portrait of the favourite female of Guercino; and what strengthens the suspicion is, that he has introduced the same head into some of his other capital pictures, particularly that of Hagar's banishment by Abraham; where this striking countenance, full of the most amiable expression, occurs in the person of the unkindly-treated hind-maid.*

A Portrait, by Quintin Matsis, of Antwerp, the far-famed blacksmith painter; whose ponderous hammer was converted into an artist's pencil, in order to obtain the object of his affections. But though he succeeded with his mistress, he wooed the imitative art in vain; for the coarse and heavy hand of the blacksmith, evident in all his works, manifests that he never attained to excellence as a painter.

* An admirable study of this excellent picture may be seen at Mr. Solomon Williams', of Bath, (historical and portrait painter, and member of the Clementine Academy:) An artist who, by an attentive and long study of the best works in Italy, has caught no small portion of the conception and execution of some of its first masters.

A Saint, by Carlo Dolce.

Sir Brian Tuke, by Holbein. He was treasurer of the chambers to Henry VIII.—Holy Family, by Parmegiano.—Landscape and Storm, by N. Poussin. One regrets that in so fine a picture some of the figures should be disproportionably large.—Christ and Nicodemus, by Guercino.—Virgin and Child, by Raphael, in his first manner; exquisite softness in the countenance of the virgin, and a divine innocence in that of the child.—Taking Christ from the Cross, by Rubens.—Holy Family, by P. Veronese; the man in armour is said to be the artist himself.—Portrait of a Woman, by Mabuse.

In the large *saloon*, called the *picture-gallery*, a magnificent apartment, "*clara micante auro, flammisque imitante pyropo*," are as follow:

David and Abigail, by Rubens.—Landscape, by Claude.—Tancred and Arminia, by Peter de Cortona.—Charity, by Vandyke.

Ludowick first Duke of Richmond and Lenox, whole length, by Vandyke; lord great chamberlain, and admiral, of Scotland; son to Esme Stuart Duke of Lenox, and grandson to John Lord De Aubigne, great-uncle to James I. With that monarch Ludowick had considerable influence, and, unlike many of the favourites of the

“ minion-kissing king,” seems to have well deserved the honours which were conferred upon him by the futile monarch; the earldom of Newcastle, and dukedom of Richmond. *He died suddenly in 1623.*

Silenus and groupe, *clair obscur*, by Rubens.—The Treachery of Judas, and seizing of Christ, a noble large picture, by Vandyke.—Marriage of St. Catherine, by Guercino.

Three Children, by Mabuse. Arthur, Henry, and Margaret, two sons and a daughter of Henry VII. The first died in the seventeenth year of his age; the second succeeded to the throne; and the third became Queen of Scotland. Mabuse came to England in the end of Henry VIIIth's reign, and continued here a short time. Mabuse is more famous for clearness of colouring, and high finishing, than delicacy, freedom, or softness; but he makes up for stiffness by powerful likeness.

Wolf and Fox hunting, by Rubens; in which are introduced the portraits of himself and family.—Holy Family, by Old Palma.—Baptism of Christ, by Lanfranc.—Head, by Guercino; the powerful light and shade of this picture evince, that it was painted by the artist, as was a frequent practice with him, by candle-light.

—Plague of Bologna, and Saints praying to the Virgin, by Guido.—Dead Christ, by H. Carracci.—David and Goliath's head, by L. Spada.—Destruction of Innocents, by Vandyke.—Our Saviour at the Pharisee's house, by Carlo Dolce.—Allegorical Painting, emblematical of the Virtues, by Titian.—Inside of a Church, by Stenwyck.—Head of a Rabbi, by Rembrandt.

Large Landscape ; and Baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch ; by John Both : the latter is remarkable for warmth of colouring, and may be reckoned one of the best pictures in the collection.

Lewis Prince Palatine, by Vandyke ; grandson of James I. by Elizabeth (his daughter) Queen of Bohemia, and wife of the Elector Frederick.

Killegrew, by Dobson, an artist called by King Charles I. the English Tintoret. Thomas Killegrew was the facetious droll of the licentious court of Charles II. ; he had been page of honour to Charles I. and continuing attached to the fortunes of his family, was made gentleman of the royal bed-chamber by his son ; who conferred on him the further honour of the envoyship at Venice. Killegrew, indeed, seems to have deserved the confidence of his master, as he more than once recalled him, by well-timed buffoonery, from measures and con-

duct as disgraceful as dangerous. Amongst other anecdotes of him, it is said, that perceiving Charles to be too much engaged with his mistresses, and too little with his counsellors, he habited himself in the weeds of a pilgrim, and proceeding to the king's chamber, told him he had renounced the world, and was going on a pilgrimage to hell. "What wilt thou do there?" said the Monarch. "I will desire the devil," replied Killegrew, "to send Oliver Cromwell back again to England, to take charge of the government; as your Majesty must be aware, that your own time is too much employed by this amusement, to attend to such business."

· Last Supper, by Tintoret.—Pilgrim's Head, by Guercino.—Fair at Mexico, a most curious picture, by Murillo.

In the *library* is a good portrait of *Sir Charles Lucas*, "who, for his signal loyalty and bravery during the civil wars, and gallant defence of Colchester, was cruelly shot to death, Aug. 28, 1648. He was uncle of Charles Lord Lucas, the father of Mrs. Carye and Mr. Selfe." Lucas defended Colchester for three months, when the ammunition of the garrison being reduced to one barrel and a half

of powder, and the provision to two horses and a dog; he surrendered to Fairfax; who, provoked at the gallantry of this hero, ordered him, and his friend Sir George Lisle, to be shot on the very day the Parliamentary army entered the town.

Three miles from Corsham-house is Laycock Abbey, the seat of the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury, situated at the eastern extremity of a village of the same name. The mansion and its adjuncts, from the entrance gate, form a very pleasing picture: a Gothic building, with an irregular but elegant front, situated in a wide and fertile flat, sprinkled with venerable trees, through which winds the Avon, yet an infant stream, leading its humble waters (to the right of the house) under a small old stone bridge with pointed arches; the whole backed by distant hills, richly wooded.

On passing on to the house, however, an ornament occurs, close to the road on the left, which assimilates but badly with the Gothic costume of every thing around; two splendid classical pillars, of the Corinthian order, supporting on their entablature a very finely carved Sphynx; the whole forming a choice specimen

of masonry, and only to be objected against, because it is injudiciously placed. Formerly a nunnery, founded by Ela Countess of Salisbury in 1242, Laycock Abbey still preserves, almost entire, several members of the original building, such as its north and east fronts, and a quadrangle and cloister, in perfect preservation; in the latter of which, under a slab, are said to be deposited the remains of the foundress. The dormitory also is shewn; such a wretched hole as fully justified the fair nun in her attempt to escape (according to the tradition in the family) from a place, where even fatigue could not find a comfortable place to repose its weary head in, and lessens our wonder at the desperate leap which she took from the parapet to the grass-plot below. The dwelling-rooms are neither elegant, nor curious in their contents, except that a few portraits, scattered through them, bring back recollection to the ancient renown of the Talbot family.

In the *picture gallery* are,

Henry VII. and *Elizabeth*, his queen; by his marriage with whom he united the houses of York and Lancaster, and terminated the ruinous jarrings which had subsisted so long between them.

Sir Gilbert Talbot, 1516, third son of John the second Earl of Shrewsbury. In early life he followed mercantile employments, being a mercer of London, and merchant of the staple at Calais; but afterwards attached himself to a military life, and commanded the right wing of the Earl of Richmond's army at the battle of Bosworth. High in the favour of Henry VII. he was sent by him to the assistance of the Emperor Maximilian, and afterwards as ambassador to Rome; and finally honoured with the Order of the Garter. He died Sept. 19, 1516.

Sir Harry Slingsby, a steady adherent to Charles I.; for whose service he raised a body of six hundred horse at his own expence, and joined the royal army. Having served his unfortunate master with the utmost gallantry and activity till his decapitation, he was equally faithful to his son; but being at length taken prisoner, he was confined at Hull; where being convicted of tampering with some of the officers to deliver up that garrison to the king's forces, he was tried and beheaded June 8, 1658.

Gilbert Talbot, son of George Talbot; an admirable old portrait.

Olivia, daughter of William Sharrington, and wife of John Talbot, esq; 1580, ætat 50. By

this lady Laycock Abbey came into the Talbot family, she being the grand-daughter of Sir Henry Sharrington, who received a grant of this religious house, and its demesne, from Henry VIII.

In the *dining-room* are,

Charles I. by Vandyke.—*Henry VIII.* said to be an original.

Over the fire-place, a large allegorical painting, probably by Dominichino; containing a groupe of emblematical figures, intended to represent the different arts and sciences. Like all other allegorical pictures, it is objectionable because difficult to be understood; for as Lord Orford well observes, “you must be a natural
“philosopher, before you can decypher the vo-
“cation of one of their simplified divinities;
“their dog, or their bird, or their goat, or their
“implement, or the colour of their cloaths,
“must all be expounded before you know who
“the person is to whom they belong, and for
“what virtue the hero is to be celebrated who
“has all this hyeroglyphic cattle around him.”

But of all the apartments in the house the *hall* is the most noble, and best worth attention; majestic in dimensions, just in its proportions, and curious in its decorations. These consist

of various figures in *terra cotta*, moulded with most exquisite art, and fixed in little Gothic niches formed in the walls of the side and ends. Whimsical, indeed, is the association discovered here of saints and emperors, apostles and poets, nuns and warriors; heads of kings, and heads of bulls; skeletons, figures without arms, &c. all executed with infinite spirit, and leading one to conclude, that the artist, with the utmost wildness of imagination, must have possessed the complete mastery of his business. I could not learn his name, but France had the honour of numbering him among her ingenious sons.

In our way to Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdown, we leave on our right-hand Spy-Park, Sir Edward Bayntun's house, remarkable for having been the residence of the greatest wit, the greatest profligate, and the greatest penitent, of the seventeenth century—the Earl of Rochester; a wit, however, that like an *ignis fatuus*, only hovered over bogs and fens, and played off its coruscations but to draw the unwary into destruction. He made mankind, at last, all the recompence in his power, by leaving behind him an awful example of that remorse and agony, which they must sooner or

later suffer, who have employed their talents to invalidate the obligations of piety; to encourage the inordinances of passion; to decoy their brother into the broad path of eternal misery; and to laugh him out of his dread of sin and his love of virtue. An admirable situation has been chosen for the house, which stands towards the south-western extremity of the park, and is an ancient building, with the principal front fitted up in a modern taste. The distant prospect from it is extensive and magnificent; but the home view has been considerably injured by the havock made lately amongst its woods. A superstitious regard for these beautiful natural ornaments of his grounds prevented the late owner from ever suffering the axe to approach them; his successor, however, does not appear to feel the influence of this veneration, since the destroying angel has been commissioned to deal an undistinguishing destruction thro' the woods of Spy-park, and the demesne is now nearly as bare as Salisbury-plain.

Very different from this desolating system is that which the noble owner of Bowood has pursued in laying out the park of that mansion. Here the bounty of Nature is most happily aided by the hand of Art, directed by the chaste

taste of the Marquis, under whose order every tree has been planted, every walk disposed, and every ornament introduced. At first, indeed, his lordship, with too much diffidence in the comprehensiveness of his own mind, and the universality of his own powers, was induced to employ Mr. Brown in the disposition of the pleasure-grounds at Bowood; but after the expenditure of considerable sums, he found it necessary to undo whatever had been done; for instead of the great and the sublime, all was little and insignificant. In the room of the grand road which now encircles the grounds, and imitates the wide sweeps of untamed nature, the *artist* had introduced a *serpentine walk*; a hint caught originally from the unsteady steps of a drunken man, or intended, by a contemptible imposition upon the mind, to give the appearance of greater extension (by leading the weary feet through the obliquities of a zig-zag) in spots where more freedom is precluded by confined limits. All this *littleness*, however, was soon banished from the grounds of Bowood, when his lordship, aided by the superlative taste of Mr. Hamilton, of Pains-Hill, began his operations. From that time, variety, simplicity, and grandeur, have characterised this

spot; the *first* produced by the singular inequality of the grounds, which fall into nine depressions, each marked with different features, and possessing its little sacred and distinct stream; the *last* arising from the judicious improvements of his lordship, which have been chiefly confined to cloathing well-chosen spots with plantations; avoiding all meretricious decoration, in order to preserve that agreeable air of chastened wildness, which Nature displays when she chooses to appear in all her charms.

The only ornaments are, a mausoleum, erected for the reception of the remains of the late Earl of Shelburne, which pushes its summit from the mass of wood rising to the west; some seats, after a classical plan taken at Herculaneum, very appropriate here, as several notices have occurred to evince the presence of the Romans in Bowood park; and a mass of rock work, designed by Mr. Lane, who exhibited the earliest specimen of his talents in the construction of a grotto, on a very small scale, at Fonthill. The structure was formed of *tumblers* found near the spot; and though a little objectionable at first from a formality in its execution, it is now so broken and relieved by planting, as to afford a picturesque object to the eye.

The rides and walks are broad and open, letting in views of the distant country, which offers many grand and beautiful features, such as the rich country of North-Wiltshire, Round-away-Hill, Oldbury-Castle, and the various nameless elevations of Gloucestershire on the right, and Somerset on the left. In short, when we compare the grounds of Bowood as they now are, with what they were when laid out by Bridgeman, the famous gardener, one hundred and fifty years ago, and which they continued to be till they came into the possession of the present Marquis, (a comparison we are enabled to make by an ancient plan of them preserved in the house) we shall be content to allow, that no small degree of admiration is due to that plastic hand, which, with a sort of magical power, could convert the formality of ancient horticulture into the simplicity of modern gardening, turn matted copses into open plantations, and exchange stag-headed pollards for magnificent trees.

Bowood-house claims no particular attention for the splendour of its architecture or the extent of its design; the body of it is only eighty feet in front, but to this were added, by the late lord, at sixty feet distance, two courts and

offices, three hundred feet in front, which the present possessor afterwards connected with the main building by a colonnade, from a plan of a similar member of Dioclesian's vast palace at Spalatro in Dalmatia. In the interior, convenience has been chiefly studied; the rooms being so judiciously arranged as to leave the body of the house entirely free for the reception of guests. The family apartments are thus completely distinct from the other, and their inmates enabled to enjoy that independence which is too frequently found to be sacrificed in the accommodation of visitors at other places. The style of living at Bowood evinces that old English hospitality is not incompatible with modern elegance; since, if the drawing-room display the latter above-stairs, the servants'-hall affords a good specimen of the former below; a public regale of beef and ale being given every Sunday to the tenants and farmers. In no other house in England do foreigners find their reception so cordial, and so agreeable, as at the Marquis of Lansdown's; and the affability of the noble host, united with the intellectual entertainment which a constant literary circle affords to the guest, have induced more than one illustrious emigrant to acknow-

ledge, that ‘the pains of memory’ have been suspended, and the sufferings of exile forgotten, during the hours they have passed in this Tusculan retreat of taste and science.

The contents of the *library* would be worthy particular mention, if belonging to any other person than the proprietor of that unrivalled collection at Lansdown-House, who considers the library at Bowood only as the receptacle of duplicates, and the numerous volumes of prints there as mere *drogues*. In the same room is the portrait of

Sir William Petty, by Closterman; one of those commanding geniusses (the production of Nature in her happiest moments) who rise superior to the disadvantages of situation, and (to use an expression of the character before us) “hew out their fortunes for themselves,” without any other aid than their own native energies of mind. At the early age of fifteen Petty had travelled through the whole round of science, and made himself master of all the abstruser branches of human knowledge. He chose physic for his profession, by which he attained honour, celebrity, and riches; but shone more particularly in the line of political arithmetic and general œconomics. His essays on

these subjects will ever remain glorious monuments of the beneficial purposes to which he applied the powers of his gigantic mind. He died Dec. 16, 1687.

In the *anti-chamber* are,

Oliver Cromwell, by Walker; this portrait was heretofore in the collection of his present Majesty; given by him to Dalton, the late librarian, and afterwards purchased at his sale. Johnson has observed of Burke, “that if you met
“him for the first time in a street, when you
“were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you
“and he stepped aside but for a few minutes,
“he’d talk to you in such a manner, that when
“you parted, you would say, this is an extraor-
“dinary man.” An original portrait of Cromwell impresses the mind with a similar idea; we discern a cast of countenance that evinces deep penetration, acute sagacity, unconquerable resolution, and inflexible perseverance; darkened at the same time with dissimulation, and scowling with cruelty. We acknowledge a mingled character, one of those associations, which, fortunately for human society, occur but seldom—of stupendous natural talent with equal mental deformity.

Dean Swift, a full length, by Jarvis; ill-natured in his satire, petulant in his politics, and indecent in his wit. A writer whose works (though they exhibit constant examples of a powerful fancy, and comprehensive knowledge) are not calculated either to give confidence to virtue, or corroboration to morality.

Sir Isaac Newton, so called, but doubtful. The sublime intellect of this great man, which seemed to catch a light beyond the reach of humanity, is happily indicated in the following celebrated lines:—

“ Nature, and Nature’s laws, lay hid in night:

“ God said, ‘ Let Newton be!’ and all was light.”

The ceiling and pannels of the *drawing-room* are painted by Cipriani, which are further adorned with,

A Sea Beach, the joint work of three great modern artists—Barrett, S. Gilpin, and Cipriani; in which each seems to have endeavoured to excel the other. The landscape is by the first, the cattle by the second, and the figures by the third.

Sea Piece, by Pococke.—A brilliant Landscape, by Gainsborough.—A Sunset, by Deane.—Landscape, by Wilson.—Two Landscapes,

by Zuccarelli.—Fall of Tivoli, by Julien.—St. George and Dragon, copy from Guido.

The *cube-room* contains,

Sophia Lady Granville, whole length, daughter of the nobleman represented in the next portrait, viz.

Thomas first Earl of Pomfret, half-length; he married

Henrietta Lousia, (half length) daughter of John Lord Jefferies, who purchased the Arundel marbles, and afterwards presented them to the University of Oxford.

Family Piece, consisting of *John Lord Jefferies*, (son of the infamous Judge) his wife, son, and daughter. This nobleman, a fashionable profligate, is on record only for his vice and worthlessness. The following anecdote of a drunken frolic, at the funeral of Dryden, in which he made a conspicuous figure, will at once evince his want of decency and sense:

“ Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednesday morn-
 “ ing, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then Bishop of Ro-
 “ chester and Dean of Westminster, sent the
 “ next day to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr.
 “ Dryden’s widow, that he would make a pre-
 “ sent of the ground, which was forty pounds,
 “ with all the other abbey-fees. The Lord

“ Halifax likewise sent to the Lady Elizabeth,
 “ and Mr. Charles Dryden, her son, that if they
 “ would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he
 “ would inter him with a gentleman’s private
 “ funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred
 “ pounds on a monument in the abbey; which,
 “ as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted.
 “ On the Saturday following the company came,
 “ the corpse was put into a velvet hearse, and
 “ eighteen mourning coaches, filled with com-
 “ pany, attended. When they were just ready
 “ to move, the Lord Jefferies, son of the Lord
 “ Chancellor Jefferies, with some of his rakish
 “ companions, coming by, asked whose funeral
 “ it was: and being told Mr. Dryden’s, he
 “ said, ‘ What, shall Dryden, the greatest ho-
 ‘ nour and ornament of the nation, be buried
 ‘ after this private manner! No, gentlemen, let
 ‘ all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his
 ‘ memory, alight and join with me in gaining
 ‘ my lady’s consent to let me have the honour
 ‘ of his interment, which shall be after another
 ‘ manner than this; and I will bestow a thou-
 ‘ sand pounds on a monument in the abbey for
 ‘ him.’ The gentlemen in the coaches, not
 “ knowing of the Bishop of Rochester’s favour,
 “ nor of the Lord Halifax’s generous design,

“ (they both having, out of respect to the family,
 “ enjoined the Lady Elizabeth, and her son, to
 “ keep their favour concealed to the world, and
 “ let it pass for their own expence) readily came
 “ out of their coaches, and attended Lord Jef-
 “ feries up to the lady’s bedside, who was then
 “ sick. He repeated the purport of what he
 “ had before said; but she absolutely refusing,
 “ he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till
 “ his request was granted. The rest of the
 “ company, by his desire, kneeled also; and the
 “ lady, being under a sudden surprise, fainted
 “ away. As soon as she recovered her speech,
 “ she cried, *No, no.* ‘Enough, gentlemen,’ re-
 “ plied he, ‘my lady is very good, she says,
 “ *Go, go.*’ She repeated her former words with
 “ all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble
 “ voice was lost in their acclamations of joy;
 “ and the Lord Jefferies ordered the hearseman
 “ to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel’s, an under-
 “ taker in Cheapside, and leave it there till he
 “ should send orders for the embalment, which,
 “ he added, should be after the royal manner.
 “ His directions were obeyed, the company
 “ dispersed, and Lady Elizabeth and her son
 “ remained inconsolable. The next day Mr.
 “ Charles Dryden waited on the Lord Halifax

“ and the Bishop, to excuse his mother and him-
 “ self, by relating the real truth. But neither
 “ his Lordship nor the Bishop would admit of
 “ any plea, especially the latter, who had the
 “ abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir
 “ attending, an anthem ready set, and himself
 “ waiting for some time without any corpse to
 “ bury. The undertaker, after three days ex-
 “ pectance of orders for embalment without
 “ receiving any, waited on the Lord Jefferies;
 “ who, pretending ignorance of the matter,
 “ turned it off with an ill-natured jest, saying,
 “ that those who observed the orders of a
 “ drunken frolic deserved no better; that he
 “ remembered nothing at all of it; and that he
 “ might do what he pleased with the corpse.
 “ Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the
 “ Lady Elizabeth and her son, and threatened
 “ to bring the corpse home, and set it before
 “ the door. They desired a day’s respite, which
 “ was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote a
 “ handsome letter to the Lord Jefferies, who
 “ returned it with this cool answer:—‘ That he
 “ knew nothing of the matter, and would be
 “ troubled no more about it.’ He then ad-
 “ dressed the Lord Halifax and the Bishop of
 “ Rochester, who absolutely refused to do any

“ thing in it. In this distress Dr. Garth sent
 “ for the corpse to the College of Physicians,
 “ and proposed a funeral by subscription, to
 “ which himself set a most noble example. At
 “ last a day, about three weeks after Mr. Dry-
 “ den’s decease, was appointed for the inter-
 “ ment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin ora-
 “ tion, at the college, over the corpse; which
 “ was attended to the abbey by a numerous
 “ train of coaches. When the funeral was
 “ over, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to
 “ the Lord Jefferies, who refusing to answer it,
 “ he sent several others, and went often him-
 “ self; but could neither get a letter delivered,
 “ nor admittance to speak to him; which so
 “ incensed him, that he resolved, since his
 “ Lordship refused to answer him like a gen-
 “ tleman, that he would watch an opportunity
 “ to meet, and fight off-hand, though with all
 “ the rules of honour; which his Lordship
 “ hearing, left the town; and Mr. C. Dryden
 “ could never have the satisfaction of meeting
 “ him, though he sought it till his death, with
 “ the utmost application.”

Georgiana Carolina Lady Cowper, grandmother
 of the present Earl Spencer.

Frances Marchioness Tweedale, her sister.

John Earl of Grenville, when young, with a gun.

Ann, daughter and heiress of Sir W. Petty, and wife of Thomas Lord Kerry, three-quarters.

Gertrude, late Duchess of Bedford; a beautiful head.

The *statesman's chamber* contains,

John Earl of Granville, president of the council in 1751.—*John Lord Berkely*, of Stratton, treasurer of the Household 1755.

Sir Robert Walpole; who gave this portrait of himself to his disappointed candidate at the Chippenham contest, the ill success of which occasioned the downfall of this great political character. The countenance is smiling, seemingly at the credulity of mankind. An observation has been attributed to him, but powerfully disclaimed by his son, "that every man had his price." Whether he ever made such a declaration may be doubtful; but that he thought so, may be fairly inferred from viewing this picture.

Lord Chatham; great, wise, good, and patriotic; who died, as he lived, the eloquent advocate of constitutional liberty.

Dunning Lord Ashburton, one of the many *protégés* of the noble Marquis; who has the honour and happiness of reflecting, that whilst he

was at the head of the Cabinet, he added but one name to the list of Peers, that of Dunning; a man that may be said rather to have graced title, than to have been dignified by it.

In the *small breakfast-room* we find,

Henrietta Maria, a beautiful three-quarter picture, by Rubens.—*Henry Danvers Earl of Danby*, a whole length, by Vandyke; duplicates were in the Wooburn and Houghton collections.

In the *warrior's room* are,

The present *Duke of Brunswick*.—*Prince Ferdinand*.—*Count La Lippe*.—*General Clarke*.

General Washington, whose memory must always be embalmed in the recollection of every friend of civil liberty. Never was the eulogium of the poet more deservedly bestowed than that which a *bard of freedom*, (Mr. Crowe, public orator at Oxford) has applied to the assertor of the rights of America.

“ Blest are they

“ Who in life's toilsome journey may make pause

“ After a march of glory: yet not such

“ As rise in *causeless war*, troubling the world

“ By their mad quarrel; and in fields of blood

“ Hail'd victors; thence renown'd, and call'd on earth

“ Kings, heroes, demigods; but in high heaven

“ Thieves, ruffians, murderers; these find no repose:

“ Then rather, patriot Conqueror, to thee

“ Belongs such rest ; who in the western world,

“ Thine own delivered country, for thyself

“ Hast planted an immortal grove ; and there,

“ Upon the glorious mount of liberty

“ Reposing, sit'st beneath the palmy shade.”

Colonel Barré, when young.

In the *billiard-room* are,

Richard Mead, the celebrated physician; remarkable equally for his knowledge of medicine, and valuable discoveries in that science, his profound erudition, and intimate acquaintance with antiquarian subjects.

Boerhaave, the famous Dutch physician, and professor of medicine in the University of Leyden. His celebrity may be best conceived from the fact of his receiving a foreign letter, with this general address, “ To Boerhaave, Europe.”

Thomas Sydenham, an eminent English physician, who claims the merit of first adopting the *cool* mode of treating patients in the small-pox ; by which the disorder was robbed of half its former terrors. He also deserves the thanks of mankind for rendering the use of *laudanum* popular in acute diseases ; and for introducing the practice of restoring the exhausted frame, after debilitating disorders, by taking *bark* under various forms.

Theodore Mayerne, a copy from the original, by Rubens, lately purchased by the Marquis of Lansdown from the Besborough collection. Mayerne was an eminent physician of the seventeenth century, and had the honour of being retained in that capacity by four kings, Henry IV. of France, James I. of England, and the two Charles'. He ranks amongst the first physicians who made chemistry subservient to the medical art. After having practised with great success and credit for several years; published various books, amongst which was one of culinary condiments; he died in 1655, of the effects of *bad wine*, drunk at a tavern; and is said to have predicted the exact time of his death several days before it happened.

Queen Elizabeth, on pannel, with all the splendour of attire in which she is usually drawn.

James Duke of Monmouth.

Richard Gibson, usually called the *dwarf*, by Sir Peter Lely. This little gentleman was page of the back stairs to Charles I. who bestowed upon him a wife of proportionate height to himself; an union which excited the wit of Waller, displayed in some beautiful lines on "the Marriage of the Dwarf;" amongst which are the following:

" Design or chance makes others wive,
 " But Nature did this match contrive;
 " Eve might as well have Adam fled,
 " As she deny'd her little bed
 " To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame
 " And measure out this only dame."

Gibson arrived to some excellence as a painter, following both the portrait and historical branches. He studied under Sir Peter Lely; and afterwards had the honour of instructing the Princesses Mary and Anne, successively queens of England, in his art. He died July 23, 1690.

Edmund Waller, the poet, who first introduced harmony into English versification; neither was he deficient in force or fire, as his famous panegyric on Cromwell sufficiently evinces. As a popular speaker, also, he made a considerable figure in the troublesome scenes of the seventeenth century; and is said to have exhibited at an uncommon early age all the requisites of a complete orator.

Frederick Prince of Wales, and his *Princess*; with the *Princesses of Hesse, of Orange, and Amelia*; a conversation, in the manner of Hogarth; a very pleasing and interesting performance, throughout which a strong family likeness may be observed to prevail.

Pursuing our route by a course somewhat retrograde, we pass through Chippenham, a town of Saxon antiquity, and deriving its name from the large market which was held here as early as the eighth century. At present, it has no charms to detain the traveller from Malmsbury, another town, about ten miles distant; whose former fame not only lives in legendary story, but may be traced in the ruins of its monastery, which still remain. Geoffrey of Monmouth, the strenuous assertor of British antiquities, affirms, that both the town and its celebrated abbey owe their origin to Molmutius Dunvallo, a British monarch, some centuries previous to the Christian æra. But as the tales of Geoffrey are not now considered as high authority on this side the Severn, we must be content to drop about a thousand years of the age of the latter, and adopt Leland's more probable account, of its having been built by a West Saxon king, about twelve hundred years ago, at the solicitation of *Maidulphus*, whose name, somewhat corrupted and contracted, and assuming the Saxon termination of *burg* or *bury*, imposed upon the town its present appellation of Malmsbury. High in dignity, for he was a mitred abbot, and sat in the House

of Peers; and affluent in possessions, for the revenue of his monastery amounted to eight hundred pounds per annum; the Abbot of Malmesbury ranked next in importance to his brother of Glastonbury in this part of England; and entertained such a suite of honourable dependants as would form a respectable modern court. All the arts and sciences of the times were taught in his monastery; here Johannes Scotus instructed the Saxon youth in the muddy learning of the eighth century; and in the same society, the Monk William, librarian and precentor of the monastery, and surnamed of the place where he lived, wrote his valuable historical work, the most able and authentic production of the twelfth century. The august remains, indeed, of the abbey, which strike upon the eye before we reach the town, evince that the establishment must have been magnificent and extensive. They stand near the edge of a high level, which drops suddenly into a bottom, watered by a small rivulet, from which the opposite bank rises by a more gradual ascent. The part still existing of the old abbey is the greater portion of its cathedral, which, since the Reformation, has been converted into a parochial church. Of this all

the members testify considerable antiquity ; the arches, pillars, and mouldings, exemplifying that style denominated the *Saxon*; pure and unmixed with any later mode. The southern entrance claims particular attention from the peculiarity of its architecture, and the profusion and singularity of its ornaments; it exhibits two parts, a deep retiring arch, and a porch beyond it. Of these, the former exhibits eight mouldings, each about a foot in breadth, and gradually contracting their semicircles as they recede from the outward one. A waving branch, with lateral tendrils, occupies the first moulding; lozenges, overlaying each other, cover the second; sculptural representations of scripture history from the Old Testament, ornament the third; a repetition of the waving branch and tendril is seen on the fourth; a continuation of the scripture histories fills the fifth; the lozenges as before, with tendrils interwoven, the sixth; scripture histories the seventh; and tendrils the eighth. The porch within this complicated arch measures about fifteen feet in length, over the sides of which are spread small Saxon arches, surmounted by the figures of the twelve Apostles, six on each side, with an angel stretched over their heads. The

portal which admits to the church, is formed of three mouldings similar to those before described. Within the building all is consonant to the external members; the heavy round pillars, with plain capitals, supporting three tier of arches, the lowest and highest pointed, and the centre one round, bespeak a very high antiquity. Over the first tier on the southern side, a little stone structure projects from the wall into the nave, resembling a covered square balcony, with an opening or window towards the body of the church, grated apparently with iron bars. Various conjectures have been formed with respect to the original use of this additional structure, for it is certainly not coeval with the cathedral; but that which considers it as a cage for the reception of culprits condemned to do public penance, seems to come nearest to the truth.

A still greater curiosity would a piece of masonry be, (if the tradition told of it were authentic) in a little chapel at the south-east corner of the church. This is a cumbent figure, as large as life, in royal robes, with a lion at his feet, and a rich Gothic canopy at his head; the *ciceroni* is strenuous in maintaining it to be the representation of King Athelstone, who was buried

here; and, indeed, there is considerable resemblance between it and the figure of that monarch, on the reverse of his famous seal, of which I have seen a cast from the original in the possession of the late Gustavus Brander, esq; but at the same time it must be confessed, there are so many objections to the legitimacy of the tradition, as at best to leave the mind in a state of suspense. The altar-piece of the present church is formed by a wall closing up the great eastern arch of the nave, which, with three more towards the other cardinal points, supported the middle tower of this immense building. The northern arch, now without the church, is also perfect to the present day, and assumes a singular sweep inclining to the horse-shoe; the opposite hill, seen through its majestic opening, has a most agreeable and picturesque effect. The only fragment which the church-yard affords us, was the following laudatory epitaph on a table tomb, commemorating a medical character, of an uncommon name, but of great celebrity formerly in these parts:—

“ Here resteth the body of Abia Qui, gent. an eminent
 “ physician, who departed this life the ixth day of Oc-
 “ tober, 1675.”

" He by whose charter 1000^{ds} held their breath,
 " Lies here, the captive of triumphing death;
 " If drugs, or matchless skill, could life reclaim,
 " His life had been immortal as his fame!"

The lines carry the more interest with them, as they are said to be some of the 'earliest effusions of Oldham, the poet, who lived in the neighbourhood of Malmsbury.

Charlton-Park, the seat of the Earl of Suffolk, is situated one mile north of Malmsbury, in the midst of a fine level lawn, but so judiciously planted as to prevent all appearance of tameness or uniformity. The estate came into the family in the sixteenth century, by the marriage of Thomas Earl of Suffolk with Elizabeth daughter and co-heiress to Sir Henry Knevit, of Charlton; and the house was built in the succeeding century by the famous Inigo Jones. It is a most beautiful square structure, with projecting bows in each front, and finished above with tabernacled parapets and elegant pinnacles. A small quadrangular area originally occupied the interior of the building, at the corners of which rose four towers, each containing a stair-case; but the late possessor covered this in, and converted it into a magni-

ficent saloon. Various other alterations were proposed by him, which would have rendered the mansion one of the most magnificent in the kingdom; but death interrupted his schemes of improvement, and obliged him to leave the house in the unfinished state in which it has since remained. Many of the apartments are not habitable; but those in which the family resides, display a neatness and simplicity infinitely more agreeable to true taste, than all the glitter of expensive ornament.

The first room into which we are introduced is the *dining-room*, forty-four feet long, the ceiling stuccoed in a very superior style of elegance. It contains,

A very fine nameless portrait, probably of a distinguished personage, from the hawk upon the wrist; an usual accompaniment of nobility.

Our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem; a grand picture, by Paul Veronese.

Thomas 3d Lord Bruce, who attended Charles I. at his coronation in Scotland, when he was created Earl of Elgin; whole length, by Vandyke; and, by the same master, its companion,

Diana, daughter and co-heiress of William Earl of Exeter.

Cataline swearing the conspirators.

The *library* has a coved ceiling, and cannot be excelled in the *simplex munditiis*; over the fire-place is a very curious whole length of

Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas third son of the Lord Treasurer Suffolk; who married first, Sir John Harper, of Derbyshire; and secondly, William Cavendish Duke of Newcastle. She is dressed in black, the tight, stiff, and inconvenient *costume* of the age of Elizabeth and James I. with white shoes, and (though not a learned lady) *blue* stockings. Her petticoat has a Vandyke border, her stretched-out ruff is embroidered in the same form, and her sleeves and handkerchief display a profusion of needle-work.

In the *ante-room* are,

Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely; the dress extremely superb, and the picture as highly finished, as any one of the same personage, by this master, that I have as yet seen.

Lady Dorothy Cary, (whole length) first wife of William Knollys Earl of Banbury, comptroller to Queen Elizabeth.

Lady Isabella Rich, daughter of Robert Earl of Warwick, a whole length. The hair is very remarkable; of a light colour, and extremely profuse; and appears to have been in buckle, and afterwards combed over her shoulders.

Lady Mary Davis, as she is styled ; her name frequently appears as *Madame Davits* in the *dramatis personæ* of the Duke's theatre. She was mistress of Charles II. and mother to Mary Tudor Countess of Derwentwater. It was on this *Moll Davis*, as she was familiarly called, that her rival, Nell Gwynn, played a trick most fair, yet most foul, on the evening that she was engaged with the fickle monarch ; recorded in the *Memoirs of Count Gramont*.

Sir Edward Sackville, (whole length) younger brother to Richard Sackville Earl of Dorset, who succeeded him in his title and estate ; not less famed for elegance of manners than brilliancy of wit and superior courage. Early in life he was engaged in a duel with Edward Lord Bruce, of Kinloss, his intimate friend ; of which an interesting account is given in the *Guardian*. The issue of it proved fatal to the latter, though the origin has never been discovered. He was one of the commanders sent to the assistance of the imprudent Frederick, of Bohemia, 1620 ; appointed ambassador to the Court of France in the following year ; and at the battle of Edgehill, led the troops who recovered the royal standard. The execution of Charles I. is said to have affected him so

much, that he never after stirred out of his house in London, where he died 1652.

Anne Countess of Stamford, (whole length) wife of Henry first Earl of Dorset.

Richard Sackville third Earl of Dorset, (whole length) dressed in all the splendour that might be expected in one of the most celebrated characters of the times in which he shone; the friend of the accomplished Prince Henry, son of James I. He married Lady Anne Clifford, (daughter of George Earl of Cumberland) whose likeness is preserved in miniature at King's-Weston; but whose more beautiful portrait, at three different stages of life, is to be seen (with the head of Daniel the poet, her tutor) at Appleby-Castle. The shoe-ties of this whole length are of most extraordinary size, and, together with the bows at the knees, evince that the coxcomical taste for personal ornament, introduced into the English court by the vanity of Queen Elizabeth, still maintained its influence under the reign of her more phlegmatic successor.

Elizabeth Howard Countess of Banbury, daughter of Thomas Earl of Suffolk, (whole length.) She married William Knollys Earl of Banbury, by whom she had no issue; but shortly after

his death, took another husband, Nicholas Lord Vaux, and had two sons. These assumed the name of Knollys and title of Banbury, but were never summoned to Parliament, nor has the title been acknowledged; though it be still borne by the descendants.

Charles I. (whole length) by Vandyke, with this motto—*Laudesque manebunt.*

Thomas Earl of Suffolk, a very fine half length; lord treasurer and chancellor of Cambridge, son of Thomas fourth Duke of Norfolk. A variety of circumstances render his character remarkable; he was a volunteer in the memorable engagement with the Spanish Armada, and the subsequent expedition against Cadiz, where he distinguished himself by his courage and intrepidity. He suppressed the Earl of Essex's insurrection; attended Lord Monteagle in discovering the gunpowder plot; and built Audley-End, near Saffron-Walden, which, magnificent as it still appears, forms but a small part of the original stately structure, (according to Winstanley's 'Rare Views' of it.) He had the misfortune to be the father of the abandoned Frances Countess of Somerset, the divorced wife of Robert Earl of Essex; and the want of principle, to deserve dismissal from his

office of lord-treasurer, and to incur the fine of thirty thousand pounds, for accepting bribes, and embezzling the king's property. Obiit 1626.

Craven Howard, grandson of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, and father of Henry Bowes fourth Earl of Suffolk.

Elizabeth Countess of Northumberland, (whole length) wife of Algernon tenth Earl of Northumberland, and daughter of Theophilus Earl of Suffolk. Obiit 1705, æt. 97.

From hence we pass into a room which may be called the *royal bed-chamber*, from the circumstance of King James I. having slept in the old bed which still remains there.

Here we find,

Admiral Drake, (whole length;) one of the most distinguished characters in the reign of Elizabeth, whose annals are filled with the glorious achievements of our naval commanders. No one amongst them, however, appears more eminently conspicuous than this gallant admiral. He first encompassed the globe; in 1587 he destroyed one hundred vessels in Cadiz harbour, and took a rich East-India galleon, by which the English gained so much insight into the trade of that part of the world, as to occasion the establishment of what has since proved

such a source of wealth to this country—the East-India Company. Obiit 1596.

Sir Jerome Bowes, whole length, six feet two inches high. A character well suited to the temper of Elizabeth, by whom he was appointed ambassador to Russia, 1583; where he appears to have had recourse to arts for the maintenance of his mistress's dignity, which would not have disgraced even a modern courtier. On his arrival in the capital, he was met by a cavalcade of the principal officers of state, who expected that he would have alighted whilst they remained on horseback; but this sacrifice of his monarch's dignity he avoided with considerable dexterity. On his introduction to the Emperor, he was placed a few paces from him, and ordered to *send* his credentials; this he refused, and was proceeding to deliver them into his Majesty's own hands, when the chancellor stept forward to receive them; but the gallant knight significantly told him, that the queen, his mistress, had not directed any letters for him, and immediately advanced to the throne. He soon afterwards experienced insults from the Emperor himself, who loudly reviled the queen; which was so boldly resented by her representative, that he received orders on the spot,

instantly to quit the Imperial presence. But the monarch soon repented his temerity; and sent to assure Sir Jerome, “ that he wished he
 “ had an hundred such faithful servants in his
 “ own dominions; and further to convince him
 “ of his respect for the English sovereign, he
 “ would, on his return home, send a greater
 “ man with him than had ever before quitted
 “ his dominions, with fine presents.” This Prince, however, dying before the departure of our embassy, Bowes effected his escape from the Russian territories with no small degree of danger, bringing with him a *machlis*, which is a species of elk, the first ever seen in England, and the Russian carriage, called a *sled*, which was drawn by fallow deer, of extraordinary swiftness.

Elizabeth Countess of Exeter, daughter of Sir William Drury, and mother of Anne Countess of Stamford, (whole length.)

George Booth last Earl of Warrington, father of Mary Countess of Stamford, who was mother to the present Earl. Obiit 1758.

An old portrait of a man in a black spotted dress. Ann. Dom. 1591, aged 57.

In the alterations made in the house, due respect has been paid to a fine specimen of

Inigo's architecture—the great gallery; an apartment which extends the whole length of the front; the cieling of which still remains untouched, and may be justly considered as a wonder of art.

Several little villages enliven the road between Malmsbury and Badminton, a ride of eight miles; but none of them convey the ideas of rural happiness to the mind so forcibly as this place. Every thing here bespeaks the munificence of his Grace of Beaufort, whose mansion adjoins the village; and evinces the good effects which arise from the residence of a nobleman on his estate, who has ability and inclination to contribute to the comfort of the lower orders in his neighbourhood. Fortunate, indeed, would it be for the country, were this practice more general. Were the lord, by a judicious expenditure of his rents on the spot whence they are derived, and by his residence amongst his peasantry, to animate industry, encourage exertion, assist desert, and diffuse felicity; instead of consuming them in the metropolis in ostentatious folly, or ruinous vice; were the great landholders once more to feel that interest which their forefathers

felt towards those who lived and laboured under them, our cottages would again smile with plenty, comfort, and content; those peculating miscreants, who are now filling their unblessed coffers, and building up their houses on the wants of the poor man, would hide their diminished heads; that noblest feature of our country, “a bold peasantry,” which is now fading fast away, would again revive and flourish; and the murmur of discontent, not loud indeed, but deep, which rolls like muttering thunder round the land, and seems to threaten an approaching storm, would be changed into the song of joy, or be hushed in the quiet of domestic peace.

The park of Badminton is upwards of ten miles in circumference, and consists of ground agreeably varied with gentle risings and depressions, and well-managed plantations. An elegant building, called Worcester-Lodge, seen from the north-front of the house, at the distance of three miles, marks the extent and termination of the park, at this point. At the southern end of the inclosure, and contiguous to the village, stands the residence of his Grace, with one regular and magnificent front looking towards the north; the other faces are irregu-

lar. Attached to the south-eastern corner of this structure, and connected with it by a passage room, (by which the family have access to the gallery appropriated to them) is the parish church, built at the expence of the present Duke, a little to the eastward of the scite of the ancient place of worship. Both the inside and external of this edifice shew so much correctness of taste, and chastity of design, as place Mr. Evans, the architect, very high on the roll of his profession. It is about sixty-four feet long, forty-four broad, and proportionably high, divided, by two rows of columns, into one principal middle aisle, and two lateral ones; a third range, in a transverse direction, supports an elegant oaken gallery at the western end for the accommodation of the family. To the wall, at the back of their seat, is fixed a fragment of one of Raphael's cartoons, the sketch of his magnificent picture of the transfiguration. The part preserved in the church is the lower moiety, representing the boy whom the disciples were unable to dispossess, struggling under the agonizing distraction of demoniacal phrenzy; and, in addition to the value which attaches to it in consequence of its being the production of the greatest master that the world

ever produced, it receives further interest from the circumstance of its having covered the bier of Raphael, when his remains were carried to be interred. A fine painting by Joseph Gezzins, in 1678, valued at one thousand guineas, forms the altar-piece; of which the subject is, our Saviour's disputation with the Doctors in the Temple. It has much justness of design, and power of execution; for nothing can transcend the more than mortal dignity, mingled with bland expression, which beams from the countenance of our blessed Lord. Beneath the communion-table, a *quarry* of precious marbles spreads itself into a pavement twenty-six feet long and twelve broad, representing, upon a vast scale, the Duke of Beaufort's arms. You will be enabled to form an adequate idea of the immense expence of this costly Mosaic, when I tell you, that a small piece (about six inches long) of *lapis lazuli*, (a stone used in profusion in the work) necessary to compleat the pattern, cost the Duke the sum of sixty guineas!

On each side of the altar is a recess, containing a marble monument to the memory of branches of the Somerset family; that on the right commemorates Charles Noel Duke of Somerset, the father of the present possessor of

Badminton, who died in 1756. It is executed by Rysbrack, who has represented the deceased by an upright figure, large as life, clad in a *toga*, and standing in a speaking attitude, with an angel on one side supporting a coronet. A long and elegant Latin epitaph covers the tablet below, composed by the celebrated Dr. King, principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, who was so conscious of his excellence in the line of classical Latinity, that when he presented the production for inscription, he declared, if a single word were altered or omitted, he would withdraw the whole. A much more ably executed monument fills the left hand niche, by the same artist, and finished in 1754. This consists of several parts; the lowest is an oblong basis of white and grey marble, containing the arms and epitaphs; a beautiful sarcophagus of black veined marble surmounts this, supported by richly sculptured feet. Two figures in white marble are supported by the sarcophagus, Henry Somerset the second Duke of Beaufort, (who died May 24th, 1714, in the 30th year of his age) resting on a cushion, with the ducal mantle flowing from under it, his left hand supporting a medallion, relieved with the head of Rachael

Noel, his second wife, who died Sept. 13th, 1709; and Henry, the son of this noble pair, the third Duke of Beaufort, who died February 24th, 1746, in the 37th year of his age. The *paludamentum*, or Roman soldier's dress, denotes his military honours, and the *toga* thrown over his shoulders points out his senatorial dignity. Two angels on the higher part of the pyramidal slab, at the back of the monument, support the ducal coronet, subscribed with the family motto. At the south-western corner of the church is a third recess, railed in and floored with the same costly materials as the pavement of the altar, containing a sumptuous cenotaph, commemorating the eleven children which the prolific Mary (widow of Henry Lord Beauchamp) presented to Henry Duke of Beaufort, her second husband. Under the family gallery stands a lofty font, of rich antique purple marble. The church was compleated in 1785.

Entering the mansion at the hall, we are conducted into the *north breakfast-room*, where the first object which commands attention is a most splendid cabinet, made in Italy for Christina Queen of Sweden, and brought from thence by Henry Duke of Beaufort, (grandfather of the present Duke) who also collected,

at an immense expence, the vast profusion of precious marbles contained in the church, and in every room of the house. This cabinet is formed of black marble and ebony enriched with every precious stone, and fillagreed brass, double gilt. It is about fourteen feet high, and terminated at the top by a clock; the drawers are of cedar. This room contains also the following pictures, to the right of the cabinet:—

Christ accompanying his two disciples to Emmaus, a large landscape, by C. Lorraine; remarkable for its trees in the foreground, and its beautiful distances.

Large Landscape, by Vander Steeten.

Over the chimney, Landscape, by Wootton, in imitation of C. Lorraine. The softness of the tints and glory of the sky, approach to the best manner of the great master whose style he has here attempted.

Landscape, by Vander Steeten; a companion to the one above.—Landscape, by Romanelli; Pan in pursuit of Syrinx and her nymphs.—Landscape, by Suanevelt.—Landscape, by Wootton; but here he worked without his great model, and has fallen short of the effort described above.—Landscape, by Claude Lorraine;

representing the temptation of Christ by the Devil.—All these pictures are of a large size.

In the *entrance-hall* are,

A white marble *sarcophagus*, of vast dimensions, brought from Rome by Duke Henry, a present from Cardinal Alberoni. The subject, a Bacchanalian procession; consisting of numerous figures, all of fine workmanship, and in high preservation. The youthful rosy god appears in the centre, mounted on his panther, and bearing in his hand a thyrsus.

Four great Landscapes, by Wootton; one representing Stonehenge.

Fine grey Arabian Horse, a Negro, and a Dog, by Wootton; who was a *protégé* of this noble family, and owed his success in life to their patronage.

Common dining-room,

The present *Duke of Beaufort*, when a child, on horseback, by Wootton.

Admiral Boscawen, father of the present Duchess, (full length) by Ramsay.—A Dog, finished by Wootton, begun by another master.

The present *Duchess Dowager of Rutland*; copy from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A Dog, by Stuart, a copy from Sir Joshua Reynolds.

South breakfast-room,

Jesus at Simeon's house, by Basani.—Basani and son, by himself; a curious picture, with a difficult and singular double light.—Old Ragman; the figure richly illuminated, by Michael Angelo Carravaggio.—Landscape, by Poussin.—Two Sea Views in Holland.—Two Landscapes, by Wootton.—Landscape, by Francesco Bolognese.—Landscape, by Wenix, with a remarkably fine light.

Great dining-room,

Henry first Duke of Beaufort, (half-length, by Vandyke) created so by Charles II. who added other dignities and honours to this representative of a family that had been the steady adherents of his unfortunate father, and himself. James II. continued to bestow upon the Duke marks of royal favour; and his *gratitude* evinced, that he had deserved the protection of his royal masters; for on the abdication of the latter, and the accession of William, he refused to take the oaths, and retiring from court, lived in seclusion till 1699, when he died, aged 70. He married,

Mary, widow of Henry Lord Beauchamp, and daughter of Arthur Lord Capel, who was beheaded in 1647, after having gallantly defended Colchester against the Parliamentarian

forces. Obiit 1714, ætat. 85. Whole length, by Dahl.

Henry second Duke of Beaufort, a distinguished partizan of the *Tories* in the reign of Queen Anne, whom he entertained at his mansion in 1702. On the dismissal of the *Whigs* in 1710, he was made lord lieutenant of Hants and Gloucestershire, warden of the New Forest, knight of the garter, &c. He died 1714, having married the lady that next occurs,

Rachael Duchess of Beaufort, daughter of Wriothesly Baptist Noel 2d Earl of Gainsborough.

Charles Lord Somerset, second son of Charles Marquis of Worcester; he died in Italy 1710, and bequeathed five hundred pounds to Christ-Church College, Oxford.

This room is ornamented with a profusion of carved wood-work, by Gibbons, the celebrated artist in that line, whose imitations of fruits, flowers, and birds, have justly excited the admiration and wonder of a century.

Green dressing-room,

Madona and Child, by Guercino.—Two paintings of Ruins, by Viviano.—A very curious Satyrical Picture, by Salvator Rosa; it exhibits Fortune showering her favours upon the different nations of Europe, who are repre-

sented under the forms of various animals. Italy is pointed out by an *ass* covered with a cardinal's cloak, his fore-foot treading upon a painter's pallet, intending to adumbrate the opposition which the arts met from the church. The sheep, hog, eagle, cow, fox, and wolf, represent other countries. The hierarchy, however, whose motto has ever been *Nemo me impune lacessit*, rewarded the satire, by shutting up Salvator Rosa in the Castle of St. Angelo, from whence he was liberated with much difficulty. The figure of Fortune, though vulgar, has a wonderful deal of fire and spirit. Five years since the picture was copied for engraving.

The nursing of Jupiter, by Salvator Rosa.—Two pieces, Ruins, by Gazolpi.—View of Buildings in Rome, by Poussin.—Esther and Ahasuerus, by Pietro de Cortone.

The *chimney-piece* is adorned by the pencil of Angelica Kauffman, who has painted upon marble, in a most agreeable manner, the Return of Telemachus.

The picture-gallery.

Here we have the family canvas not quite like the *Surfaces, up to the Conquest*, but to Old John of Gaunt, from whom the De Beauforts claim lineal descent; and with whose portrait

I shall begin the list. It was pointed out by our guide as an undoubted original. As I never dispute with a man about his own pedigree, nor doubt the veracity of a *cicerone* when I have not the means of refutation; I could only express my satisfaction that the likeness of 'time-honoured Lancaster' had suffered so little from the 'mouldering hand of time.' The pannel preserves that haughty tone and carriage of this puissant prince, which rendered him so unpopular whilst exercising the authority of a regent, though not legally vested with the power, during the minority of Richard II. He gave to all his children, by the third wife, the name of Beaufort, from a castle so called in Anjou, where they were born; the eldest of whom,

John, is richly clad in armour, profusely studded with gold. He was created Earl of Somerset 1396, and died 1410.

Edmund, second son of John, was Earl of Mortain in Normandy, and created Duke of Somerset by Henry VI. slain at the battle of St. Albans 1455; and was succeeded by his eldest son

Henry, who distinguished himself greatly in the wars in France, and in the various conten-

tions between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster; he was taken prisoner at the battle of Hexham; and beheaded 1463, for his adherence to the Lancastrians; having filled the office of lieutenant and governor of the Isle of Wight and Carisbrook-Castle, and governor of Calais, under Henry VI. He left a natural son, named

Charles, who was in high esteem with Henry VII. by whom he was appointed one of the privy council, admiral of the fleet, knight of the garter, and ambassador to the Emperor Maximilian; first chamberlain, and captain of the guards. With this superiority of royal countenance, it is not astonishing that he could obtain in marriage the heiress of Ragland, Elizabeth only daughter of William Earl of Huntingdon, in whose right he bore the title of Lord Herbert. The successor of Henry VII. continued Charles in his several offices, and made him his companion in his expedition to France, where he greatly distinguished himself by his valour and intrepidity. Henry afterwards created him Earl of Worcester; and it may be stated as not the least remarkable circumstance of the Earl's life, that he enjoyed his master's confidence till his death 1526.

Henry second Earl of Worcester signalized himself in the wars of France, for which he was knighted during his father's life-time; and soon after his accession to the title, was appointed one of the commissioners for concluding a peace. Obiit 1549.

Sir Charles Somerset was eldest son, by the second wife, of Charles first Earl of Worcester, and captain of the tower of Rysebank in the haven of Calais.

Sir G. Somerset, his brother, splendidly dressed in armour, probably the same that was worn by his father, who bequeathed it to him by will.

William third Earl of Worcester accompanied Lord Northampton, in 1551, to present Henry II. of France, with the order of the garter; and was sent by Elizabeth, 1573, as her sponsor, with a font of pure gold, for the christening of Charles's ninth daughter. Obiit 1589; and was succeeded by his son

Edward, fourth Earl, who went in 1591 on an embassy from Elizabeth to James VI. of Scotland, to congratulate him on his marriage and safe return from Denmark. Naunton reports him the best tilter and horseman of his day, in consequence of which he was nominated master of the horse; this appointment seems

rather more consistent with strict propriety than that of Sir Christopher Hatton, who was made lord chancellor because he was a fine dancer. Camden, the historian, who has reported the *memorabilia* of this reign, observes, “ that Edward fourth Earl of Worcester died “ 1627, leaving more children than all the Earls “ in England besides.”

Elizabeth Hastings, (over the door) daughter of Francis Earl of Huntingdon, and wife of the aforesaid Edward, and mother of

Henry fifth Earl and first Marquis of Worcester, one of the most interesting and disinterested characters to be found in the history of the House of Stuart, to which he manifested a sincere and steady attachment to the last hour of his life, and the material injury of his fortune. At the age of eighty, he raised a regiment of horse for Charles I. and defended his castle at Ragland, with eight hundred troops, from 1642 to 1646, when he surrendered it to Sir Thomas Fairfax, on terms most honourable to the conquered, but which were basely violated by the besiegers; and its gallant defender delivered up to the *Parliament's black rod*, in whose custody he died 1647, aged 84; and was succeeded in title by his son

Edward, styled Earl of Glamorgan in his father's life-time, by which name we frequently meet with him in the accounts of the civil wars of Charles I. This monarch entrusted the Earl with a most dangerous patent, whilst negotiating with the *rebels* in Ireland, whom he was commissioned to engage in the royal cause, with power of conferring titles and distinctions *ad libitum*: This was surrendered at the Restoration, in consequence of a vote of the Lords, who were properly alarmed at the increase which it might make in their House, and which they wisely declared was the most effectual method of bringing the Aristocracy into disrepute and contempt. He published "a Century of Inventions;" containing many absurdities, some possibilities, and few practicabilities. He married *Elizabeth* daughter of Sir William Dormer, by whom he had three daughters and his successor,

Henry, equally favoured by, and attached to, the family for whom his ancestors had made such signal sacrifices was created Duke of Beaufort by Charles II. as mentioned before.

Over the door, *Sir Charles Somerset, knight*, second son of Charles Earl of Worcester.

Charles Marquis of Worcester, son of the first Duke of Beaufort. Died 1698, ætat 38; having

married Rebecca daughter to Sir Josiah Child, by whom he was father to Henry second Duke of Beaufort, the Tory partizan mentioned above.

Over the chimney, three children of the Marquis of Worcester, by Murray.

Henry third Duke of Beaufort, respected for his public conduct, and beloved for his private munificence, he died without issue, 1745, ætat. 39; and was succeeded by his brother Charles, the late Duke, who died in 1756, having married Elizabeth Baroness Bottertourt; by whom he was father of Mary Isabella Duchess of Rutland.

Over the door, *Sir George Somerset*, son of Charles Earl of Worcester, in splendid armour. He was not in the lineal succession.

In the *Duke's dressing-room* are,

Cardinal Alberoni, by Trevisani; this dignitary of the Romish church, as famous for his talents as the perversion of them to contemptible political intrigues, made a conspicuous figure in the affairs of the Italian courts, during the early part of the eighteenth century. An intimate friendship subsisted between him and Duke Henry, who, by his assistance, procured many of the precious things which he brought from Italy. In Seward's 'Anecdotes,' we find an

engraving of the cardinal, from the portrait before us.

Henry third Duke of Beaufort, by Trevisani.

Charlotte, the present *Duchess of Beaufort*, who was second daughter of the Marquis of Stafford; painted by Coates.

Lord Arthur Somerset, and his lady.

In the *billiard-room* we find,

Over the fire-place, the Family of the first Duke of Beaufort, by Brown, (small whole lengths) finished in the most exquisite style.

Marquis and Marchioness of Worcester, (whole lengths.)

Mary Duchess of Ormond, daughter of the first Duke of Beaufort, and her son *Lord Ossory*.

Lord Charles Somerset.

A small portrait, highly finished, in the manner of Holbein, on copper, supposed to be the *first Earl of Worcester*.

Lord and Lady Coventry, by Sir P. Lely; the latter was Lady Anne Somerset, fourth daughter of Henry first Duke of Beaufort, who died in 1763, aged 90; having married Thomas Earl of Coventry in 1691.

Arthur Lord Capel, one of the amiable characters of the seventeenth century. Steadily attached to the early fortune of Charles I. he

scorned basely to abandon him in its decline ; and having long defended Colchester with the resolution of a man conscious of the goodness of the cause in which he had engaged, he was at length obliged to surrender the place ; and in violation of the promise given by the Parliamentarian General, expired on the block. He met his fate on the scaffold with the same coolness and heroism he had displayed in the field.

An old nameless portrait, of the time of Elizabeth or James I.

Sir Thomas Somerset, as supposed.

The *ante-room* is elegantly furnished with green damask, and contains,

Scanderbeg, as *Santo Amato*, a fine picture by Cavelliero Calabragi ; the light is thrown in upon the forehead of the principal figure in such a manner as to produce a wonderful effect. Scanderbeg was a distinguished Christian hero in the Turkish history ; and such was the surprise with which his exploits filled the Sultan Mahomet, that he sent to request his scymeter, supposing it to be magical, but on finding nothing remarkable in the weapon, it was returned, with an assurance “ that the Sultan “ had many better in his own armoury, but no “ person who knew so well how to use them ; ”

To this Scanderbeg replied, ' he had only
' sent his scymeter, and not his arm.' He died
in the Venetian States 1467, ætat. 63.

Guido, by himself, in the Flemish costume;
a black dress, with the shirt collar turned over
it, a broad brimmed slouched hat, whiskers,
and pointed beard. This admirable master of
the Italian school, who excelled equally in the
two lines of historical and portrait painting,
amassed, by his labour, a considerable fortune,
which he lost, by his folly, at play. He died
1642, aged 67. His most choice production
was supposed to be the celebrated St. Michael,
formerly in the Capuchins at Rome.

Simeon and Christ, by Rubens.—Holy Fa-
mily, by P. de Cortone.—Lady and Gentleman
at picquet, small and highly-finished, by Gon-
zales.—Landscape, by Wootton.—Landscape,
by Polonese.—The Judgment of Paris, an ex-
quisite little picture of the school of Raphael.
Hawking piece, by Wenix.—Hunting piece, by
Wouvermans.—Battle-piece, by Bourgagnogni.

The Rape of the Sabines, improperly so
called, as the subject is evidently different to
this transaction, by P. de Cortone.

The Women at the Sepulchre, a copy from
Carlo Maratti, by Graaf.

Blue dressing-room, so called from the blue satin hangings, and the elegant chairs of the same colour and materials, contains,

The Church of Redemption at Venice, and another Church, by Canaletti.—Jesus and Woman of Samaria, by H. Carracci.—A Holy Family, by Raphael.—Flight out of Egypt, and Head of a Virgin, by C. Maratti.

St. Matthew writing his Gospel, by Guido; a very fine head, looking intently on an angel, who appears to be teaching him “the words of eternal life.”

Angel's Head, by C. Maratti.—Virgin suckling a child, by Carlo Vecchio.—Holy Family, by Julio Romano.—Holy Family, unknown.—Morning and Evening, two landscapes, by Wootton.—St. Mark, intent on a book; St. Luke, the eye turned up in extacy to heaven; St. John, as if deeply in thought; by Guido.—Cupid and Bacchus, by Carlo Cigniani.—The Farnesian Bull, a groupe painted from an antique, on copper, by Andrea Sacchi.—Alehouse party, by Teniers.—A large Landscape, Saint Anthony preaching to the fish, by G. Poussin.—St. Anthony's Temptation, by Teniers; distant landscape well introduced through the opening of the cavern.

Holy Family, by Leonardo di Vinci; a very curious subject, an angel represented as weighing souls, and the devil under the table pulling down those which “are found wanting.”

The *library* is a noble room, though somewhat gloomy, from being fitted up with oak. At one end appears the bust of Nero, in porphyry; at the other, that of his mother Agrippina, in white marble. The collection of books is great, and the arrangement admirable.

Ascending the stairs, we reach the *Duke's dressing-room*, where we find, over the chimney, *Salvator Rosa*, by himself, fierce and dark as his own style. This artist was a man of great and varied talents, shining equally as a painter, engraver, and poet; he was born at Naples in 1615. Such was the rapidity with which he finished his pictures, that he might be said to have worked against time, of which the following *plaisanterie* is recorded; that being employed by one of the Constables of France to paint a large picture, he begun, finished, and carried it home in a day; this so pleased his employer, that he gave him a purse of gold, and bespoke a second, which was produced within the period, and gained him the like reward, with orders for a third and fourth, which were finished as quickly,

and equally paid for; but on the production of the fifth, he received *two purses*, and a message, that the Constable gave up the contest. He died at Rome 1673.

Baptism of Christ, exquisitely worked in ivory, from a picture of Poussin.

Cornelius Jansen, by himself; a native of Amsterdam, in high esteem with James I. His style was clear, lively, and natural; and though his portraits have not the freedom and grace of Vandyke's works, yet they are generally allowed to be as well finished. He died 1665.

Head of a Philosopher, by Salvator Rosa.—Diana and Actæon; and Venus riding on the waves; by C. Maratti.

Andromeda and Perseus, by Titian; defective in the expression of countenance in the former, which being represented with the mouth open, crying for help, conveys the idea of a squalling brat.

Silk Manufactory, by Basani.—Bacchus and Ariadne, by Signora Elenora Pansachia.—Diana and Dog, by Guido, in his early style.

Sir Thomas More, a fine original portrait, by Hans Holbein. In addition to what I have before said of this august character, it may be worth while to observe, that on the publication

of his celebrated ‘Utopia,’ which gives the idea of a *perfect republic*, in a supposed newly discovered island in America, it was recommended by some very learned men of the day, that missionaries should be sent to convert so *wise* a people to Christianity.

Landscape, by Poussin.—Storm at Sea, and its companion.—View of Tivoli, by Pölenberg.—Large Landscape, by Suanevelt.—Four small Landscapes, by Berghem.—Egyptian Scene, pyramids, &c. by Wootton.

Erasmus, with his hand upon his book, by Hans Holbein. The restorer of learning, and the reformer of religion; erudite without affectation, pious without severity, and witty without libertinism. All the lovers of science, and all the admirers of virtue, revered the man who had made such progress in the one, and was so strenuous an advocate for the other; and though Henry VIII. had not much esteem for either, the excellencies of Erasmus were such as commanded his respect and regard. The following lines, written by Beza, and inscribed under a half length painting of Erasmus, by Holbein, express that general sense of his superiority, which was entertained by the *literati* of the sixteenth century:—

“ Ingens ingentem quem personat orbis Erasmum,

“ Hæc tibi dimidium picta tabella refert;

“ At cur non totum? Mirari desine, lector,

“ Integra nam totum terra nec ipsa capit.”

Beautiful Landscape, by Dominichino.—Two Battle-pieces, by Bourgagnogni.—Large Landscape, by Suanevelt.—Ruined Amphitheatre, by Wootton.

Hannibal Carracci, (small) by himself; the most celebrated artist of a family of painters, who worked in common at the Farnese palace at Rome. He died in 1609, aged 49.

Two Views of Ruins, by Viviano.

Over the *entrance door*, a Venetian Courtezan, by Michael Angelo Carravaggio; this is a most exquisite picture, the diamond in a casket of jewels. She is represented playing on a mandolin, a table near, with glass decanters on it, containing flowers. The management of lights in this picture is scientific in the highest degree, and the execution of the hands, drapery, and subordinate parts, cannot be too highly applauded.

Hugh Boscarwen Viscount Falmouth, the upright representative of the boroughs of Truro, Penryn, and county of Cornwall. His strenuous attachment to the House of Hanover, and his

active services in that rebellion which threatened their title, raised him to the dignity of a peerage in 1720, by the name of Baron of Boscawen Rose, and Viscount Falmouth, in the county of Cornwall. He died Oct. 25, 1734.

Henry Hyde Earl of Clarendon, son of the celebrated historian. Notwithstanding the ingratitude of James II. who unjustly deprived him of the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, and the privy-seal, he continued for some time a steady adherent to his fortunes; till perceiving that the infatuated conduct of the king left no chance of the restoration of his affairs, he united himself to the Prince of Orange, and was appointed, with the Earl of Oxford, on his behalf, to meet the commissioners of the king at Hungerford. In his senatorial duties he exhibited considerable eloquence in debate, and ingenuity in argument. He died in 1709.

William Shippen, or, as he is called by Pope, "*Honest Shippen*," one of the "virtuous few" whose integrity was proof against the almost all-corrupting subtlety of Sir Robert Walpole. Firm, dignified, and inflexible, Shippen ever preserved a consistency of political conduct, Animated, energetic, and pointed in debate, he always commanded attention in the House ;

whilst his sprightly manners, pleasing conversation, and inoffensive wit, in the social intercourse of private life, procured him the esteem and regard of most of the characters of his time remarkable for worth, learning, or abilities. As a poet, his two works "*Faction displayed*," and "*Moderation displayed*," give him the praise of a caustic satyr, rather than that of an harmonious versifier.

The *Chinese bed-chamber* receives its name from the fanciful furniture with which it is fitted up. It contains,

Charles I. and his Queen, by Vandyke.

Connected with this room are two small apartments, a *little cabinet*, where we find,

The *Duchess of Rutland*, when a child, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In the Duchess's *dressing-room* are some family portraits, by Opie; and one stiff and awkward one of *Lady Elizabeth Talbot*, eldest daughter of his Grace, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The north front of Badminton-House is extremely grand; consisting of a body surmounted at the extremities by cupolas, and adorned in the centre with a tympanum, containing the Beaufort arms; and two extensive projecting wings. This commands the whole

extent of the park, which stretches three miles in a right line from it, terminated by Worcester-Lodge. But the *apparent* distance is much less, a singular *deceptio visus*, being produced by some dips in the ground, that intervene between the house and the lodge.—A comfortable asylum for the decayed servants of the family, supported by the Duke of Beaufort, bears honourable testimony to his Grace's generous munificence.

On our road to Bath, deviating a little to the right from the turnpike-road about two miles from Badminton, our route leads us to Old Sodbury, where we meet with a noble specimen of Roman castrametation, taking the accustomed form of a long square, rounded at the corners. The length of the area from east to west is two hundred and sixty paces, the breadth one hundred and seventy. To the east, south, and west, it was defended by a double ditch and double vallum, through which were three *portæ* or entrances; an abrupt natural sinking of the ground formed a barrier sufficiently strong on the remaining side to preclude the necessity of artificial vallations. A grand view discloses itself from this commanding ele-

vation. Many attribute the encampment at Old-Sodbury to the Saxons or Danes, but it should seem with little propriety. Either of these people, indeed, might have availed themselves of so strong a work, in so happy a situation, for the temporary accommodation of an army; as Edward IV. is recorded to have done, when he was marching to the field of Tewkesbury, so fatal to Queen Margaret; but that it may be ranked amongst the labours of the Roman soldiers, originally, is obvious, at a single glance, to any one acquainted with the earth-works of this military people. The whole country, indeed, from hence to Bath has been the scene of ancient warfare. It was in this direction that the Romans first marched to found the colony of *Aquæ Solis*, nearly eighteen hundred years ago; and it was in the same line that the Saxon adventurers, Ceaulin and Cuthwin, five hundred years afterwards, led their troops to the attack of the city of "*the Waters of the Sun*." Rushing on in the spirit of the times, through blood and fire,

" Amazement in their van, with flight combin'd,

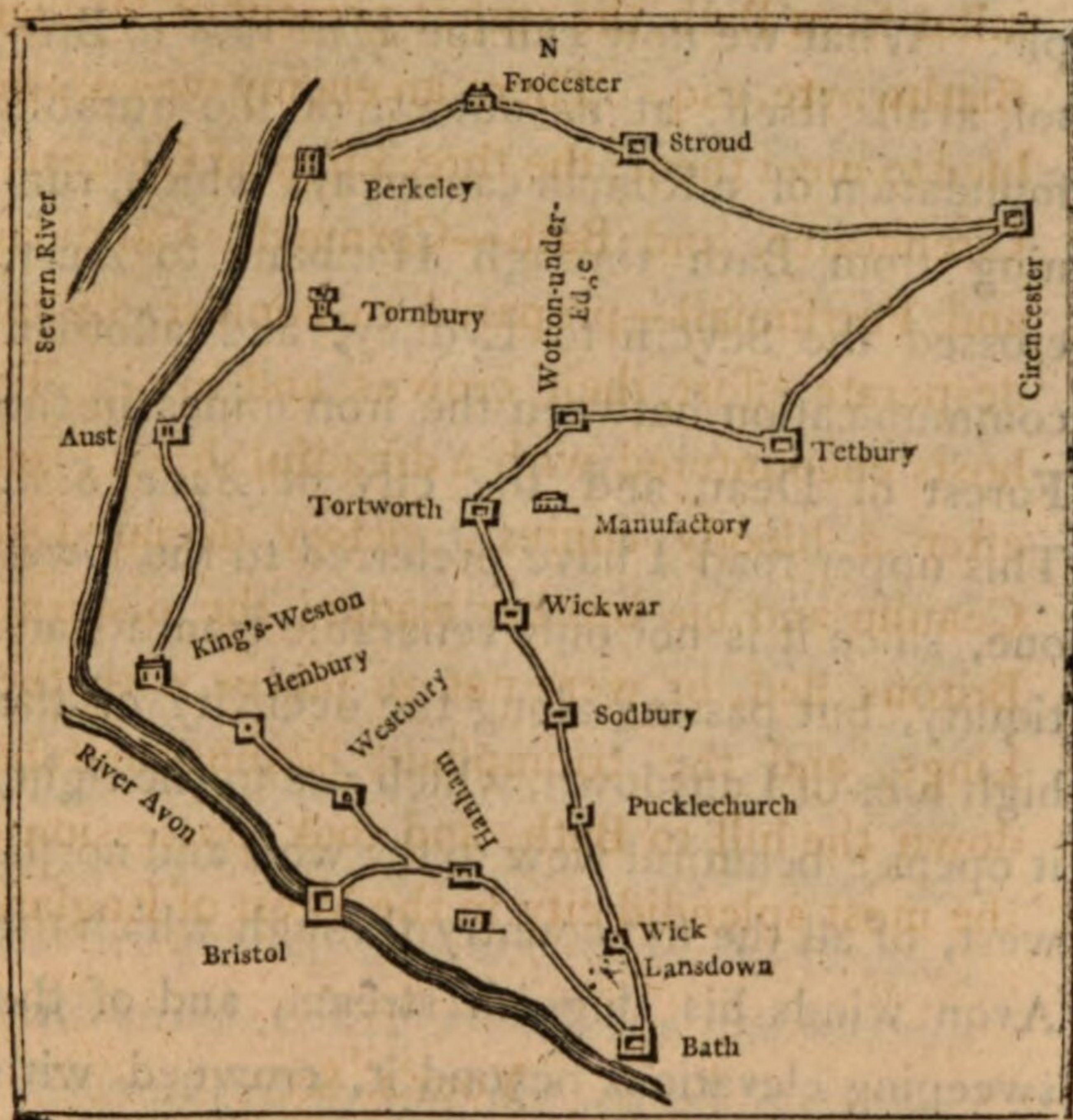
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind;

they at length reached Dyrhām, about eight

miles from Bath, the seat at present of William Blathwayte, esq. There an enemy was assembled to meet them; the three kings of Gloucester, Cirencester, and Bath—Cornmail, Candidan, and Forrinmail—prepared to contest, by one desperate effort, their crowns and lives. The hosts encountered with a dreadful shock; and, after a bloody contest, victory declared for Ceaulin and his brother leader; the dispirited Britons fled, or were cut to pieces with their kings, and the triumphant Saxons marched down the hill to Bath, and took possession of the most splendid city in the West of England.

Your's, &c.

R. W.



EXCURSION III.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 29th, 1800.

THE city of Bath has been indebted to the *Romans* for at least two of its present public roads; both to the north-west and to the east, towards Bristol and towards London, the turnpike pursues for some distance the military ways formed by that extraordinary peo-

ple. What we now call the *upper road* to Bristol, avails itself, at its outset, of the durable foundation of a Roman causeway, which, running from Bath through Hanham to Aust, crossed the Severn to Lydney, and afforded communication between the iron mines in the Forest of Dean and the city of *Aquæ Solis*. This upper road I have preferred to the lower one, since it is not only venerable from its antiquity, but passing along the declivity of the high hills of Lansdown, which rise to the right, it opens a beautiful view to the west and north-west, of all the flat country through which the Avon winds his sluggish stream, and of the sweeping elevations beyond it, crowned with the encampments of Ostorius Scapula, the subjugator of this part of Britain. The whole of this interesting scene, (varied in the bottom by the light and elegant stone bridge that crosses the river, and the village and manufactories of Twerton; and on the opposite ascent, by the church and village of Newton, and the noble woods in the park of Wm. Gore Langton, esq;) is entirely commanded from the modern mansion of Sir John Hawkins, bart. situated on the edge of a bold bank, which rises abruptly from the river, studded by trees of various kinds. This

mansion was built about thirty years ago, by the celebrated surgeon of that name, near the scite of the manor-house of Kilweston, the seat of the ancient family of Harington, and the work of James Barozzi, an architect, of Vignola.

Passing through the village of Bitton, we enter the Chase of Kingswood, formerly a royal forest; and now supplying, from its numerous pits, the coals consumed in the neighbouring city of Bristol. Amid the rugged inhabitants of this dingy district did the indefatigable and conscientious John Wesley adventure his person in the service of the Gospel; and with an inflexible perseverance, that was neither discouraged by toil, nor scared by danger, continued his exertions, till he had tamed that obduracy and savageness, which habits of life so distant from civilization, and ignorance so profound, as the colliers usually exhibit, may be expected to produce. Regarding, as I do with abhorrence, the customary baneful effects produced in society by the preaching of Methodists, I should be far from encouraging *in general* their efforts amongst mankind; yet candour must allow, that in some cases it may be considered as beneficial; for as *poisons* are occa-

sionally administered with efficacy in dispelling desperate diseases, so the *strong doctrines* of Methodism may operate usefully with those classes of society whose hearts, hardened by profligacy, could not be affected by the mild precepts of rational Christianity. Certain it is the conduct of the numerous body of colliers in Kingswood is now marked by a decency and regularity, which one would hardly expect to find in such a description of people; though the *preserving* of them in this state of quiet and order must be in a great measure attributed to the very praise-worthy and exemplary management of the parochial minister of St. George's parish, (a great part of which lies in Kingswood) and to the energy of the magistrates of that district.

Conham, a little village to the left of Hanham, (to which place we now approach) affords an example of the judicious application of those improvements which the moderns have made in natural science, to the purposes of practical utility. This is a manufactory near the river, belonging to Messrs. Lukins', called the *Gibbesium*, so named from Dr. Gibbes, a respectable physician of Bath; who, improving upon a dis-

covery first made public by Fourcroy, the great French chemist,* has invented and adopted a very ingenious process for the speedy conversion of animal matter into spermaceti,† which he su-

* The singular fact of the conversion of dead animal matter, by the chemistry of nature, into a substance resembling spermaceti, (in its properties and appearances) was first announced by Monsieur Fourcroy, in the '*Annales de Chimie*,' many years since. On the opening of a very extensive burying-ground in Paris, (the *Cemeterie des Innocens*) that celebrated chemist examined many of the bodies which had been buried for a long series of years. By the influence of moisture, some of them were found partly changed into a fatty substance, instead of having undergone the putrefactive decomposition. This change was observed by Monsieur Fourcroy to be more or less complete, according to the situations in which the bodies had been laid, and the time during which they had remained.—*Annales de Chimie*.

Lord Bacon, in his '*Sylva Sylvarum*,' states, that such a change may be effected, by putting pieces of flesh into a glass covered with parchment, and allowing the glass to stand six or seven hours in boiling water.

Thomas Sneyd, esq; of Staffordshire, found in the mud at the head of a fish-pond, the body of a duck, or young goose, converted into a hard fatty matter, resembling spermaceti; having apparently suffered a similar change with that of the human bodies, observed by Mons. Fourcroy in the *Cemeterie des Innocens*.—*Philosophical Transactions*, 1792.

† Dr. Gibbes found, that the same substance was formed in the macerating tubs (that is, tubs wherein the parts of animal bodies left after dissection are immersed in water) of the anatomical schools of London and Oxford. He accordingly attempted the artificial production of the same change, by submitting the leanest part of a rump of beef, in a box perforated with holes, to the contact and action of running water. The Doctor afterwards buried a cow in a place where it was also exposed to the action of a fresh surface of running water. The rump of beef was per-

perintends and directs at this place. Every prospect of success seems to attend the speculation, a success that is further secured by an establishment, of the manufactory of Prussian blue, hartshorn, &c. from the blood, horns,

fectly, and the cow partially, changed into a fatty matter of the kind before described. Dr. Gibbes found, that the nitrous acid effected the same process in a very short time; to separate the converted from the unchanged parts, he added nitrous acid, which produced it perfectly pure. To bleach this substance, he exposed it to the sun and air for a considerable time, previously reduced to powder, and poured on it some diluted nitrous acid. He then washed it repeatedly, and melted it with hot water, and on allowing it to concrete, it became of a beautiful straw colour, and had the agreeable smell of the best spermaceti.—*Gibbes's Observations on the Component parts of Animal Matters*, 1796.

The difference in the substances, produced from the decomposition of animal bodies in water, and their changes by putrefaction in air, as well as under other different circumstances, is explained by the laws of chemical affinity; which also prove, how few the elementary substances are, which, by their various combinations and affinities as secondary laws under the infinite power of the great First Cause, produce all the variety which we perceive in animated and inanimate bodies. Animal and vegetable matter, air, water, and many different solids and fluids, are resolvable by chemistry into the different attractions and affinities of a very few primary elements. The diamond is now demonstrated to be only pure charcoal; and the difference between nitrous acid and the fluid, (atmospheric air) without which animal life cannot for a short period be supported, to consist only in different proportions of the same component parts. Thus philosophical investigation serves powerfully to enlarge our conception of final causes, and, consequently, of the infinite wisdom of the Creator, and the sublime simplicity of his works.

hoofs, and such parts of the animals as are not convertible into the spermaceti matter.

The summit of Hanham hill discloses an august view, the most striking feature of which is the vast city of Bristol spread through the bottom, and rising with the acclivity to the right; but, like a faded beauty, wearing only the semblance of former attractions, and deploring the daily decrease of a trade, that is now wafting to the more fortunate, spirited, and better situated town of Liverpool.

From hence to Durdham-Down, the road may be considered as one large suburb to the great parent below, since it is a continuation of hamlets, houses, and seats, for three or four miles; the retreats of successful commerce and persevering industry. The villages of Westbury and Henbury succeed each other, at the distance of a mile; both deriving their names from the earth-works, which may be seen on the heights of these respective parishes. The former also is remarkable for its very ancient college, now almost obliterated, and the tremendous cavern called *Pen-Park Hole*, about a mile and half north-east from the village; the fatal gulph into which the Rev. Thomas Newman, a minor canon of Bristol Cathedral, was precipitated

in 1775, in the sight of his sister, and the lady to whom he was engaged to be married. Perhaps no situation can be imagined more distressing, than that of the agonized spectators, when they beheld the youth to whom the one was bound by the ties of natural affection, and the other by the stronger bonds of love, suddenly hurried away to inevitable destruction; to a destruction, of which the mind could form no definite idea, and which imagination, therefore, clothed in tenfold horrors:—a severe and awful instance of the uncertainty of human schemes of felicity, of the vanity of all anticipated happiness. The search made after the body (which was not found till thirty-nine days after the melancholy event) first gratified the public curiosity with respect to the interior of this terrible pit, when it was discovered to be two hundred and fifteen feet deep. A variety of appearances, also, were observed which concurred to prove, that it was not a natural cavern, but an artificial excavation; probably a lead mine, worked in very distant times.

The traveller's eye, as he proceeds, is attracted to the left by the beautiful park of Mr. Harford's seat, called Blaze-castle. From the cen-

tre of this inclosure rises a fine sugar-loaf hill, the dark wooded sides of which conceal the lower members of a Gothic castellated building, whose stately turrets appear above the shade. It received the former part of its name of Blaze-castle from the tradition of an ancient chapel having formerly existed on the summit of the hill, dedicated to St. Blasius, bishop of Sebasta, and patron of the wool-combers; the adjunct *castle* is more appropriate, as the building stands on the scite of a Roman castra, probably the work of Ostorius, when he built the range of forts along the Avon and Severn, of which Tacitus makes mention. The lofty eminence on which the inn at King's-Weston is placed, overlooks a prospect, the variety and beauty of which would well deserve description, were it not transcended in both respects by that seen from the park of Lord de Clifford in its immediate neighbourhood. This mansion is a specimen of Sir John Vanburgh's architecture, and bears testimony to the truth of the satire on his style, implied in this epigrammatic epitaph:

“ Lie light upon him, Earth, though he

“ Laid many a heavy load on thee!”

disgusting the eye, both within and without, by

its weight and clumsiness. Had Sir John tried his art in castles and pyramids, edifices which were to resist the shocks of military operations, and structures that should endure as long as time itself, he probably would have succeeded; but he certainly mistook the path to fame, when his taste led him to design domestic mansions; in which, instead of massiveness and ponderosity, we only look for lightness and elegance, just proportion and convenience. The management of the grounds, also, is not always judicious. Nothing, indeed, could spoil the situation, which is on the broad top of a hill, with an immense tract of beautiful country beneath it; but the views from the different fronts of the house are not sufficiently contrasted. One stretches down the Bristol Channel, and sweeps over the hills of Monmouthshire and Glamorgan; whilst another extends itself up the river as far as Gloucester; a third is directed to the park, which is here very awkwardly left bare of trees, whereas it should have been opposed to the variety and immensity of the others by a thick plantation, in which the vision, fatigued with distant objects, might have reposed itself in the quiet of a sylvan scene. Upon the whole, however, the pleasure-grounds

are very beautiful; five hundred acres are included within the paling, and several fine points of view; the chief of which is that from Pen-Pole, an eminence in the distant corner of the park. It must not be forgotten, also, that the green and hot houses are amongst the most magnificent in the kingdom. However disappointed we might have been with the house itself, we were amply recompensed by its contents; many of the pictures and portraits being works of the first masters, and originals of remarkable characters. A lofty square hall forms the entrance into the house, hung with three ranges of portraits. On the *drawing-room*, or right hand side, we find,

Lewis Watson first Earl of Rockingham, who died 1723.

Thomas sixth Earl of Thanet; he established his claim in the House of Peers to the barony of Clifford in the year 1691; and was afterwards sworn of the privy-council, and lord-lieutenant of Salop. One instance, amongst many, of his beneficence, was a donation of a large sum of money, during his life-time, to the increasing of small church livings in Yorkshire and Westmoreland. He married Catharine, daughter of Henry Duke of Newcastle.

Another portrait of *Lewis Watson first Earl of Rockingham*, a whole length, by Ramsay; the drapery is by Van Baden.

Catherine Watson, married to Sir Edw. Southwell. She was daughter of the lady whose portrait occurs next, namely,

Catherine Countess of Rockingham, daughter of Sir George Sondes Earl of Feversham, who died Ann. Dom. 1695. The two last, also, are whole lengths by the same masters.

On the side of the *hall* facing the entrance are, Whole lengths, by Sir P. Lely, of three Earls of Ardglass, *Wingfield Cromwell*, who married *Catherine Hamilton*; *Vere Essex Cromwell*, who died 1686, unmarried; and *Thomas Cromwell*, who was born 1594, and died 1652;

Under these whole lengths are two half-lengths, by Sir Peter Lely:

Heneage Finch Earl of Nottingham, every way qualified for the situation of lord-chancellor, to which he was appointed on the removal of the profligate Shaftesbury. To the particulars of this great man's character which I have already given you, I would just add, that his brilliant eloquence procured him the appellation of the English *Cicero*, and English *Roscius*. In our times, the title of the *Farinelli* of the bar has

been as happily applied to the late Lord Mansfield, for his "honed periods," and persuasive rhetoric.

William Harvey. The painter has, in acuteness and solemnity of countenance, admirably displayed the character of this celebrated physician, who first discovered the circulation of the blood. Steadily attached to the House of Stuart, he attended Charles I. at the battle of Edge-Hill, by whom he was rewarded with the wardenship of Merton college, Oxford; a situation which he relinquished the year following his presentation to it, when the parliamentary forces took possession of that city. Another original portrait of him is preserved at the College of Physicians, of which he was president. Obiit 1657, aged 80.—This painting seems to have been made when he was advanced in years.

On the left hand side are the following half-lengths:

Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, daughter and heiress of Wingfield Cromwell Earl of Ardglass. On the demise of Vere Essex Cromwell without issue, the title devolved to this lady, who married Edward, son of Sir Rob. Southwell, and at the coronation of Queen Anne was allowed precedence as Baroness Cromwell. She died 1705.

The Right Honourable Edward Southwell, born 1706, died 1755.

Edward Southwell, son of Sir Robert Southwell, born 1674; a finished gentleman, and an esteemed scholar, according to Anthony Wood, who calls him *doctissimus juvenis*. He was clerk of the council extraord. in 1693, and died 1734.

Sir Richard Southwell, of Woodrising; a fine head, by Hans Holbein.

Helena Gore, (a portrait by Vandyke) daughter of Major Gore, of Sherston, Wilts, who married Robert Southwell, and died 1679, aged 66.

Robert Southwell, her husband; who died 1677, aged 70.

Sir Robert Southwell; knighted by Charles II. during whose reign he filled the office of envoy extraordinary at the courts of the King of Portugal, the Viceroy of the Spanish Netherlands, and the Elector of Brandenburg. For this diplomatic service he obtained the appointments of commissioner of the customs in England, of secretary of state for Ireland, and of a member of the privy council, an honour the more distinguished, as he had in early life been one of the *clerks* of that board. He was also president of the Royal Society, and father of the accomplished Edward Southwell before

mentioned. He purchased King's-Weston of Sir Humphry Hook, and died 1702.

Elizabeth Dering, wife of Sir Robert Southwell, and eldest daughter of Sir E. Dering, of Surrenden-Dering, in the county of Kent, bart. She died in 1681, aged 33.

From the hall we are introduced into the *green-room*, where we find portraits of,

Edward Southwell, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

James second Duke of Ormond, son of Thomas Lord Ossory. Having shared in a variety of events, both in support of, and in opposition to, the ruling powers, he was attainted by Parliament, and died an exile in France 1746. His estates escheated to the crown; but by a subsequent act of parliament were vested by purchase in his brother, Charles Butler Earl of Arran, who bore several high stations in the state and army, and attained the dignities of chancellor of the University of Oxford, and high-steward of Westminster. He resigned the office of master of the ordnance on the death of Queen Anne, and died 1758, aged 88.

William Ashburnham, by Sir Peter Lely.

Mrs. Southwell, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth; a curious original portrait.—Below her is *Mary Queen of Scots*, by Holbein.

Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex, by Holbein; engraved by Houbraken in his illustrious heads. Over this is, *Sir Garwen Carey*, or *Carew*, one of the knights of Henry VIIIth's reign of splendour, pageantry, feasting, and cruelty.

Opposite to the windows are,

Sir John Percival; a man whose talents were sufficient to recommend him to the favour of Oliver Cromwell, though his father remained a steady adherent to Charles. Being appointed, together with Fleetwood, to settle the divisions in Ireland, he conducted himself so much to the satisfaction of his employers, as to be rewarded on his return with the restoration of his sequestrated property, and the office of clerk of the Crown and Common-Pleas. He married Catherine, daughter of Robert Southwell, of Kinsale. This portrait was painted 1665.

John the first Earl of Egmont; he projected the plan of a settlement of Europeans at Georgia, then peopled by Indians only; for which purpose he obtained a charter in 1732, and was nominated the first president. He died 1748.

Sir Philip Percival, eldest son of Sir John Percival before mentioned; a young man of great promise and expectation, but taken off in the prime of life by poison, administered by a

hand unknown. Lord Egmont, in his history of the 'House of Yvery,' has given a full account of this transaction, and other particulars of Sir Philip's family.

Thomas Earl of Ossory, equally qualified to shine in the camp or at court, in the tumult of war, or amidst the elegancies of peace; of unbounded courage, singular modesty, and inflexible integrity. He died in 1680, at the age of 46. The noblest testimony of his worth was given by his afflicted father, when he declared, that he would not exchange his dead son for any living son in Christendom.

On the right hand side of the room, next the windows, is a curious painting, containing two portraits, *Sir Edward Hyde, and his wife*, with the initials E. H. and the date 1579.

Sir Richard Southwell, 1585.

Richard Southwell, a fine old head; probably the favourite of Henry VIII. who made him one of the executors of his will.

Charles Howard Earl of Nottingham, lord high admiral of England; a deservedly-esteemed favourite of Queen Elizabeth, to the splendour of whose annals, his abilities, as a naval commander, contributed largely. In 1588, he destroyed the *Spanish Armada*, the remembrance

of which atchievement is preserved in the tapestry hangings of the House of Lords, executed by Francis Spiering, from designs of Cornelius Vroom. The year 1596 added another triumph to his list of victories—the capture of Cadiz, and the burning of the Spanish fleet. Being a man of great splendour and expence, he was sent by the *peaceful James* ambassador into Spain, where he made his *entrée* with a retinue of five hundred persons, to the great astonishment, of the Spaniards, who did not expect such taste and magnificence from a nation of *heretics*. He died 1624, aged 87; having married Catherine, daughter of Henry Lord Hunsdon, by whom he had two sons and three daughters, of which the eldest, Elizabeth, married Sir Robert Southwell, (before mentioned) of Woodrising in Norfolk.

Thomas Earl of Strafford, 1640; painted the year before his execution. He forms a prominent feature in the reign of Charles I. distinguished in the outset of life by professions of patriotism, which were soon converted into most determined support and furtherance of the measures pursued at the period when he lived. Whilst lord-deputy of Ireland, in the true spirit of a proselyte, he adopted acts of

rigour and oppression beyond all precedent and endurance; the severity of his government drew forth the execrations of the nation, and *could* not secure him the protection of the sovereign; although whilst in confinement, he received *assurances* that he should not suffer in life, honour, or estate. When informed, therefore, that the king had granted a commission to pass the bill of attainder, he exclaimed, “Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.” Our detestation of the crimes of the *man* must for the moment subside, whilst we admire the magnanimity of the *hero* in the hour of expiation: the lieutenant of the Tower offered him a coach to convey him to the scaffold, lest he should be torn to pieces by the populace, but he replied, “*I die to please the people*, and am “willing to die in their own way!”

Sir William Godolphin, under-secretary to Bennet Earl of Arlington, and a zealous supporter of prerogative; he succeeded Edward Earl of Sandwich as ambassador to Madrid, where he embraced the Catholic faith, in which he died.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord-keeper in the reign of Queen Mary, and the first of that title who ranked as lord-chancellor; more distinguished,

however, as the father of Francis Lord Verulam, to whom he was as inferior in legal and philosophical knowledge, as he was superior in rigid and inflexible integrity. He died 1579.

Edward Hyde Earl of Clarendon, lord-chancellor. In a collection of portraits, we naturally look for the likeness of this nobleman; the admission is a tribute indisputably due to the greatest moral painter of the age in which he lived, such certainly was Lord Clarendon, who has left us full lengths of the court of Charles I. drawn with less of the artist's licence than could be expected from one who had been so actively employed in those days of party jealousy and intrigue. Charles II. gave him the title of Chancellor of England; his writings have secured him that of chancellor of human nature. It has been said of him, that he wrote for prerogative; it must in truth be added, that he acted for liberty. Obiit 1674.

Charles I. (small) by Vandyke.

Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely; an extremely fine painting, particularly in point of drapery.

Head of Saint Peter, and its companion, by Rembrandt.

A very fine bronze antique, nearly as large as life, of *Antinous*, the pathic and freedman of

Adrian; which our female *cicerone*, by a most whimsical string of misnomers, converted into *Antoninus, the friend of Alexander the Great*.

Portrait of *S' Gravesmaar*, lieut.-general; a noble Dutchman, whose family is at present one of the most respectable in Holland.

In the *breakfast-room* are the portraits of *Sarah Duchess of Marlborough*, daughter of Richard Jennings, esq; of Sunbridge in Hertfordshire. Her Grace's character will be found in the busy political reign of the high church Anne, in almost every year of which she appears to have been actively employed. Guided by the mistaken policy of preferring gain to fame, she at last fell a sacrifice to the enemies which a *favourite's situation* naturally created, and which her unbounded avarice had too successfully encouraged. She lived to feel herself the neglected subject of that monarch to whom she had so long appeared as chief adviser; and died immensely rich, but entirely unlamented, in 1744, aged 85.

Mrs. Ashburnham, afterwards the wife of Edward Dering.

Lady Clifford's dressing-room contains a choice collection of fine paintings and curious miniatures; amongst the former are,

Landscape, by Salvator Rosa.—Four Views of Venice, by Carnaletti.—Landscape, by Poussin.—Sea-Piece, with setting sun, and a Landscape, by Claude Lorraine.—Two large Landscapes, by Poussin.—Dead Christ, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti.—Dying Cleopatra, by Guido.—Holy Family, by Titian.

The miniatures are inlaid in the doors of two cabinets; that on the right hand of the entrance contains,

George Earl of Cumberland, richly dressed in armour studded with gold, one of the distinguished ornaments of Queen Elizabeth's court; he was amongst the many gallant noblemen of that reign, who volunteered aboard the fleet to oppose the *invincible Armada*, as it was styled; and performed no less than eleven voyages, at his own expence, in order to harrass the Spanish enemy. A whole length of this hero, clad for the tournament, and the rich armour in which he was accoutred upon these gala occasions, are still carefully preserved at Appleby-Castle.

Margaret Sackville Countess of Thanet, she married

John second Earl of Thanet, who appears to have compounded for his estates in 1654 for the sum of nine thousand pounds, with the se-

questrators appointed by the rebel Parliament. He died in 1676, and left twelve children.

Lady Ann Clifford, daughter of the above-mentioned George Earl of Cumberland, and inheritor of all his *spirit* and *generosity*. Of the *former*, a lively trait is preserved in her letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, printed in the 'Noble Authors;' to the *latter*, many foundations and endowments in Westmoreland and Yorkshire still bear testimony. She was first married to Richard Earl of Dorset, whose life she has written, and afterwards to Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

Lady Margaret Coventry, one of the twelve children of John second Earl of Thanet; she married George third Lord Coventry.

The cabinet to the left hand contains,

Mrs. Pert; and under it

Queen Elizabeth, a very curious miniature, not larger than a sixpence; probably a token bestowed on and worn by one of her favourites.

Mrs. Southwell, *Lady Rodney*.

Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles I. to whose assistance he came from Holland, about the time that the king erected his standard at Nottingham; if intrepidity and resolute courage had been the only essentials to secure victory, he

would have been a more successful commander than he even proved. His temerity frequently lost him the advantage which his courage generally procured him in the outset of a battle. Charles seems to have acted as intemperately as unwisely, when he deprived Rupert of his commissions, for too early a surrender of the city of Bristol to Sir Thomas Fairfax. Obiit 1682.

General Monk.—*Earl of Ardglass*, very small and curious.—*Charles I.* superbly dressed.

Robert Southwell, of Kinsale.

Ann of Denmark, queen of James I. with golden locks; one of those characters mentioned by Mr. Granger, as never reaching beyond mediocrity, by any other circumstance of her life than her rank as a queen.

General Monk, smaller than the former.

Henry Cavendish Duke of Newcastle, father of Catherine who married Thomas Earl of Thanet.

Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford.

Within this cabinet is a very costly and rare golden medal, bearing on the only side which we could see, the head of Thomas Lord Cromwell, with this inscription—*Imago D. Thomæ Cromwell Reg. Secret.* Created visitor-general of the monasteries, and Earl of Essex, Crom-

well was first made the instrument of Henry VIIIth's sacrilegious injustice, and then became the victim of his cruelty and disappointment, for having recommended to his throne and bed a *Flanders mare*, as the monarch styled his unfortunate wife Anne of Cleves.

The *ante-room* contains,

Venus and Cupid, a beautiful painting, by Correggio; the arch expression in the countenance of the former, and the childish roguery in that of Cupid, are incomparable.

Madona and Child, by Guercino.—Samson and Dalilah, by G. Poussin.—Venus and Cupid, by Guido.—Christ and Woman of Samaria, large painting, by Carlo Maratti.

Over the chimney-piece in the *library* is the whole length portrait of *Sir Thomas Southwell*, of Ireland, in a sporting dress, with his dog and gun. He was the son of Richard Southwell, and died 1626.

The *dining-room* concludes the rich repast, and contains the jewels of the collection; they are,

St. Jerome, by Hannibal Carracci.

St. Cecilia, by Dominichino, which, in spite of the absurdity of the subject, cannot be contemplated without astonishment and delight. Cecilia is represented playing on a violon-

cello, with a boy before her holding up an open music-book. Nothing can be more exquisite than the countenance of the saint, whose eyes are lifted up to heaven in rapturous devotion.

John in the Wilderness, a grand picture, exhibiting, in a striking manner, the powerful effect of strongly contrasted light and shade. It is said to be by Raphael; but may, perhaps, with as much probability, be given to Andrea del Sarto, who is said to have copied the works of this artist so exquisitely, as sometimes to have deceived even the master himself.

Susannah and Elders, by Rubens, with his usual strength of colouring.—*Hermit and Rocks*, by Salvator Rosa, in his darkest style.

The *Wise-Men's Offering*; a *Head*; and a *Cardinal's Head*; by Titian.—*Portraits of two Painters*, by one of the Carracci.

Holy Family, by Raphael.

Returning through Henbury, we enter upon the road which, presently diverging, conducts by different ways to the Old and New Passages across the Severn, where travellers, their cattle, and carriages are accommodated with boats for their conveyance, of various sizes, according to the weather or the freight. Our route lay

to the former, to which superior conveniences appear to induce a greater resort. Here the master of the inn, catching a hint from an enemy, has established a *telegraph*, which, communicating by signals with a similar machine on the other side of the Severn, prepares every accommodation for the traveller, who is about to pass the river; whilst the opposite telegraph performs the same kind offices for him who wishes to pass from the Monmouthshire to the Gloucestershire bank. It was at this point of the Severn that Publius Ostorius Scapula, (who succeeded Aulus Plautius in the government of Britain in the year 51 or 52) established a passage into South-Wales for the conveyance of the legions over it; a fact acknowledged by all antiquaries, and corroborated by the ancient name of this place, *Oster-Clive*, an evident corruption of the Prænomen Ostorius. In little more than sixty years after its establishment, the passage became of greater importance, since it served for the conveyance of the iron ore which was dug up in the Forest of Dean, carried to Bath, and manufactured there at the *fabrica*, or great military college, erected by Hadrian, to supply the legionaries of the western parts of Britain with implements of war.

The Old-Passage, also, is memorable on another occasion. Here Edward the elder passed a night when he journeyed into Gloucestershire to hold a conference with Leoline, prince of South-Wales. The pride of the Welshman, however, would not allow him to cross the Severn in order to meet the Saxon; and Edward was content to forego his own dignity, and pass the river to Beachley, the opposite point. This act of condescension had its proper effect on Leoline, who, ashamed of his own conduct, as the king approached the shore, rushed breast high into the water, and seizing the prow of the boat, is said to have exclaimed, “ Wisest of
 “ monarchs, behold the victory of humility over
 “ pride, of wisdom over folly. Ascend that
 “ neck, which has been vainly exalted against
 “ superior merit; and enter triumphantly into
 “ a country which virtue like yours is alone
 “ worthy to govern.” Then taking Edward upon his shoulders, he carried him to the shore, placed him upon his own royal robes, and did him homage for the principality. The Severn, which spreads itself into a noble stream considerably above Aust, and extends above a mile in breadth in that point, would be a river of beauty equal to its magnitude, were it not deformed

by the muddy ochreous tinge of its waters; a circumstance that has occasioned it to be likened to the river Alpheus after it had performed the purgation of the Augean stables. This colour it receives from the ferruginous clay through which it flows; (for the forest of Dean, whose foundation it washes, is nothing more than one immense bed of iron ore; and the banks of the Severn, on each side, exhibit one dark stratum of red soil for many miles.) Its bottom is formed of grey limestone rocks, which having parted with the earth that filled their interstices, display at the ebb a shaggy rugged bed, whose crags and prominences occasion the eddies and turbulence which continually disfigure its surface. In these rocky ledges are frequent hollows, where, at very low tides, a variety of vegetable and mineral articles are discovered jumbled together in singular confusion; such as beech-mast, acorns, filberts, the stones of the plumb, cherry, and all English fruits; masses of wood, stone, and coal, rounded by attrition. Of this latter article the quantity is so great as to be sufficient for the purposes of the limekilns upon the banks of this part of the Severn. The Cliff at Aust Passage also exhibits some curious mineralogical appearances. It is com-

posed of two strata of clay; the upper of a blue, the under one of a red tinge. These rest upon a grey limestone rock; but unbedded in the lower stratum is one of gypsum, of great depth, and astonishing extent, continued thro' the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan, and stretching as far to the west as Tenby in Pembrokeshire; an inexhaustible mine to the plaisterers of Bath, Bristol, and the other neighbouring places; who having previously calcined it, afterwards render it firm and solid, by pouring cold water upon it. It is then called *alabaster*, and becomes capable of receiving a fine polish; or being mixed with lime is used as a finer kind of mortar. Its dip is to the south-east, and appears to be about thirty degrees. Two small veins of *sulphate of strontian** occur like-

* *Sulphate of strontian*, so called in the language of the new chemistry, (from its being a compound of sulphuric acid and strontian earth) is found in considerable quantities at Redland, near Bristol, at Aust-Passage, and at Sodbury in Gloucestershire; as well as in the different parts of England, and in foreign countries. The varieties found in the former situations have undergone a very complete analysis, by that excellent chemist Mr. W. Clayfield, of Bristol; and he has published a paper on the subject in a volume of Contributions to Physical and Medical Knowledge, by Dr. Beddoes. Mr. Clayfield concludes that the fibrous variety of *sulphate of strontian* contains, in 200 parts, of

Strontian - - - -	116 . 5
Acid - - - - -	83 . 5—200

With a small proportion of iron.

wise at this spot, running in a perpendicular direction through the strata of clay. One of these is found at the commencement of the cliff close to the well of water, but this is very diminutive. The other presents itself opposite to the pier, and measures in breadth about four inches.

The flat country that spreads from the Severn to the south, from Aust through Oldbury to Thornbury, displays as rich a soil, and as good husbandry, as any part of England; and their natural accompaniment, a wealthy yeomanry, and comfortable peasantry. As we approach the latter place the *trap* or toad-stone appears in great profusion, forming, indeed, the basis of the county; and offering, from its situation, a strong proof against the opinion of those who consider it as a volcanic production.

Thornbury-Castle is a monument of the affluence and splendour of Edward Duke of Buckingham, who fell a sacrifice to the tyranny of Henry VIII. Submission might probably have averted the vengeance of the king, but Buckingham scorned to save his life by losing his honour; he was therefore beheaded; and, amongst other magnificent unexecuted plans,

left the castle at Thornbury an unfinished structure. The body of the castle, according to his design, would have formed a square, with three large polygonal towers and two smaller ones in front; the former of these machicolated. Before this a large base court spreads itself, ninety-five yards in breadth and eighty-five in length, around which were constructed barracks for the soldiery; a similar area stretches to the back of the castle. One of these towers is fitted up to accommodate the steward of the estate and manor, which at present belong to the Duke of Norfolk, and over the entrance adjoining it is the following notification of the time when the building was constructed:—

“ This gate was begun in the yere of oure LORD GODDE
 “ mcccccxī, the ii yere of the reyne of Kynge Henrie
 “ the viii, by one Edw. Duk of Bukkingham Erle of Hart-
 “ ford, Strafforde, ande Northampton.”

Close to the south of the castle, (which stands quite at the northern extremity of the straggling town that it adorns) is the church, a regular and curious Gothic pile; the tower of which is particularly beautiful. The battlements, relieved by lancet-like perforations, assume an unusual appearance of lightness, which is increased by the elegant addition of an open-

work stone lantern at each corner of the parapet, crowned with a sharp cymatium top. Buckingham, much pleased with this part of England, intended to have resided chiefly at this castle, and to have made the church collegiate, with a dean and prebends; but the cruel caprice of Henry at once destroyed the Duke's speculations, and prevented the consideration that would have attached to Thornbury from the possession of a *chapter*.

Much variety of country, and interesting scenery, are offered to the traveller in his ride from this place to Berkeley, a distance of nine miles; the Severn, with its playful windings and rich banks, opening occasionally to the left, and the grand hills of Stinchcomb, Frocester, &c. swelling out of a highly-cultivated and populous country to the right. The august castle attracts attention as we approach the village, venerable on account of its antiquity, and awful from its having been the scene of one of the most atrocious murders recorded in English history. It is situated at the southern extremity of the park, on a gentle rising of the ground, which gives it a view not only over the grounds in its neighbourhood,

but also of a large tract of distant country—the fertile fields of Gloucestershire, the reaches of the Severn, and the mountains of Monmouthshire. Founded originally in the reign of Henry I. by Roger de Berkeley, and compleated in that of Stephen, by Roger the third Earl of Berkeley, it has been preserved ever since entire and unaltered, except in some little circumstances which modern ideas of convenience demanded; and exhibits, therefore, the most compleat specimen of ancient Norman military architecture in the kingdom. The noble owner has fitted up the interior in a manner consistent with the style of its venerable outside, judiciously excluding all modern knick-knacks, and admitting nothing in the line of furniture which does not associate with the ideas of feudal times, and old English grandeur. An ancient gateway opens into the base court; through which we enter the *hall*, a fine old raftered room, with a gallery at one end, for the accommodation of the minstrelsy on days of high carouzing. From this apartment, a small passage conducts us to the ancient *chapel* of the castle, long since decayed, lined with oak; having a gallery for the heads of the family to sit in during prayers, and a confessional

for their use, when the stock of sin, becoming too heavy for the conscience, was to be removed, by the wonder-working absolution of the accommodating priest.

Connected with the chapel is the *dining-room*, wainscoated with oak, its cieling divided into square compartments by massive rafters of the same wood, and its walls decorated with ordinary full lengths, painted on wood, and probably imaginary, of

George Earl of Berkeley, great great grandfather to the present Earl.—*James I.*—*Jane Shore*.—*Robert Fitzharding*;—and a picture of Rubens over the chimney.

Here too are seen a sopha and chairs, which, together with a bedstead in an adjoining room, made of ebony and cane-work, formed the cabin furniture of Sir Francis Drake, to whom the Berkeley family had the honour of being related.

The *drawing-room* is low and small, but handsomely, though judiciously, furnished; and ornamented with the following portraits:

Thomas Earl of Strafford.

Charles Earl of Berkeley.

Mary Countess of Inchiquin, a portrait rich, beautiful, and soft. She was daughter of Sir E.

Villiers, sister to the first Earl of Jersey, and wife of William Earl of Inchiquin, 1700.

Louisa Countess of Berkeley, grandmother to the present Lord.

Ann Hyde Duchess of York, daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and the first wife of the bigotted James II. when Duke of York. An early death fortunately prevented her from participating the miseries of her husband's chequered fortune. Obiit 1671.—This is probably the work of Sir Peter Lely.

Mary D'Este, (over the chimney) the adopted daughter of Lewis XIV. by whom she was portioned to James II. before he ascended the throne of England. Her bigotry, haughty carriage, and intriguing spirit, contributed greatly to encourage her besotted spouse in the prosecution of plans which he had weakness enough to project, without ability to carry into effect. With every inclination to enslave the minds, and subvert the liberties, of his subjects, he did not possess capacity or art to disguise his designs. When this combination of wickedness and folly (to which almost every page of his history bears testimony) obliged him to relinquish a crown that he was unfit to wear, he retired, with his queen, to the palace of Saint

Germaines, where she died 1718, having enjoyed many comforts from the generosity of the French monarch.

Christina, wife of John first Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Andrew Riccard, president of the East-India Company, and widow of Henry Rich, son of Henry Earl of Holland. She died in 1698, leaving three sons and a daughter.

Charles, eldest son of John first Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, and the above-mentioned Christina; he died on board his Majesty's ship Tyger, which he commanded, 1682. This portrait is by Sir Peter Lely.

Lady Henrietta, fifth daughter of George first Earl of Berkeley; a lady, for the ample detail of whose amours I must refer you to the State-Trials, where you will find a character exhibiting a perfect model of all that can disgrace human nature. After having alienated the affections of her sister's husband, Ford Lord Grey, from his wife, and brought indelible disgrace on her family by her own open criminal intercourse with him, her distracted parents still wished to recover their abandoned child, and summoned the paramour to surrender her in court. She accordingly appeared, but shame-

lessly set aside her father's claim upon her person, by declaring herself the wife of a profligate wretch named Turner. Notwithstanding the previous marriage of this man to another woman was clearly proved, the court did not consider itself empowered to deliver the child to her natural guardian, by withholding the wife from her husband; but recommended a prosecution for bigamy and perjury, and committed him to prison; where being accompanied by Henrietta, they cohabited as man and wife. In the portrait before us, the lady is represented with a basket of flowers in her hand, which she has just received from a little black boy, who stands behind her. The eager enquiring countenance of the latter well expresses his suspicions (which were too well founded) of a letter from her paramour, Lord Grey, being concealed under the flowers.

John first Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, a title conferred on him by Charles II. because he had obtained at that place a signal victory over the king's enemies. Though faithful, active, and useful in his services to Charles I. he had never been countenanced by that monarch in proportion to his deserts. Not suffering, however, the ungenerous conduct of the father to alienate

his regards from the son, he firmly attached himself to the fortunes of this monarch both before and after his restoration, and was rewarded for his fidelity by the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, and by being appointed ambassador to the French King. He died in 1678, at the age of 71. The portrait is by Vandyke.

Frances Countess of Tyrconnel, daughter of R. Jennings, esq; of Sundridge, Herts, and widow of Sir George Hamilton, brother to the well-known writer of 'Grammont's Memoirs.' In this work, the character of Frances is drawn, together with all the other personages distinguished at the period when Hamilton shone the gallant gay Lothario of Charles the Second's court. She was elder sister to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and wife of Richard Earl of Tyrconnel, viceroy of Ireland, whose annals exhibit innumerable instances of the complying spirit of this Popish delegate of a Popish prince. You may, perhaps, recollect, that Mr. Pennant, in his account of London, relates a singular anecdote of this lady; that she supported herself for a few days, at the *New Exchange*, in the character of a milliner, disguised in a white dress, and a white mask, which gained her the name of the *white widow*.

A small beautiful whole length of a female, in Sir Peter Lely's best manner.

Mary Lady Berkeley, one of the maids of honour to Queen Mary, who married Thomas Chambers, esq; of Hanworth, Middlesex.

A beautiful highly-finished small portrait, called *Fair Rosamond*; evidently a fancy piece.

The *library* contains a few books, and a model in box-wood of the sixty-four gun ship in which Admiral Berkeley first hoisted his flag. The whole is curiously put together with pins, and bears a noble testimony to the perseverance and ingenuity of the Margravine of Anspach, (Lord B.'s sister) by whom it was constructed.

In the *breakfast-room* we have a small painting on marble, of the Wise-Men's Offering, said to have cost five hundred guineas.

Landscape, by Salvator Rosa.—Two Landscapes, by Wouverman.—Small Landscape, by Claude.—Landscape, by Polenberg.—A fine Circumcision, by Basani.—Fruit and Flower Piece, by Baptiste.

The *white dressing-room* contains the following curious miniatures, beginning from the left, and proceeding to the right:

Baron Lord Berkeley.

Oliver Cromwell; an admirable head.

Lady Margaret Berkeley, grand-daughter of Maurice Lord Berkeley, who married Sir Lewis Pollard.

Earl of Berkeley; in the costume of the commencement of the seventeenth century.

Lord Berkeley, 1601.

Queen Elizabeth playing on a guitar; small and curious.

Lady Elizabeth Coke, sister of George first Lord Berkeley, and wife of Edward, grandson of the Lord Chief-Justice Coke. She died 1661.

George Cary Lord Hunsdon, connected with the Berkeleys by the marriage of his only daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, with Thomas Lord Berkeley, who left her a widow in 1610. This nobleman, who enjoyed various places of great profit and high honour, was son of Henry Lord Hunsdon, the near relation and distinguished favourite of Elizabeth, by whom he was indulged with a visit in one of her progresses; a method she adopted, not unsuccessfully, to diminish the accumulating wealth of her subjects. This politic precaution of the deep-thinking monarch would have been unnecessarily employed on the last peer of this family, who was bound apprentice to a weaver, and

had served as a private soldier, though raised from the ranks before the title devolved to him.

A second miniature of *Elizabeth*, larger than the former.

Elizabeth Countess of Berkeley, one of the co-heiresses of John Massingberd, of Lincolnshire, and wife of George Earl of Berkeley; painted by Cooper in 1644.

Henry Lord Berkeley, An. Dom. 1601; painted when he was twenty-one years of age.

A third miniature of *Elizabeth*; exhibiting in the richness of her dress that vanity which made her at once ridiculous and contemptible. Her red perriwig is here very visible.

George Lord Berkeley of Carye, Anno Domini 1619. He married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Michael Stanhope, by whom he was father to George first Lord Berkeley. He died 1658.

Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, his wife.

Lady Theophila, wife of Sir Robert Coke, daughter of Thomas Lord Berkeley and Lady Elizabeth Cary.—*Queen Mary*.

Sir William Berkeley, son of Thomas fifth Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, with the words *pignora amicitiae*. He died in 1677, and was buried at Twickenham.

Thomas fifth Lord Berkeley, of Stratton.

Countess of Berkeley.

Cardinal Ragbire, enamelled on a gold plate.

Thomas Hobbes of Malmsbury, as he is usually styled, from his birth-place *Westport*, within the liberties of that borough. He was a voluminous writer of infinitely better style than any of his contemporaries in the reign of Charles II.; but it must also be acknowledged, that he was one in whose ethics and politics we can neither discover an inclination to mend the morals, nor extend the liberties, of mankind. He was in such repute with Charles II. to whom he had been mathematical tutor, that his picture, by Cooper, was carefully preserved in his closet at Whitehall; and so highly esteemed in France, that (according to his friend the traveller *La Sorbriere*) the *virtuosi* came as it were in pilgrimage to contemplate his likeness, which he carried over with him from this country. Having been early patronised by the Devonshire family, he died at their seat at Hardwick, 1679, aged 92.

Henry Lord Berkeley, 1601.

Earl Goodwin. This name is affixed to a miniature purporting to be the husband of Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, 1662.

The *little state-bedchamber* exhibits a most curious specimen of antique furniture, a massive wooden bedstead, standing under a recess, and purporting to have been made in the year 1330. Grotesque figures, and heavy ornaments, carved in wood, cover the whole of the back; the front posts are cut into open-work, and prove that our ancestors, five hundred years ago, had more execution than taste in their works of art. A solitary *witch piece*, in Old Franks' wildest manner, is the only picture in this room.

The *great state-bedchamber* contains a similar piece of furniture within the last room, though not of equal antiquity, since it was constructed for the accommodation of James I. who made frequent visits to Berkeley-Castle. The oldest cabinet in England, formed of oak, and another, valuable on account of its antiquity, and made of tortoise-shell, are preserved in this room.

Darius's tent has two pictures by Frederick Zuccherro, who arrived in England 1574, and worked here for some years; they represent Sir Maurice Berkeley, of Bruton, and his wife.

Leaving the body of the building, we pass over the top of the keep to a small retired dark room, standing detached and solitary, and entered by a low strong door; where deeds of

blood might be perpetrated without disturbance or discovery. This was the accursed scene of the last agonies of the unfortunate Edward II. where he expiated, by a horrible death, the errors of a weak, rather than a vicious, reign; leaving a solemn warning to succeeding monarchs of the danger of *favouritism*. The appropriate hangings of the room and its furniture, crimson cloth embroidered with black, naturally lead the mind to a recollection of the execrable cruelty of the Bishop of Hereford, who invented and directed the method by which Edward was destroyed; an impression that is heightened by the sight of an instrument like a file, kept in the apartment, and said to be the engine with which the deed was committed, alluded to by Gray in the best of his compositions, his "Bard."

"Mark the year, and mark the night,
 "When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
 "The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring,
 "Shrieks of an agonizing king."

Where, by the bye, the passage is spoiled, by the use (in the last line) of the present participle for the preterite passive.

Adjoining to the castle stands the church, and appears to have been built about the

commencement of the fourteenth century. The tower is placed at one corner of the churchyard, distinct from the edifice of which it usually forms a member, and constructed within the last fifty years. Many old monuments of the Berkeley family are preserved within the church; the most curious is an ancient table tomb, surrounded by an iron railing, on which are stretched the full-length alabaster figures of a knight and his lady; the former in armour, the latter in the dress of the day. These are the effigies of Sir Thomas, second Lord Berkeley, who died 1361, and Margaret daughter of the Earl of March, his first wife. The splendour and princely magnificence in which this baron lived at Berkeley, was not exceeded by any nobleman of his time. Three hundred people, consisting of knights, esquires, and pages, filled his hall every day; and seventy-four manors, the demesne of which he kept in his own hands, supplied his table with the substantial hospitality of the times. To this lord the unfortunate Edward II. was delivered by the Queen's party Nov. 16, 1326; but his enemies fearing that the noble owner of Berkeley-castle would treat the royal prisoner with too much kindness, commanded Thomas to surrender his man-

sion and his charge into the hands of John Lord Maltravers and Sir T. Gournay; more fit instruments for the tragic violence that was shortly after perpetrated on the hapless monarch. Other ancient monuments, to the memory of different branches of this noble family, occur in different parts of the church. The churchyard also exhibits divers "frail memorials" of the departed, which, as is usual in country cemeteries, are all marked by one general prevailing taste in their construction and decorations. We may lament that the ornaments on the grave-stones at Berkeley are not in harmony with the simplicity of the scenery around. Fat-faced cherubs, and hideous death's-heads, emboss most of the grave-stones, which are further ornamented with golden crowns and silver glories, scythes, hour-glasses, and other emblems of mortality, painted in all the colours of the rainbow. One of these stones commemorates *Dickey Pearce*, a village droll or buffoon, who flourished at Berkeley half a century ago, and not only afforded amusement to his fellow-villagers, but also recommended himself, by his well-timed buffoonery, to the patronage of the great. The outline of his history and character is contained in the following epi-

taph on his grave-stone, the epigrammatic turn of which compensates in *truth* for its deficiency in poetry:

“ Here lies the Earl of Suffolk’s fool,*
 “ Men called him Dickey Pearce;
 “ His folly served to make folks laugh,
 “ When wit and mirth were scarce.
 “ Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
 “ What signifies to cry;
 “ *Dickies* enough are left behind
 “ To laugh at by and bye.”

The *wit* of Dickey was not, it seems, confined to oral observation, but frequently discovered itself in practical jokes. Several of these are preserved in the records of parochial tradition; amongst which, allow me to present you with the following, a proof that Dickey sometimes availed himself of the practice of the seers of old, of imparting instruction by the means of sensible types instead of verbal communication. An ancestor of the present Lord B. having

* *Fools*, in early times, formed part of the household of the great. *Will Somers* served Henry VIII. and history has preserved many traits of his influence with that monarch. In later times the occupation has not been so general, though *Jack Creighton* is still maintained at Althorpe, the seat of Earl Spencer; and probably the only noble family where that character is preserved in its pristine interpretation.

considerably diminished his property by expensive pursuits, Dickey began to fear that the whole of the noble patrimony would be dissipated, and the venerable castle, with its princely demesnes, be transferred from the family to strange purchasers. High as his privilege of speech was with my Lord, he could not, however, venture to *expostulate* with him on so delicate a subject; he therefore determined to *hint* to him the fatal consequences of his imprudences by a *visible sign*. Procuring a rope, therefore, he placed himself at the great gate of the castle at a time when he knew his Lordship would pass through it, and as he approached, began to apply the cord to the wall, as if he intended to surround the whole with it. "What art thou doing, Dick?" said my Lord. 'Only tying a rope round the castle, your honour, to prevent its running away after — and —, (estates which his Lordship had sold) to the top of Stinchcomb-hill.' His Lordship felt the force of the observation, and rewarded the droll with a piece of money for his foresight and wit.

The town of Berkeley is one of the five ancient boroughs which subsisted in Gloucestershire, in the time of Edward I.; but for some centuries

it has ceased to return members to Parliament, though it has a mayor elected annually, “a shadow of a shade,” with few privileges and no jurisdiction. It gives name and title to the Earls of Berkeley; and has the honour of numbering amongst its inhabitants Doctor Henry Jenner, the philosopher and philanthropist, the indefatigable promoter of “Vaccine Inoculation;” to the adoption and diffusion of which, every man who is anxious to *æconomize* the human race, will ardently endeavour to contribute. The struggle between truth and prejudices deeply rooted and long indulged, will oftentimes be protracted to a tedious length, but fortunately for mankind, in the present instance the triumph of science has been obtained already; and the utility of this mode of inoculation is now as universally acknowledged as it has been undeniably demonstrated.

Pursuing the road to Stroud, we pass through Frocester, lying in a bottom, at the foot of the long winding hill which receives its name from the village beneath it, and enter on the Bath turnpike, which dropping down the hill, passes through Frocester in its way to Gloucester, forming one of the great roads between the

two cities. The stupendous view from this tedious ascent, gradually opening, increasing, and varying, as we toil upwards, is well known; and can be but inadequately described. Immediately under it, to the right, is spread the widely-sweeping parish of Coaley, displaying a broad expanse of rich fertility; the residence of industry, wealth, and population. Around this the country rises in an amphitheatrical form, shielding it to the south and east by a noble belt of hills thickly planted with beech woods, (belonging to Lord Ducie) which, having now assumed their autumnal mantle of sober russet, finely chastened the vivid green of the cultivated inclosures below. In the centre of this broad flat, the singular hill of Camley swells out of the vale, assuming the form of an oval conoid, and presenting a truncated summit, as if it had been levelled by human labour. Hitherto the eye has been confined to the south and east of this extraordinary scene, but if its excursions be directed to the west and north, a wider field for admiration and delight is opened. Here it pursues the same broad carpet of animated husbandry, till it reach the Severn; traces the river for many miles, which now begins to assume the capricious serpen-

tine direction that it continues to its source on the head of Plinlimmon; surveys the diversified banks on the opposite side, and reposes either on the mountains of Glamorgan and Monmouth to the left, the hills of Malvern in front, or the more distant heights of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire to the right.

On reaching the summit of Frocester hill a cross-road occurs, running in a line directly opposite to the Bath turnpike. This, penetrating into a noble wood of beech, conducts the traveller along the brow of a lofty eminence, upwards of a mile, when suddenly issuing from the shade it offers him another view of incomparable beauty. The wood ceases, and the hill on the left, forming itself into a rapid semi-circular coomb, unfolds beneath it an unbounded prospect of fresh diversity, discovering a vast extent of bottom, ornamented with elegant houses, large manufactories, gay towns, and neat villages; the whole enlivened by long stripes of cloth, of various colours—red, blue, black, and white—stretched upon frames, for the purpose of dying. Again penetrating the wood, we pursue our darkling course through its shades for another half mile, and at length bid adieu to it on Silsly hill,

where, in addition to the other grand objects with which we have before been regaled, we embrace to the right the winding and picturesque valley in which Stroud is situated, with the flourishing manufactories and genteel mansions in its neighbourhood.

On dropping down Cain's-Cross Hill, in our approach to Stroud, we have a peep into Woodchester bottom, a place of Roman antiquity, where coins and tessellated pavements have been discovered in great abundance. At present, however, it offers more agreeable, as well as more useful, subjects of speculation, than even these classical remains—a long range of noble woollen manufactories. The principal of these belongs to Mr. Wathen, who some time since introduced the Manchester fancy work, which is now carried on with great spirit and success. He invented and adopted, also, an improved machinery for the manufacture of the cloth, the principal feature of which is a shearing engine, consisting of a cylindrical roller, round which the cloth passes. As the cylinder revolves, the cloth is encountered by several shears, which being firmly fixed in a proper machine, perform their office with the utmost exactness, no manual labour being re-

quired, and one person performing as much work as eight would execute in the same space of time. The dying works at Dudbridge, over which we pass in our way to Stroud, excite our astonishment at the extent of this noble branch of British manufactures, the woollen cloth. Here Mr. Hawker has seven furnaces continually at work, which frequently dye forty-two pieces in the course of one day. Large copper cauldrons, (heated by the furnaces beneath them) containing the liquor, or dye, receive the pieces of cloth, where they continue about two hours, being passed during the whole time round a cylindrical frame, that revolves a little above the surface of the liquor, in order to give the dying ingredients an opportunity of tinging the cloth regularly and uniformly. This process is performed twice, after which the piece is drawn through a body of cold water, to cleanse it from those particles which will not adhere, and fix themselves to the wool. It is then stretched on the tenters, and exposed to the air to be dried; sheared, pressed, and packed for sale.

The scarlet dye of Stroud and its neighbourhood carries a preference to that of any other place, the water of its springs having some

properties peculiarly favourable to that particular process. Its woollen trade also flourishes with a vigour unknown to the manufactories of Wiltshire, in consequence of the abundant streams which water the clothing country of Gloucestershire, and afford the never-failing means of working the machinery, by which the business is carried on. Hence we see on every side a general appearance of affluence, an increasing population, a comfortable peasantry, and thickly sprinkled country seats, the snug retreats of the successful manufacturers. This gratifying view of human happiness extends through the whole *clothing country*, as it is called, a tract of valley consisting of two bottoms; that of Woodchester on the right, and Binscomb on the left; and stretching nearly fourteen miles from one extremity to the other. In this busy scene of industry, a great quantity of cloth is annually manufactured for home and foreign consumption; the demand for which, war has rather increased than diminished. The far greater proportion of its cloth consists of four colours—blue, red, white and black; the navy consumes a vast quantity of the first; the army, of the second and third; and the hapless survivors, whom war has robbed of their protec-

tors—the orphan and the widow—sufficiently explain the increased demand for the last colour.

The town of Stroud lies partly in a bottom and partly on the declivity of a hill, in the midst of a country singularly beautiful and romantic. Its girls are deservedly famed for their figure and charms; chiefly employed in burling and picking the wool, and preparing the white cloth for the dye, their business allows the greatest personal cleanliness, so that a knot of these busy females frequently exhibits more interesting beauty and neatness, than the drawing-room affords.

The road from Stroud to Cirencester, twelve miles, winds up the tedious hill at the bottom of which the former town is situated, but the wonderful views from its summit compensate all the toil of the ascent. Here all the clothing country is seen following the foldings of the valleys on either hand, and, for the last time, the Severn river and its distant boundaries of Monmouthshire and Herefordshire. Very different, indeed, is the country on which we now enter; an open flat, laid out into large arable fields, separated from each other by stone divisions; the whole exhibiting a light hungry

soil upon a basis of *oolite*, similar to the stone about Bath. In a tame scene, such as I have described, nothing occurs to interest the mind, nor is it relieved from the tiresomeness of dull uniformity till within five miles of Cirencester, when an example of human labour presents itself that claims our admiration. This is a tunnel, or under-ground continuation of the canal that connects the Thames with the Severn, commencing about three-quarters of a mile to the right of the road, passing invisibly under the turnpike, and opening again into the light of day at a mile to the left hand of it. To visit the entrance into this curious perforation, it is necessary to turn to the right to the hamlet of Coates, about half a mile from which in a bottom lies the canal. Here a large arch, with a handsome free-stone front, opens into a subterraneous passage, between three and four thousand yards in length, but so perfectly strait, as to afford a view of the opening at the other extremity, which appears like a distant star. As the tunnel is not sufficiently wide to allow two barges to pass each other, the following regulations are inscribed on a tablet affixed over the arch, to prevent such an unpleasant *rencontre*, as their meeting within the passage:—

“ Boats to enter the tunnel on this end, at two o'clock
 “ or at ten o'clock in the morning; and at six o'clock in
 “ the afternoon. If any boat enter the tunnel at the Coates-
 “ field end at any other time than above-mentioned, or is
 “ longer than four hours in passing the tunnel, and by that
 “ means meets another boat which has entered it the re-
 “ gular hour, such boat exceeding the limited time shall
 “ be taken back to the end of the tunnel she entered at,” &c.

The arched passage is partly formed of stone, partly of brick, and partly of the natural rock; about twelve feet wide, and upon the average sixteen feet high; the expence of constructing it may be conceived from the nature of the contracts entered into, which, in some instances, allowed the workmen five guineas upon every square yard. Great costs also attend the supplying of the canal with water, which is performed (the dearth of the springs in the ground through which it is cut rendering it necessary) by hydraulick machines pumping into it the water of the adjoining springs, night and day.

On returning to the Cirencester turnpike, we availed ourselves of the privilege allowed to travellers by Lord Bathurst, of passing through Oakley wood, the extensive out-park of that nobleman; which, though rather a circuitous road, agreeably diversifies the ride. It

is about fifteen miles in circumference, and laid out into ten diverging avenues, in the manner of the woods of Chantilly, which meet, like the *radii* of a wheel, on a rising ground in the centre. This mode of disposing grounds (in high repute with our ancestors) was called the *étoile*, or *star*; and the example of it before us obtained from Pope a compliment, which the more correct notions of taste possessed by the moderns will probably consider as mis-applied:

“Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?”

“Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?”

The home-park, or grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of Lord Bathurst's house, are also laid out in the same stiff manner; every where straight lines meet the eye, and in all the decorations an effort is seen to subdue the wildness and variety of nature to the uniformity of art. The mansion is a large and convenient family dwelling, built of free-stone, by Allen, the first Lord Bathurst. After running entirely through the out-park, the road joins the turnpike about a mile from Cirencester, descending the gentle hill which drops into this ancient town, the *Corinium* of the Romans of Britain.

Various marks of antiquity, in different parts of this place, evince its former importance; particularly, a vestige of the presence of the first conquerors of our country, a beautiful fragment of a tessellated pavement, in the house of Mrs. Smith, in Dyer-street. The subject is astronomical, exhibiting in vivid colours, and very neat Mosaic, several of the constellations under their appropriate emblematic representations. Fortunately for the lovers of Roman antiquity, this remain is in the possession of a lady who has taste to preserve it with care, and courtesy to allow the curious to contemplate it at their leisure.

The church is a fine piece of ancient Gothic architecture, with beautiful filigreed battlements, and a variety of imagery on the outside; and several old chapels, curious monuments, and valuable painted glass, within. The glass had long been scattered through the different windows of the pile, without any attention to order or regularity, when Mr. Lysons was requested to arrange it. This labour he undertook, and finished the western window with the utmost judgment, propriety, and beauty, at the expence of Mrs. Catherine Cripps, of Cirencester; but a sufficient quan-

tity of glass remaining to furnish nearly another, the same gentleman was prevailed upon to compleat the work, by adjusting the eastern window also, which was put up about three months ago, at the expence of Mrs. Williams; and, together with its companion, form the richest ornaments of this venerable pile. The south porch of the church is as magnificent as it is singular, stretching nearly forty feet in front, and rising to the proud height of fifty feet. The rich open-work of its battlements and pinnacles, the imagery of its front, and its fine ribbed ceiling within, are all admirable examples of splendid Gothic architecture.

Quitting Cirencester, on our return to Bath, about two miles from the former town, and one hundred yards to the left hand, we meet with the source of the river Thames. Little of his future majesty and greatness, however, can be discovered in his diminutive original; and the spring, robbed of almost all his waters by the steam engine, (which levies a contribution upon it night and day) would be in vain looked up to by the meadows of Oxfordshire for fertility, and the quays of London for wealth, if numberless tributary streams did not lend their

aid to support their venerable father, and fill his nearly-exhausted urn. The same unadorned scenery here again spreads itself into extensive flatness for many miles; but at length the road conducting us through Tetbury, (the bridge of which stands half in Wiltshire and half in Gloucestershire) proceeds to Wootton-under-Edge, where once more we get into interesting country.

Situated upon the side of a hill, with a deep coomb below it, this town commands an extensive view, including the hill of Lansdown, near Bath, on one side, and the mountains of Wales on the other. Here, also, the beneficial effects of the clothing manufactory to individuals in particular, and the publick in general, are manifested, in great opulence, increasing population, and universal industry. Several woollen works are carried on within the place, but we find the largest and most compleat establishment of the kind about one mile and a half from the town, on the road to Bath. It is called New-Mill, belongs to Messrs. Austin, and employs under its roof about one hundred and ninety-five men, women, and children. The construction and arrangement of this large manufactory reflect much credit both

on its architect and its managers; the plan being singularly judicious, particularly in the contrivance for the immediate suppression of fire, in case of an accident of that kind; and the regularity of the numerous inmates quite exemplary. Spanish wool is alone manufactured at this work, and prepared for the weaver of broad-cloth and kerseymere. The process is as follows:—The article being brought in its rough state to the manufactory is there, in the first place, *picked*, or freed from its tags and other impurities; then *oiled* upon a tin floor, in order to *soften* it for working. After this process it goes into the *first scribbling machine*, where the locks are loosened, detached, and divided; from thence into a *second* similar machine, where the wool is reduced to a still finer consistence. It is now thrown into a *third* machine, constructed like the last, and experiences the same process, except that passing under a fluted cylindrical roller, it is discharged from it in long and thin masses, as a preparation for spinning. These being gathered up by children are carried to the *spinning-billy*; by the curious and rapid operation of which they are lengthened, twisted into coarse threads, and wound up into cones. The *spinning-jennies* then receive these

threads; which, first untwisting them, twists them again in a contrary direction into finer and tighter threads, and forms them into cones as before. These are sent to the neighbouring weavers, and manufactured into cloth. But the mill has not yet performed all its operations; the cloth is again brought back, before it is dyed, to be *rowed*, a process for smoothing and cleasing it from all the ends of the thread, knots, &c. This is performed by its being passed over a cylinder wheeled round in a rapid manner, and armed with the heads of the teazle. After frequent repetitions of this process it goes to the fulling-mill, on the lowest floor of the building, where it is *milled* or *pounded*, which both thickens the cloth and deprives it of the oil that remained in the article of which it is composed. It is then stretched for dying, &c.

An agreeable impression arises on the contemplation of so much industrious exertion within so small a compass; nearly two hundred people busily employed under one roof; curious complicated machines above, moving with a velocity that defies the nicest vision to detect their motions; and ponderous engines below, astonishing the mind in an equal degree by their simplicity and gigantic powers. It is an

additional pleasure to reflect, that the best stimulus is held out to industry, by its being rewarded with proportionate profits. The men and women work by the piece, and earn from one to two guineas per week, according to their exertions. A provision, likewise, is made for children, who at six years old are brought to the scribbling machines, and are enabled to earn one shilling and sixpence per week. Our gratification on surveying this capital manufactory is heightened by the appearance of health, which the younger part of its inhabitants exhibit, and the general decency, order, and regularity, observable among the adults; circumstances which reflect particular credit on the proprietors and their agents, as this is rarely seen in similar institutions of a like extent.

Pursuing a road, which conducts for six miles through a flat rich grazing country, remarkable for the production of the dairy, we reach Tortworth-Court, the seat of Lord Ducie, situated in an extensive depression, surrounded by noble hills, whose gradually ascending sides offer an interesting variety of scenery; and whose undulating heights bound the view. The house is an old irregular building, not remark-

able for architectural beauty without, but fitted up in the inside with an elegance that testifies the cultivated taste of its accomplished owner. It came into the possession of the present Lord's family, together with the manor, the beginning of the seventeenth century, by the purchase of Sir Robert Ducie, baronet, alderman of London. His nephew, Sir William, was made knight of the bath, at the coronation of King Charles II. who created him also Viscount Down, in the kingdom of Ireland. This nobleman dying without issue, the property vested in Elizabeth, the only child of Robert Ducie, esq; his younger brother, who marrying Edward Morton, esq; of Morton in Staffordshire, had a son, Matthew Ducie Morton. On the 13th of June, 1720, he was created Lord Ducie, a title that descended through his son Matthew to his grandson Thomas, the present lord.

The association of the church with the mansion-house evinces the piety of our ancestors, who, unlike their fastidious descendants, seem not to have considered the house of GOD as an inconvenient or disagreeable neighbour. The great park, called Cromwell-Park, belonging to the mansion, lies at one mile distance from it, and is famous for a considerable piece

of water, or lake, within its inclosure. But the home, pleasure, and garden grounds are chiefly worth notice; where skill, beauty, and neatness are equally manifest. The most venerable ornament is an huge chesnut-tree, probably as remarkable for antiquity as size, it having been mentioned (according to Sir Richard Atkins) in King John's days, six centuries ago, as the wonder of the neighbourhood, and measuring, at present, at the foot, fifty-seven feet in circumference. A friend of the noble owner has lately paid the following poetical tribute to this father of the woods, engraved on a copper plate affixed to its trunk:—

“ This tree supposed to be 600 years old, Jan. 1st, 1800.

“ May man still guard thy venerable form

“ From the rude blast, and the tempestuous storm;

“ Still may'st thou flourish through succeeding time,

“ And last, long last, the wonder of the clime.”

The votarist, however, might have added at least two centuries to the supposed age of the chesnut; and a more happy turn, it should seem, ought to have been given to the *jeu d'esprit*, by an allusion to the successive generations which had been swept away during the vigour

of the uninjured tree; and by a comparison between the modes of domestic life, and the rude magnificence exhibited in the adjoining mansion during the feudal times; and the elegant comfort, and polished courtesy, that it at present displays under the auspices of its respectable possessor.

As we approach Wickwar, the mineralogy of the country becomes interesting, its basis for some miles exhibiting that species of ponderous stone, or barytes, called *sulphate of strontian*; a substance which, till within these two years, had been esteemed a white *lyas*. Coal, also, comes in again at this part in profusion, and traces of calamine and lead ore are discovered in the neighbourhood. The name of the little town is derived from the Saxon *þic wic*, village, and the noble family De la Warr, who became possessed of this manor in the reign of Richard I. and held it till the seventeenth century, when it was purchased by Sir Robert Ducie, and transmitted, with the other demesnes of that family, to the present Lord. It is a borough by prescription, but has long lost the substantial privilege of returning members to the Senate; and retains the *vox et præ-*

terea nihil, except the farce of a mace being carried before its mayor and twelve aldermen on festal days.

Of the same titular dignity is Chipping-Sodbury, five miles nearer Bath, a town made corporate by Charles in 1681, but disfranchised in 1688, at the request of the inhabitants. It bears the disgrace of having been stained by the blood of a martyr, in the cause of the Protestant religion, John Pigott, who was offered up at the stake, a victim to the bigotry of Queen Mary; and is said to have afforded a singular instance of the vengeance of Heaven on religious persecution, in the person of Dr. Whittington, vicar-general, who, having condemned a woman to death for heresy, was gratifying his barbarity with a view of her torments, when a bull bursting from a neighbouring pasture, rushed into the midst of the assembled spectators, and without attempting to injure any of them, proceeded to the Doctor, and with one stroke of his horns tore out his entrails.

About four miles from Chipping-Sodbury we reach Pucklechurch, dignified by Camden with the name of *Villa Regia*, but having long since

dropped all appearance of royalty, and degenerated into a village. A little to the east, on the road to Dirham, is a rising ground, with some unintelligible earth-works, said to be the scite of the palace which the Saxon Kings of this part of Britain occasionally inhabited; and here tradition also tells us, the murder of King Edmund happened, who was slain by Leof. “While he sat at table,” says the historian, “celebrating the feast of St. Augustine, at Pukelkurk in Gloucestershire, he espied amongst the crowd a notorious fellow, called Leof, whom he had banished for theft and rapine. He immediately commanded his server to seize the presumptuous thief, who had thus intruded himself even into the royal presence; but perceiving that this officer was not able to manage the delinquent, he himself started from the table, and pulled him to the ground by the hair of his head. Leof knowing that an ignominious death awaited him, drew forth a dagger, which was concealed under his clothes, and while the king lay upon him, sheathed it in the bosom of his prince, who immediately expired. The death of the murderer, whom the noblemen immediately hewed in pieces, was but a poor

“ atonement for the loss of such a valuable
 “ king, thus cut off in the flower of his youth.”

We now approach the roots of Lansdown, the great hill that rises to the north-west of Bath, and defends it from the cold blasts of that quarter. Near the northern foot of this elevation is the little village of Wick, picturesque in appearance, and remarkable for the romantic valley in its neighbourhood; a deep rugged glen, about three-quarters of a mile in length, which opens suddenly in a low country, and presents in its rocky sides and stony bottom a singular contrast to the richness and fertility of the adjacent parts. Through this hollow a little stream forces its way, flashing over a stony bed, and forming a pleasing addition to the scene. Of late years, however, the glen has lost much of its picturesque interest, by the introduction of several manufactories within its quiet sequestered windings, the din and bustle of which by no means harmonize with the features around. But in spite of the opposition that taste may make to these encroachments of art, on a spot which Nature seemed to have marked for her own, policy is content to allow the propriety of the present application of the

brook, hitherto useless, since, in the course of two miles, it now works no less than six mills; a rolling or slitting, a paper, an iron, a cotton, and two grist mills.

The geology of Wick rocks affords as much curiosity to the naturalist, as the beauty of the scene offers gratification to the man of taste. In the most lofty part they rise to the height of two hundred feet or upwards, and consist of a series of beds of lime-stone, and petrosilex, alternating with each other; exhibiting, towards the west, a vein of coal of fourteen inches thick, and another of lead, both formerly worked, shouldered on each side by a mass of petrosilex. In the centre of the glen we find a bed of lime-stone, nearly six hundred yards in breadth, inclosed between two beds of petrosilex, of nearly the same horizontal dimensions, all dipping to the west-north-west, in an angle of sixty feet with the plain of the horizon. Imbedded in this are *lead ore*, *Spathous iron ore*, *cauk* or *barytes*, and that large species of *anomia*, of which a profusion is found in the rocks of Mendip, Hotwells, and Derbyshire. The division of petrosilex adjoining to this great bed on the east combines again with the lime rock on the road to Doynton, and at this union

becomes a *mill-stone* or *pudding-stone*. Below the glen to the westward, by the side of the Bristol road, and a little under the surface of the *red ground* which is sufficiently obvious to the eye, are deposited a great profusion of *geodes* or *nodules*, containing within them beautiful *quartz chrystal*, with calcareous dog-tooth spar.

A noble Roman camp crowns the summit of the northern cliff, forming a long square, and defended on three sides by a broad ditch and double vallum. Its area, which consists of more than twelve acres, contains within it the rock-house and three or four cottages. A singular Druidical monument, also, is taken in our way to Lansdown, by following, for half a mile, Back-lane, which leads from the Crown Inn to the foot of that hill; and, (as is worth remarking) in its way thither runs over the limestone rock, and petrosilex, above-mentioned. On the east side of this lane we find the Druidical remain, which consists of three large stones, about five feet high, standing distant from each other, and forming an equilateral triangle. The ground within them is raised into the form of a *tumulus*; the stones are of a similar kind with those of the Druidical circles at Stanton-Drew, about twelve miles from this spot, *sili-*

ceous iron-stone, including within it rounded *quartz pebbles* and *crystals*.

Climbing the north-western steep of Lansdown, we pass the elegant free-stone monument erected by George Granville Lord Lansdown in 1720, to the memory of the Cornish heroes, who died fighting in the battle which took place at this spot between the King's forces, and those of the Parliament under Sir William Waller, July 5th, 1643. Sir Bevil Granville, who was killed on the part of the king, fell on the exact spot where the monument at present stands. To the south of this, at a small distance from the road, are the fatal breast-works, (described by Clarendon) that were thrown up by Waller on the morning of the battle; in attempting to force which Granville lost his life. Like the Theban chieftain of old, or the no less celebrated modern hero of the heights of Abraham, he died in the moment of victory; and the last words which struck upon his ear were the joyful acclamations of his soldiers, "They fly, they fly!" But mournful was the triumph of the royal party; nor did the retreat of Waller from his ground, nor the military stores which he left behind him, however acceptable to the cavaliers, at all com-

pensate for the misfortunes they experienced in the dreadful effusion of blood to which their valour had exposed them; in the destruction of many of their best officers; and in the loss of a leader (Sir Bevil Granville) who was at once the confidence of the army, and the boast of his party. His remains were removed to Kilkhampton in Cornwall, and no "stone of memorial" rose on the spot where he fell, till near a century had elapsed from the date of the battle; but Granville had built himself a monument, *ære perennius*, in the hearts of his friends; and the fairest meed of unfortunate valour, the tears of the brave, and lamentations of the good, soothed the shade of the departed hero.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest

"By all their country's wishes blest?

"When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,

"Returns to deck their hallowed mould,

"She then shall dress a sweeter sod

"Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung;

"By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

"There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,

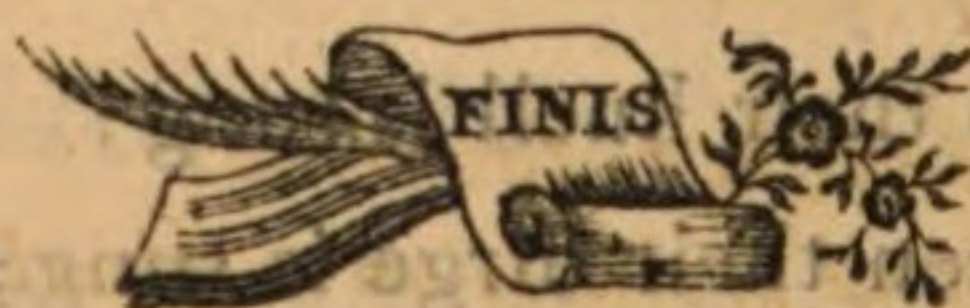
"To bless the turf that wraps their clay;

"And Freedom shall awhile repair,

"To dwell a weeping hermit there."

The top of Lansdown preserves a dead level for nearly three miles, and commands a view diversified and august, from one point of which the cities of Bath and Bristol are seen at the sametime. Once a year this flat displays the humours of a *fair*, and the gaieties of a race, both sufficiently supplied with company from the neighbouring *town of speculation*. Half way up the proud acclivity of Lansdown, the spirit of building has carried *streets* and *crescents*, which, though but the children of yesterday, assume an exclusive claim to fashion and elegance; and, with mushroom pride, look down disdainfully on the venerable parent city in the bottom, forgetful that it is to the *springs* in her prolific bosom alone, they are indebted for their original existence, and present importance.

Your's, &c. R. W.



CORRIGENDA.

PAGE

12, (Note) for 1332 read 1492.

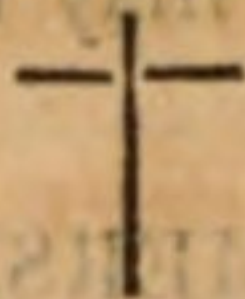
24, l. 9, for *Longope*, r. *Longespée*.

The following particulars respecting Farley having been communicated to the Author, by the Rector of that parish, the reader is desired to adopt them as emendations of the text:

25, "The ancient park extended half way to Hinton, and the
" present road to the village (which is the turnpike from
" Norton to Trowbridge) runs along on the outside of
" its southern boundary, down to the castle."

For *declivity* r. *acclivity*.

26, The inscription is as follows:



Muniat hoc templū cruce glorificans microcosmū Q̄ genuit
xpm. Miseris pace fiat asyllum.

Proposed to be translated, "May the mother of Christ pro-
" tect this church, glorying in the cross. May it be a
" peaceful *asyllum* to the wretched.

27, Its *former* affix was Farley Montford, its *present* is *Farley Hungerford*.

28, l. 15, for *handled*, r. *handed*.

30, Farley-Castle was disposed of in 1686 to the Bayntons and others, in trust for the heiress.

52, l. 9, for *Richard Earl of Holland*, r. *Henry Rich Earl of Holland*.

64, l. 24, for *the wife*, r. *favourite*.

67, l. 16, 17, r. *and probably an original portrait*.

159, l. 11, r. *magnificent*.

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